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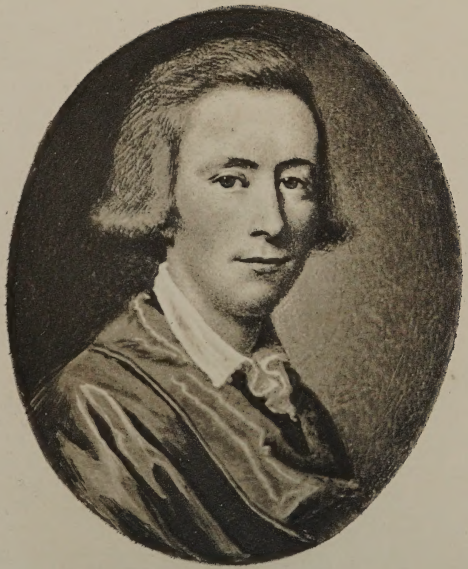
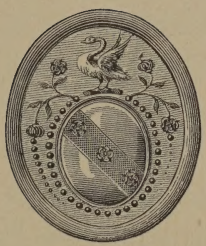


Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Cary
Painted by Copley 1772

THE CARY LETTERS
EDITED AT THE REQUEST OF THE FAMILY

BY

C. G. C.



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PREFACE

IN arranging the letters which make this volume attention has not always been paid to dates, as in some places it seemed to me that a better idea would be given of the writers by letting a succession of letters follow from the same person. My chief wish has been to make the characters of the former generation clear to their descendants; and as I learned from these letters to know those whom I had never seen, I hope that I may succeed in what I have undertaken. As the work has gone on I have regretted very much that some one had not thought of the plan while those were still living who could have answered the questions I would have liked so much to ask.

The series of letters by Miss Margaret G. Cary *were written at the request of her two nephews,* George Blankern Cary *and* Edward Montague Cary, *and to these are added extracts from a series of articles written by her for a children's magazine. But as both letters and magazine articles were written after my aunt was*

seventy years old, they are naturally fragmentary recollections. I have preceded them by a slight genealogical sketch, arranged from the family tree; and following this are such anecdotes and recollections as I have been able to gather together.

C. G. C.

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INTRODUCTION

MY grandfather, Samuel Cary, was the son of Samuel Cary and Margaret Graves. On his father's side. he was descended from William Cary, of Bristol, England, who was sheriff of Bristol in 1532 and mayor of Bristol in 1546.

William Cary's grandson of the same name held the same offices in 1599 and 1611. James Cary, son of William last mentioned, married Eleanor Hawkins, emigrated to America in 1639, and landed in Charlestown, where he drew a grant of land and died in 1681. His wife died in 1697, and both are buried in the old burying-ground of Charlestown.

James Cary's great-grandson, Samuel Cary, was born November 29, 1713; entered Harvard College in 1731; was married to Margaret, daughter of Thomas Graves, of Charlestown, December 24, 1741, and died December 8, 1769.

The great-grandparents of Margaret Graves were Thomas Graves and Katherine, daughter of the widow Coitmore. Thomas Graves was born June 6, 1605, at Ratcliffe, in the parish of Stepney and county of Middlesex, England, and was baptized at the Church of St. Dunstan, in that parish, June 16th of the same year. He came early to

America, was made freeman in 1640, owned land both in Woburn and in Charlestown, and with his wife was admitted to the church in 1639. Previous to his arrival in this country Mr. Graves had been a sea-captain, and after his settlement here he pursued this course of life. During the Protectorate of Oliver Cromwell, while on a mercantile voyage, he signalized himself in an engagement with a Dutch privateer, which he captured. The owners of the vessel presented him with a silver punch-bowl, still preserved at Ashford Hall in England; and Cromwell promoted him to the command of a ship-of-war, with the title of rear admiral. He died in 1681, and was buried in Charlestown.

Thomas, the grandson of Thomas and Katherine Graves, married, first, Sybil Avery, who was the mother of his children, and, for his second wife, the widow of Edward Watts, of Chelsea. A third wife survived him, Phœbe, widow of Leonard Vassall, of Boston. Margaret, the daughter of Sybil Avery, married Samuel Cary, the son of Samuel Cary and Mary Foster.

It was through Mrs. Watts that the Chelsea farm came into the Cary family, and in endeavoring to make this clear I was led to look for details concerning Governor Bellingham's will in Samuel Sewall's Letter Book, published by the Massachusetts Historical Society. I give in the Appendix[1] a long note found in the Letter Book, but the simple facts are these: Governor Bellingham's son Samuel, a widower with one daughter, married in London a widow named Elizabeth Savage. He had inherited from his father estates in Chelsea, then called Winnisimmet,[2] and, by mutual consent, this property was put in trust

[1] See Appendix, note 1 [2] Note 2.

for Mr. and Mrs. Bellingham, and at her death was to go by will to whomever she made her devisee; or, failing any will, to her next of kin. Mrs. Bellingham died at sea, and, her will being decided to be invalid, the estate passed to her sister, Mrs. Watts, who afterwards married Thomas Graves, of Charlestown. Mrs. Watts left her property of three hundred and sixty-five acres in Chelsea to her step-daughter Margaret Graves. The Charlestown estate was left to Katherine Graves, who married James Russell, and was the great-grandmother of James Russell Lowell.

Samuel and Margaret Cary had three sons: Samuel, born at Charlestown, 1742; married to Sarah Gray, daughter of Ellis Gray and Sarah Tyler; died at Chelsea, August, 1812. Jonathan, who died at sea, unmarried. Thomas, born 1745; settled at Newburyport as a clergyman, and died in 1808. His son Samuel was colleague of Dr. James Freeman at King's Chapel, in Boston.

My grandfather, Samuel Cary, graduated from Harvard College, and, receiving from his father one thousand pounds sailed for the West Indies, where he went into business at St. Kitts, on the island of Grenada.

I

LETTERS FROM MISS MARGARET G. CARY

TO HER NEPHEW, GEORGE BLANKERN CARY

January 23, 1843.

DEAR GEORGE, — I feel very desirous of conforming to your request in writing down all the circumstances which have reached me relating to our ancestors ; and if I fall short of your expectations, you must attribute it not to want of inclination, but to the heedlessness of youth, which, occupied with present scenes, fails to pay that attention to the anecdotes of age which would lay up an increasing fund for the benefit of others, and also to the forgetfulness of age, which has already come over me ; but what I can do I will, and begin forthwith.

The old story of three brothers coming from England — Bristol in this instance — was exemplified in our line. One settled in New England, one went to the South, the third I don't know where to establish ; but you have the genealogy that my uncle Thomas was so solicitous to draw up from memoranda he had collected and entered into the blank pages of his family Bible, which is, I think, in the possession of my brother, Mr. T. G. Cary, so I need not trouble myself on that subject, but begin with my great-grandfather, of whom I never heard much but that he married twice. Two of his sons, who had owned ropewalks in Boston, after a while settled in Nantucket, — Edward and Nathaniel. The first had a large family ; the second lived a bachelor, but adopted a young lady by the name of Russell, — a relation, I believe a niece, — and she married a cousin, one of Edward's sons. They were married in Charlestown, at Mrs. Cordis's, who was, I think, a sister of the bride, and one of the old gentlemen came to Charlestown with the young couple, and they all three passed a day at Chelsea, my father

and mother having been at the wedding. It was a very pleasant day. The old gentleman was tall and slender, and very gentlemanly in his manners. It must have been about the year 1792, for a daughter of this young couple visited us in 1810 or 1811, a fine girl of about sixteen. She is still living at Nantucket, a widow, with one or two children. Her husband was a physician, Dr. (Morton?). I am pretty sure it was Nathaniel who came to see the young people married, for we had much discussion in the family about naming your father Nathaniel when he made his appearance among us, but hearing of the old gentleman's death put by the intended compliment, for which I was very glad at the time. One of my great-grandfather's daughters married Mr. Soley, and lived at Billerica, of whom Mrs. Adams and Mrs. Kettell of Charlestown were daughters, and three sons, John, Sam, and Nat Soley; the first of the three is still living. My grandfather's mother, I think, was named Sibyl Foster Avery, and I believe he had only one own brother, named Richard, the father of Richard Cary who was aide-de-camp to General Washington, and Nancy Cary who married Mr. Nathaniel Dowse, brother to Edward Dowse of Dedham, who married Mr. Quincy's aunt. Well, my grandfather, Samuel Cary, was sent to college (Cambridge). He had always a strong desire to go to sea, which was opposed to the old gentleman's views for him; so that when he came from college, the very day after receiving his degree, he was dressed in sailor's clothes and set to work in hopes of disgusting him; but noways discouraged, he entered heartily into the business, and worked his way up to a captain's station and owner of a ship. His home, I ought to have mentioned before, was at Charlestown. Before I go further I should like to say something of the person who was considered as a witch and imprisoned as such. In those times of infatuation it was almost always fatal to be suspected of witchcraft. The poor and ignorant were in great danger, and often had their minds so perplexed that they would join in the accusation against themselves; and those who had more sense than their neighbors, and attempted to reason against the absurdity and wickedness of the accusations, were in still greater danger. Among these last was our ancestress. Her husband had gone to England in his vessel; whether it was my great-grandfather, the old gentleman of whom I have been writing, or his father, I am not certain, but probably the

latter. Mrs. Cary was imprisoned soon after his departure, and her daughter, Mrs. Switcher, or Sweetzer, gained access to her, and, by changing clothes, succeeded in restoring her mother to liberty. Assisted by her friends, she was put on board a ship ready to sail for London, and arrived in the Thames soon after her husband. He was on board his ship shaving himself when she entered the cabin. He started, and exclaimed, "My wife! I really believe you are a witch, and have come over in an egg-shell." "Don't be a fool, Nat, like the rest of your countrymen," she replied. This is as my father used to relate the story, and they returned together to America, by which time the people had recovered their senses and deplored the many cruel deaths which had taken place.

I must now give you some account of the family into which my grandfather married when he was thirty-one years of age, which my father used to say was the right time for the Carys to connect themselves. Mr. Thomas Graves came out from England to Charlestown. His son, Dr. Graves, was a physician, a very respectable character and much beloved. When my father was a little boy at school, Dr. Graves came in one day and kissed him and another grandson, Thomas Russell, afterwards an eminent merchant in Boston, and gave each of them an English shilling. He went home and died rather suddenly in his bed, having crossed out in his books a great many sums due to him from those who he thought could not easily pay. My father must have been very small at the time, for he was carried to the funeral in the arms of black Cæsar, a house servant. Dr. Graves had been early left a widower with two daughters, Margaret and Catherine. Catherine was very handsome, quite a portly lady. Mrs. Dutton, her granddaughter, has her portrait, taken by Copley. She married Judge Russell. The house in Charlestown I suppose you know, but oh, how sadly altered since the time of Judge Russell, and afterwards of his daughter, Miss Sally Russell! And next door lived Mrs. Dowse, in the house her father built; but I must not give way to too many reminiscences, lest I lag in my story. Margaret, the other daughter, was small in person, plain, being pitted with the small-pox, but very intelligent and active, and assisted her father frequently in his apothecary's shop. She married Captain Samuel Cary. He continued to go to sea for many years, and was never

long at home at a time. Consequently my grandmother had great use for all her talents, particularly as she had in time three sons. This was all her family, with Cæsar and his wife as servants. One night a robber broke into the house. She heard him, threw on some clothes, and went into the entry just as he had reached the top of the stairs. He was so alarmed at her sudden appearance and resolute manner that he hastily retreated, dropping a case-knife, with which he must have meant to alarm her if nothing worse. She was always represented as a woman of a very resolute spirit, as well as of great prudence, for which she had need with her sons. My father had great filial reverence for her memory. He often spoke of her piety, fortitude, and activity both of mind and body. There was a garden at the back of the house, and one day some foolish boys were ridiculing my father for being under the control of a woman, and taunted him by saying that he dared not break off the branch of a fruit-tree that grew in it. He got a hatchet, cut down the tree itself, and brought it round in front of the house, crying out, "Sam Cary has cut down his mother's pear-tree!" His mother took no notice of it at the time, but when they were alone together, she represented to him the folly and weakness of his conduct, so that he deeply lamented it; and whenever he mentioned it, it was always in praise of her conduct and acknowledgment of her good management. He always said that whatever prosperity happened to him through life was for her sake and in answer to her prayers. He was allowed great freedom, as he was the eldest son and his father generally absent. He gave frequent entertainments to his friends at his mother's house, and heeded her direction, and she did everything to make his home happy. The three brothers were very different characters. Samuel preferred an active life of business, and was apprenticed to Mr. Deblois of Boston, a merchant. Thomas was fond of study, went through college, and was settled as a minister at Newburyport before he was twenty-one. He had many children, but two sons only lived to grow up, both educated at college: one died unmarried, and one was settled with the Rev. Mr. Freeman at the King's Chapel in Boston, was married, had two sons, but the whole family have passed away. The third brother, Jonathan, was a captain. His voyages were between England and the West Indies. In one of them the ship was lost, and every one on board

perished. When my grandmother was on her death-bed, she feared that her husband did not intend to do as well by Samuel as by the other two, having received the impression that he was gay and would not make a good use of money. (At that time, according to the English law, it was customary to give the eldest son a double portion.) She therefore made him promise to give him a thousand pounds sterling. He fulfilled his promise, but when he gave it to him, with a letter of introduction to his friend Mr. Manning, of St. Kitts, he said to him: "There, sir, that is all you will ever have from me. Do what you please with it, — throw it into the sea if you like, — but don't apply to me for more." He must have been a very stern old gentleman, — indeed, there were many such formerly; not living at home might be one cause of his nature not being more softened. He was very harsh with his sons sometimes. My father used to relate an anecdote of his brother Jonathan having done something once to offend the old gentleman, I don't recollect what, but he was quite conscious of the state of feeling towards him, and when he came home, on being sent for, he took a seat very near the door, and being urged to draw near the fire, he excused himself; but when he saw his father coming towards him he slipped out of the room and ran off. Once after he had been to sea, after his mother's death, when his father was living at Chelsea, he borrowed a horse, which having rode very hard, and being afraid of encountering his father's displeasure, he opened the west gate, gave the horse a touch of the whip, sending him home, while he decamped himself. The parson, as he was called in those days, was always a favorite with his father. His studious, quiet habits and early settlement in life were very agreeable to the old gentleman, though he was somewhat anxious at his being made a minister at so early a period; but he never had reason to regret it. He went to Newburyport to attend the ordination, and put up at the house of Dr. Sawyer (Mrs. G. G. Lee's father), and afterwards presented Mrs. Sawyer with the leather-mounted fan which I have, and one or two other things which had been his wife's. The fan, with a nun's-work muslin neckkerchief, was given to me many years ago by Mrs. Sawyer. The old gentleman passed the last few years of his life at Chelsea. The farm had come to him through his wife. The house was what is called an L-house, till he had the northeast corner built. He

was very fond of sitting at the chamber window, which looked toward the hill, and watching the sheep and cows that were grazing on it. Little was known of the transactions of his mind, but no doubt there were estimable qualities there that, were they known, would more than counterbalance the harshness without. He was once met at sea by a Spanish ship, which was in want of provisions, and had otherwise suffered much by the tempestuous weather. He gave ample relief and an abundant supply, and received from the captain, and some passengers of rank who were on board, a very handsome letter, recommending him in peace or war to the kind attention and courtesy of any of their countrymen. Once, too, he fell in with a privateer, and defended his ship very gallantly, and it appears to me as if one of his pieces of plate was given in acknowledgment of his care of property at that time. It was then, I think, he received a wound, which broke out afresh after he was residing in Chelsea, and occasioned his death, — I believe as young as sixty-three. When occasionally at home at Charlestown, in high winds at night he used to light his pipe and go down to the wharves and listen to the sounds produced in the ropes, which he said was music to his ear. The neighbors used to say they slept quietly while they knew that Captain Cary was watching. He had warm friends in England and in the West Indies. There was one house in London where he had been in the habit of putting up while on shore. At one time he went there as usual, without being aware that the house had changed owners, and was now in the hands of a private family. He entered familiarly, made himself comfortable, and ordered what he would like for dinner, then sat down to examine some papers, and did not discover his mistake till dinner was served and the host and hostess took their places. He was at first mortified, but was soon reconciled and found himself in friendly quarters. Living so much at sea no doubt reconciled him to solitude ; otherwise his last days would seem to be gloomy, for he was living alone when taken ill, and old Mrs. Daniel Pratt, who lived in the Pratt neighborhood, was called in to nurse him, which she did faithfully. She was sister to General, afterwards Governor Brooks, a nice old lady, who so entirely survived her memory that when her brother came to see her the last time, he could not make her remember him. Ah, my dear George, it is well that generations succeed each other so fast. The useful part of life soon

glides away. Looking back on past generations I cannot help saying, "The fathers, where are they?" Ah, where indeed! I trust in higher states of existence, enjoying what is reserved for those who do the will of God, — what will more than compensate for the sorrows of life, and far beyond any of its pleasures. That you may realize happiness, here and hereafter, is the wish of

Your affectionate aunt,

M. G. CARY.

February 24, 1843.

DEAR GEORGE, — Thank you for your encouraging note. I will endeavor to go on with my recital. Your grandfather served his apprenticeship with Mr. Deblois; he had few privileges there, and never but one holiday. He requested that, and it was reluctantly granted. He amused himself by first going on the water and then calling on several of his friends, but before the day had passed he was again at his desk, and Mr. Deblois was highly gratified by it. He was of a very active disposition and discovered the energy of his mind in early life. Mr. Deblois employed him in frequent journeys to traders with whom he had dealings, particularly at Middletown, in Connecticut, and he loved to allude in later life to the pretty girls he had seen weeding onions in that neighborhood, not very refined, one would suppose. His whole apprenticeship passed over so well, and with so many proofs of Mr. D.'s confidence in his integrity and ability, that his father could find no fault there, but probably was fearful that his affections might be too early engaged, and he might form an imprudent connection. So he sent him off to St. Kitts with a letter to his friend Mr. Manning, afterwards a great banker in London, and the father of Mrs. Ben Vaughan of Hallowell. Mr. Manning was requested to give his advice to the young man in such a manner as to secure his residence in the island for some years. He prevailed on my father to hire a large building to use for himself as a store, and to let the adjoining rooms. This he did, and one of the inmates was Mr. Stanley, a lawyer, a man of great wit and intelligence, in whom my father took great delight. Here he was several years engaged in successful merchandise, buying cargoes and disposing of them. When he first arrived at the island and had settled his plan of life, having been told what great thieves the negroes were, he was

roused from his sleep one night by a heavy shower of rain. You have no idea how large and heavy the drops fall on a roof of a house in that climate. He started up, thinking that his bags of rice were being carried off. Excuse me for mentioning so small a circumstance, but these little familiar anecdotes bring my father so strongly before me that I know not how to pass them over. He enjoyed this period of his life very much. He had several friends living on plantations in the country, and he used to ride out on Saturday afternoons and pass Sunday with one and another.

One night he returned home late from a party, and as he entered his door he saw a negro coming downstairs with a basket of clean clothes, which the washerwoman had brought to his chamber, on his head. My father rushed forward to secure the thief, but he was naked and oiled all over, with a knife in his mouth, against which my father's hand struck as the negro threw the clothes over him and made his escape. This proved a very serious accident, for the wound not healing at once in that hot climate, there was danger of mortification. Therefore, by the advice of physicians, he was induced to come to Boston, and he put himself under the care of Dr. Rand.

And here he renewed his early friendships with his cousins, Mr. Thomas Russell, Mr. Joseph Barrell, Mr. Samuel Otis, etc. He had his arm in a sling; had a black man with him, who frequently drove a chaise in which he took his rides; dressed elegantly; was perfectly easy in his circumstances; and had that perfect ease and knowledge of the world which, with good manners, betokens a gentleman. One day Mr. Otis invited him to attend a ball which was to be held at a public house over the Neck. He declined at first, on the plea of his lame hand and inability to dance, and besides, he did not want to have anything to do with the ladies; but finally Mr. Otis prevailed and he went. And this was the most critical evening of his life. He saw Mr. Otis dancing with a lady who fixed his attention, and he felt a strong desire to know more of her. So he proposed to a lady who was sitting by him to dance. She acceded, and they went to the bottom of the country-dance next to Mr. Otis and his partner. My father whispered to Mr. Otis to change partners. "Come, my dear," said Mr. Otis, "you shan't dance with that lame man. Miss Gray is tired and will be glad to sit down." So the business was soon settled, and all those

little attentions took place which are proper on such occasions ; and after attending Miss Gray to the sideboard and then to a seat, Mr. Cary devoted himself to her for the rest of the evening. But, as he used to say, he had no thought of giving up his liberty, and for a fortnight he endeavored to drive her from his thoughts, but it would not do. He felt the necessity of seeing Miss Gray again, and, fearing to involve himself by any open attempt, had recourse to artifice. The house in which he boarded was in Cornhill, now Washington Street; the mistress of the house kept a shop in the front part. He applied to her to let him know when Miss Gray came into it. She said that was very rare, for she was not often in the street, but that, as she was going to make a purchase of some silks, she would call on Miss Gray, and request her to stop on her way to Thursday lecture and give her opinion of them. Mr. Cary thought this would do very well. "But how shall I let you know when she is here, as there is no open communication between the shop and your parlor?" "You a woman, and have no contrivance! Hand me that weight and the towel," which he placed on a shelf. "There, pull the towel and the weight will fall down, and I shall know that she is here." The plan went on very well. Miss Gray kindly consented to call and look at the silks on her way to lecture; the towel was pulled, and the weight fell; but Dr. Rand's young man, who called every day to dress the hand, was then at work on it. "Come, make haste," said his patient. "Why! don't you feel, Mr. Cary? If there is no feeling where I am probing, I should be alarmed." "There, there! that will do for the present; I will let my servant bind it up;" and, twisting his handkerchief round the hand, he dismissed the young man (who carried a strange report to the doctor) and got round to the door of the shop just as Miss Gray was preparing to quit it. But, as he said, she could not pass him, and, after making inquiries after her health since he had the pleasure of meeting her at the ball, he invited himself to pass the evening with her.

My dear mother always evaded the question, when these particulars were narrated before her, whether she had been mutually struck at the ball. But as she returned home, instead of proceeding to lecture, we children used to think she did not feel indifferent. This must have taken place in the spring of 1771. But as I began this letter, my dear George, with an account of the early

life of my father, I will endeavor in my next to say something of my mother's family and herself that may interest you; always requesting you, my dear nephew, to excuse the little attention I pay to style, having rather a hurried feeling while I do this exciting though very interesting task, and being loath for more than one reason to copy what I write, which would enable me to make corrections. It may be well for you to make minutes from what I write, and burn the originals.

Ever your affectionate aunt,

M. G. Cary.

March 3, 1843.

Dear George, — I must ask you to step back with me to one Sunday morning in the spring of 1753; there, after the bells have done chiming in Mr. Webster's church in the North Square, you will find the congregation assembled, and a widow, "a widow indeed," carrying up a sweet little baby, in the usual white robe, but unusually ornamented with little black bows of ribbon all up and down the dress. The Rev. Mr. Welstead takes it in his arms, and giving "the outward sign of an inward and spiritual gift," with the name of Sally and the blessing, restores her to her mother's arms, while the audience, deeply interested, silently join their prayers and blessings. This was the entrance into life of your dead grandmother. Her father had been settled as a colleague with Mr. Welstead. He was only thirty-seven years of age when he was taken ill in the pulpit and died in a few hours. There is no one to say how much he was beloved by the people, but from several likenesses which were taken of him after his decease, and the care with which some of his sermons were preserved and given to my mother after her return to this country, I should think he was valued very highly.

He had been devoted to his duty as a minister, leaving all sublunary cares to his wife. She kept the purse, and, being a prudent woman, made a small salary suffice. They had three sons, but were always very desirous of a daughter, and yet when that wish was granted — as is often the case with our most ardent desires — the widowed mother felt that it was an additional grief, for this babe had a claim upon her tenderness beyond what she felt for her sons. But He, to whom the past and the future are equally

present with that which now is, provided this support for her old age, while her sons were removed in an early stage of manhood.

Mr. Thomas Gray, brother to the deceased, a single man with some property, — being in business, — was deeply affected by the forlorn state of the little family, and kindly undertook to provide for them. He was much esteemed by Mrs. Gray, and she consented to his proposition. Every week he put into her hands a certain sum of money, and every day he dined with her. He had a married sister, Mrs. Green, the grandmother of Miss Abby Joy, at whose house he took tea and passed his evenings; and at another relation's, but I have entirely forgotten whom, he passed his nights and breakfasted. He was a man of grave but mild manners, and of his benevolence there could be no doubt; but my dear mother felt considerable awe towards him, which perhaps was of no disadvantage, as his influence in the family was always considered useful by my grandmother. All school expenses were paid by this uncle. One of the sons, Dr. William Gray, had every advantage this country could bestow, and was afterwards sent to Europe to visit the hospitals. He died of a consumption soon after his return. My mother always spoke of this brother with great affection. He interested himself very much in her improvement, and gave her something, I forget what, for every page of Young's "Night Thoughts" that she learnt by heart. Another brother, Ellis, married, and had five children. He also died of consumption. His three daughters married. Hannah was first married to Judge Wilson, and lived in great style in Philadelphia; afterwards married Dr. Bartlett of Boston. Lucy married Dr. Dobell of Philadelphia; afterwards, Mr. Payne of Boston. Sally, the eldest, but last married, to Judge Hall of Boston. One son married young, Thomas, in New York; the other, Ellis, died single some years since. Mr. Ellis Gray Loring was named for him. He was appointed his guardian, and felt a parental care for him.

But all this time, you will say, where is the dear little Sally? Growing up under her mother's care and uncle's guardianship; often taking her work to pass the afternoon at her grandmother's, Madam Tyler, whose portrait at Chelsea would not look so cross if the soldiers who were quartered at Chelsea during the war had not used it roughly, as they did many other pictures which my grandfather, Captain Cary, had collected. But I must leave

her a little while longer, for I find that one of the three brothers has not been accounted for, and I am ashamed to say that I have forgotten his Christian name, but rather think it was John. He married a lady of whom he was ardently fond, but she died a short time after their marriage. His grief was inconsolable, but his friends persuaded him to form another engagement. He offered himself to Polly Smith, with whom he had been acquainted all his life, for they went to school together, and it had been a common saying among the children that they would be married. She accepted him, they were married, but he never recovered his health or spirits, and died within a year. This lady was afterwards Mrs. Sam Otis. Well, Sally grew up, the darling of her mother and grandmother. The house Mrs. Gray lived in was a little way below the mill bridge in Hanover Street. There was a back door which opened into a little garden or yard. There she used to sit and eat her supper, — a piece of dry bread and a glass of water. There was a dark closet in the house, where she went to indulge sweet and bitter thoughts as she grew older, and she often told me she had there shed many bitter tears; yet she was not of a sad mood, and one of the last persons who one would suppose had ever indulged in romantic melancholy; but, as Young says, "Sighs might sooner fail than cause to sigh," and perhaps her intimate acquaintance with that writer might have encouraged this state of feeling. She was generally of a lively disposition, always fond of children, so much so that she would often bring a child from the street, wash it nicely, and give it a piece of bread. She had many friends. Mrs. Coffin, the mother of the beautiful Mrs. Derby, in her early days lived in Charlestown. My mother used to go over the ferry, — there was no bridge then, — and she left home with many charges not to venture in the boat if there were any white-caps, that is, thunder clouds, rising. She used to pass the house Captain Cary then lived in, and sometimes made him a curtsey as he sat at his window or stood in his door. And Mrs. Tudor, who is still living, and must be past ninety, at Washington, was an intimate friend, and sat in the next pew at church. If she was not a regular beauty as she grew up, she had at least that fascinating charm about her which attracted all hearts. She made a visit at Worcester when she was fifteen, which she loved to dwell upon as a time of great enjoyment. As a stranger she received

great attentions, and her age was overlooked. I have heard, among others, General Knox, General Jackson, and Dr. Lathrop speak of her air and gait in early life, the charm which extended round her: "She trod the earth with an elastic step, as if it was not good enough for her to rest upon." She had a flow of spirits that seldom failed her. "Ah," said aunt Darby to her sometimes, "the black ox will tread on your toe." She would laugh when she told of this. Aunt Darby was a widowed sister of her mother's, who lived at Madam Tyler's. Mr. Otis's first wife was a Gray, a cousin of my mother's, who was just eighteen when invited by them to go to the ball over the Neck. I have told you, my dear George, of the first meeting there of my father and mother, and of their next meeting in the shop. The evening was passed together, and confirmed all his ardent feelings. I believe he had no wavering from that time, but continued his visits. He loved to describe her dress and manners, and her treatment of him that evening. She had found out, he said, his taste for simplicity and neatness, and dressed herself in a striped linen gingham gown, buff and white. They supped together at the little round mahogany table that is still at Chelsea. "She did not lay out much upon the supper," he would say; "a little celery, a little bread, a slice of butter. Ah! she was cunning enough; she knew how to win me." And from his account, they were almost immediately engaged; but I suppose lovers have very little notion of time, for one circumstance shows plainly that they were not engaged before the next week, for Uncle Tom, as he was called, happening to meet Mr. Cary, who very likely put himself into the good gentleman's way, was much pleased with him, and invited him to go to meeting with him on Sunday, and take a seat in his pew; but when he afterwards learned that Mr. Cary was paying attentions to his niece, he was quite shocked for fear it should be thought that he was courting the rich West Indian, and had designs on him. Well, they were soon engaged, and quite happy, till letters arrived obliging my father to return to St. Kitts and attend to business. They parted after settling their correspondence, and Uncle Tom said, "Miss" — he always called her so — "Miss has hung her harp upon the willows." They were separated for eighteen months, a much longer time than was at first intended, but circumstances rendered it necessary. In the meantime love-gifts were frequent,

— a harpsichord from England, with a request to take lessons, which, as my mother had a good ear and a delightful voice, she soon accomplished, so as to give great pleasure; a gold watch; a mahogany waiter, with a beautiful set of tea gear, etc., etc. But I have reached my limits, and will bid you good-by for the present.

Your affectionate aunt,

M. G. CARY.

March 9, 1843.

DEAR GEORGE, — I left you where the lovers had separated, supposing it would be but for a short time, a few months, perhaps; but instead of that, it was for a year and a half. Many were the letters which were exchanged between them and the love-tokens which were received; yet all was not peaceful and serene. Your grandfather had appeared as a rich West Indian, which in those days included everything that the imagination could paint. The engagement made something of an *éclat*, and feelings of envy, mixed with wonder, brought out a variety of remarks, which, though really insignificant in themselves, must have given some pain to the near friends from their being so long remembered. "Mr. Cary had only amused himself, — he would never return." Then the correspondence could not go on as regularly as if carried on by land. And a yet more serious occurrence took place: Mr. Otis, who was warmly interested in the affair, and perhaps a little nettled at hearing such remarks, with a kindly meant but ill-judged interference, wrote a letter to my father to inform him how much Miss Gray was admired, and that she had danced at a ball, and was considered the belle of the evening; thus intending to excite just so much jealousy as to quicken his motions and make him return immediately. It was the only time my mother had been prevailed upon to go into any party at all during my father's absence, and Mr. Otis made the most of it; but he little knew the temperament he had to deal with.

An indignant reply, expressive of the zeal rather than the tenderness of his attachment, would have separated them forever, if it had not been for the beautiful forbearance so characteristic of my mother, and which enabled her to pass through life happily with a companion who united great virtues to little self-control. In the meanwhile my father was busily employed in winding up his affairs

in St. Kitts, and preparing a home more suitable for domestic comfort, though at that time he had no thought of making it permanent.

A gentleman by the name of Bourryan, one of his intimate friends, had a plantation in Grenada, of which he persuaded my father to become manager. It was a sugar plantation, and was called Simon. He was to have two white men under his direction, between two or three hundred negroes, and his salary was something very handsome, and the privileges were great, with the entire control of everything. The estate was a very valuable one and in fine order, the owner himself going to reside in England; and in order to secure his remaining in the island, Mr. Bourryan persuaded my father to purchase a smaller estate on the other side of the island, and advanced a considerable part of the payment. Thus my father became encumbered with debt, from which he was never released till the plantation was finally sold. Mr. Bourryan soon after died, leaving his estate to his five sisters, to whom Mr. Charles Spooner was guardian, all living in England.

It was one afternoon, at the close of September, 1772, that my mother had been taking a ride with Captain Jonathan Cary, and in driving up to the door he exclaimed, "My brother!"

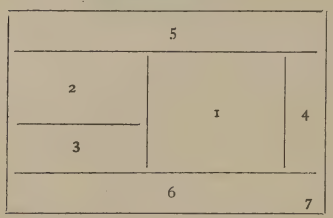
Yes, my father had arrived, and preparation was soon made for the nuptials. Dresses were already in advance, furniture was soon purchased for the house at Chelsea, and on the evening of the 5th of November they were married. That day was always one of confusion in Boston while under the British government. It was the celebration of the anniversary of "Gunpowder Treason and Plot." The South Enders and North Enders, each carrying about a representation of Guy Fawkes with a lantern in a cart, were in the habit of meeting at the mill bridge, and what began in ridicule ended in fight. On that occasion my uncle Captain Cary joined in the frolic, directly after the wedding, and in the course of the evening was brought in senseless. There was, however, no fatal consequence and no lasting inconvenience. The winter was passed very pleasantly by my parents. There were a number of young couples with whom they associated intimately; and though they were occasionally at Chelsea, they were a great deal in Boston.

Early in the summer my father left for Grenada. My mother then remained with my grandmother; and the eldest son, Samuel,

was born in October. In the course of the winter, having had directions from my father, my mother left her infant with his grandmother, and the Boston harbor being blocked up with ice, she went to Newburyport, and sailed from there to Grenada. Oh, how often she regretted not having yielded to the dictates of her feelings and taken her infant with her! But both parents had consulted the interest of the child, and they hoped the separation would not be long.

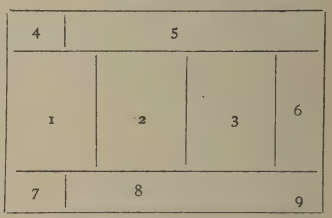
My mother arrived safely, and was conducted to a residence which became her home for eighteen years. Simon was on the

First Floor.



1. Dining-room.
2. Drawing-room.
3. Housekeeper's room.
4. Pantry.
5. East gallery.
6. West gallery.
7. Stairs.

Second Floor.



1. Mrs. Cary's chamber.
2. } Spare chamber or nursery.
3. }
4. Dressing-room.
5. Play-gallery.
6. Bathing-room.
7. Margaret's study.
8. Gallery.
9. Stairs.

eastern side of the island. On a high flat hill was a beautiful lawn. There stood the house, towards the eastern brow, an open gallery to the west, a closed gallery with jalousies to the east, both the length of the house, which contained a dining-room to the south with a pantry beyond, and a drawing-room to the north, with a housekeeper's room at the west side, opening to the west gallery; above were three chambers, besides a dressing-room over the north-east end of the gallery, and a similar square room over the north end of the west gallery for a study, which was given up to Margaret when she came from England. The remainder of the upper east gallery was a play-room for the children; there was also a long narrow room, with tubs for bathing, over the pantry; the stairs were at the end of the west gallery, going to the upper gallery, which

was also open, except the study, which had two sashed windows to the west and north. At a little distance on the west side of the house, a little to the north, was a kitchen ; opposite, to the south, my father's writing-room, where he received persons on business, and a large store-room with provisions. Beyond the kitchen, a little farther to the north, was the hospital. If I have given you a clear idea, you will see a large square place to the west of the house, which was terminated by two tall, beautiful tamarind-trees, about ten feet apart, between and in the shade of which was a low cot, in which were always kept two or three sheep fattening.

Beyond, to the west, was a vegetable garden, fenced in ; north of that, extending along the side of the garden and far beyond it, a cashew walk. If I recollect right, it was as long as one side of the Boston Common. The trees were tall and shady, and the fruit, the shape of a pear with the nut at the end, was a bright red. On the other side of the garden, to the south, was a tomb, fenced and shaded, in quite a retired spot. Now go with me to the east side of the house. A road leads down the hill to the north, and there you see the sugar-house, with a distillery over it, the begass-house, and the mill ; mules laden with canes, each with a boy conducting ; men receiving the canes and feeding the fires. Look from the brow of the hill, and you see a beautiful stream of water, what we would call a small river, meandering between the verdant grassy banks ; women washing their clothes, and beating them on a flat rock ; a little higher up, women fishing, and finding fresh-water mullet in abundance. Look beyond the river, on another hill, and you see the negro-houses, shaded with palm-trees, cedar-trees, and roseaux. Near at hand on the brow of the hill, to take off the appearance of steepness, for the hill suddenly declined to the east, was planted by my father two rows, twelve feet apart, of gallabar-trees, closely joined together, making a very pleasant walk, though they were not more than fifteen feet high. Beyond this walk, at the south, a road led down the hill into another very level, fine road, which conducted to Grenville Bay, usually called La Baye, where there was a fine harbor, stores, dwelling-houses, etc. Excuse me, my dear George, for going into all these particulars. The gentlemen in that neighborhood, living some on their own estates, but mostly like my father as agents, had all been single men and in bachelor habits ; but the same year that my mother arrived, Mrs.

Williams and her daughter, Mrs. Van Dussen, arrived from England, their husbands being already there; also Mrs. Proudfoot came out with her husband, and Mrs. Horsford, from Antigua. This formed a very pleasant association. My mother was intimate with them all, but particularly with the last-named. A rough building, which you would have taken for a barn, and had been formerly occupied by the Roman Catholics, was now converted into a church, and Parson Carew, afterwards Parson McMahone, was the minister. It was at La Baye, and all rode there on horseback. One Sunday my mother was the only person, with the minister and clerk, to take the sacrament. The ladies met frequently, and gentlemen from the town of St. George's, and travelers from distant islands and from England, were made welcome among them, in a very sociable manner. The governor occasionally visited round. General Matthews and Mr. Hume and his lady had a beautiful plantation within three miles of Simon, where they passed a few years, and then went back to Scotland. But where shall I end, or rather where shall I begin?

My mother's time was very much taken up in the care of her children, in regulating her household, in reading to my father, writing to her mother, and entertaining company. My father was on horseback every morning, riding round the plantation and giving directions, or rather seeing that the directions given every night were going on properly; then to La Baye, returning home to dinner; at leisure in the afternoon to visit, or receive company, or read. Every evening after tea the negroes assembled in the open space before the west gallery, each bringing a bundle of sticks for fuel for the kitchen, the men on one side, the women on the other, and an elderly man as a leader in prayer between them. They all cast their fagots before them, and answered to their names as the list was called. Then they knelt reverently and joined in prayer, kissed the ground, and, rising, sung a hymn and departed.

The care of training servants for the house was no trifling thing. My mother selected whom she pleased, but had to teach them everything. She had, for the first few years, a cook who had been sent to Paris for his education. He took the lead in the kitchen, and though he did little himself, he taught those under him. My father was a member of the General Assembly,

and had to be in St. George's occasionally. He was always very independent in his principles, and sometimes gave his vote against the governor. On one occasion particularly, when he had been invited to dine at Government House, he felt rather embarrassed at going there; but he was cordially received, and General Matthews said something very pleasant, which set him quite at ease. He had occasional rides also to his own plantation, Mount Pleasant, which was a coffee estate. This it was a favorite object with him to change into sugar, and he accomplished it, but at considerable expense. The war in the United States, which secured its freedom, excited great interest in him and my mother. Mr. Williams and Mr. Van Dussen, too, had been engaged in a war in Canada, and knew a good deal of the American character, and could converse freely with my father, who was always a great politician and well acquainted with the geography of the country, and his heart much engaged in the cause. He was also very attentive to his countrymen who came in vessels with lumber, flour, etc., and was ready to assist them in any difficulties.

Captain Thomas Pratt was ill at La Baye, and he had him brought to his house, and my mother nursed him with all the care and kindness of a sister. And several captains, who were in danger from arriving during a state of warfare, were received by him and entertained, giving up his writing-room for their accommodation, so that the governor threatened to send him to London and have him put in the Tower and punished as a rebel. But he minded no risks; and when General Cornwallis's army was taken, and the news reached Grenada, Colonel Williams rode over to Simon, and, giving the intelligence, charged my father not to stir from his own house, for he knew that he could not conceal his pleasure, and that it would be dangerous for him to express it. The French war brought greater inconveniences to their own door. The English families were obliged to take refuge with their French friends, and great demands were made upon them for clothing, bedding, provisions, besides money; for the English fleet — which had been eagerly looked for, and they saw it coming towards the harbor with great joy, hoping for speedy relief — was fallen in with by Count d'Estaing, who cut off their hopes by sailing faster and drawing first into the harbor. However, the island was soon retaken by the English, at the conclusion of peace,

though for a time they suffered very much for want of provisions and other necessaries. It was just before this war that Margaret, their eldest daughter, was sent to England. It was always an important object with my father to have his children well educated, and he always did in this respect to the very utmost of his ability. It was a hard trial to my mother to have both her children absent, but she was soon occupied in the care of Charles, who remained at home till he was five, when he accompanied Sam — who had been sent for to Grenada, and stayed at home just one month — to England, one of Mr. Horsford's sons, a fine boy, going with them.

Adieu, dear George. I depend on your interest in the subject to excuse all deficiencies in the narrative.

Your affectionate aunt,

M. G. Cary.

I will insert here an account of aunt Margaret's school life in England. A part of it is in her own words, as she gives it more fully in her magazine articles, written for young people. I have often heard from my aunts that the separation from her children was a great trial to my grandmother, but she was always in the habit of conforming to her husband's judgment. Every care was taken to insure the little girl's comfort on the voyage. An attendant was engaged, who had come from England with a lady; and Captain Cox, who commanded the ship, was a friend of Mr. Cary's. On her arrival in England, Captain Cox took her to his pleasant home near London, where she was received with great kindness by his wife. She was placed at a boarding-school at Walthamstow, passing her holidays with Mrs. Cox. Aunt Margaret's recollections at eighty of what she suffered at five must have been a good deal softened when she said of this school: "I had great respect for the governess, and though I had frequent punishment, no doubt deserved it. When I was five years old I was to open the dancing-master's ball by dancing a minuet with a boy about my own age. When I was dressed and the time had come, the governess said to me, 'Now, you see that doll. It shall

be yours if you dance well ; but if you do not, I will tie you to the bedpost, and whip you as long as I can stand over you.' "

When aunt Margaret was seven years old she left this school to be placed at a higher one, at Baddow, in Essex. At the same time she passed from the care of Mr. Cox to that of a friend of her father, Mr. Spooner, who had incidentally heard that there was a child of Mr. Cary's in England, and wished to have her under his own charge. After this her holidays were spent with Mr. and Mrs. Spooner, either in London or at their place in Hampshire, called Mottsfont. The circumstances connected with the Cary and Spooner friendship have an interesting association for our family.

Mr. Spooner's father was an intimate friend of my great-grandfather, Samuel Cary. On a visit to England, Mr. Cary found that the elder Mr. Spooner had quarreled with and disinherited his only son. Both men were of strong, passionate natures, and a reconciliation seemed impossible till Mr. Cary, with his equally determined character, said that he would not leave England till Mr. Spooner should forgive his son and change his will. He kept his word, and affectionate relations were restored. Soon after, the elder Mr. Spooner died, leaving his son to inherit his large property ; and he, in memory of what had passed, sent to Mr. Cary a silver tea-kettle, requesting that it should be always kept in the Cary family.

On it was this inscription : —

SAMUEL CARY
AMICO OPTIME MERITO
CAROLUS SPOONER
CALDARIUM HOC
D. D.
SACRUM APUD POSTEROS
SERVETUR FIDUM AMICITIÆ
TESTIMONIUM

On the reverse side is the Cary swan, and below it the date 1760.

At the division of silver after my grandmother's death, this tea-kettle came to my uncle Charles Spooner Cary, who had been named for the giver. It remained at Chelsea until my aunt Anne's death, when, according to my uncle's will, it was drawn for by the descendants of his brothers. It came to Thomas Graves Cary, of Cambridge, and was left by him to Hamilton Wilkes Cary, the grandson of William Ferdinand Cary.

One other piece of family plate has also a pleasant association. During my grandfather's life in Grenada, two maiden ladies were in danger of losing an estate through an unjust claim upon it, and he had it in his power to prove their title. As an expression of their gratitude they gave him a silver épergne, a graceful centre ornament, used only on great occasions on the Chelsea dinner table. This passed to my uncle Henry Cary, and was left in his will to his sister-in-law, Mrs. Thomas G. Cary.

Aunt Margaret's account of the second school at which she was placed is in curious contrast to the requirements of the present day. She says: —

"Mrs. Carwardine was the name of the governess. There were between seventy and eighty scholars, all boarders. Very great order prevailed in the house; every one knew her place at all times. The bell rang early, and we all rose, half dressed, and went to the long dressing-room, where the two half boarders assisted the younger ones. The bell rang; we all went down to the school-room. Stocks and backboards were ready, and about thirty at a time stood in a row, with the feet turned out and hands up, each one holding the two ends of a board, which was wide at the back. When twenty minutes had passed, others took their turn; and those who were released went to one of the teachers, turning their backs for her to shake the arms and put the two elbows together; then they turned round, and made her a curtsey. The next thing was to put on collars, to be worn all day. They were made of steel, that went under the chin, with a strip that

reached with a hasp to the stays. Another kind, worn by some, was clasped round the throat, descending to the shoulders, where was a broad piece covered with leather, which confined it round the waist. But I was preserved from either collar by my parents' particular request, which I was glad of; only, if I stooped over my work or book, a bunch of holly full of prickles was placed under my chin.

"When this first business of the morning was over, the governess came in at the folding-door, and walked to the upper end of the room, looking and bowing to one side and to the other, while we, all standing in a large circle, curtsied to her. Then we knelt, and one of the young ladies, whose turn it was, repeated a long prayer; and then those who were favorites would rush up to Mrs. Carwardine and have a kiss, or a word of kindness. She was a beautiful woman, very graceful and dignified, and had educated mothers and daughters. Then we went to breakfast. At nine o'clock the bell rang for school. There were four teachers, — two French and two English. They heard lessons and reading, taught fine work and fancy work, and kept order. Every one spoke French.

"There were five masters for drawing, music, writing and cipher-ing, geography and astronomy, composition and dancing; and attending those studies we sat in the long dining-room. In the school-room, besides history and poetry, — which were said to the governess, — there was embroidery, flowers, and filigree. To the two last I attained, after finishing a sampler, which was begun at the first school with rows of letters, but finished when I was ten years old, with about ten lines from a piece of poetry of Rowe's, called the 'True End of Education.' It was worked with fine black silk, in small letters, on very fine canvas, on one thread. It cost me many tears, but was completed at last, and was framed and sent to Grenada."

It is rather pathetic to read how aunt Margaret's instruction in dancing failed her at an important moment. After her return home she went on an excursion with intimate friends of the family, Mr. and Mrs. Marryat, who were the parents of Captain Marryat, the novelist. They dined at the governor's, and danced in the evening. "But," she says,

"what predominated in my mind was a feeling of mortification at my manner of dancing. In all our contra-dances at school we were accustomed to the Scotch hop, — twice on one foot and then twice on the other, — keeping time to the music. In cotillons we had the various steps, — contretemps, glissade, rigadoon, etc. ; I forget the other names. Now, the ladies that I was with had a graceful motion, without any particular step, and I could not fall easily into their way. If I had explained my difficulty to Miss Townsend, she could have assisted me, I dare say ; but young people are reserved from various causes, and I had not simplicity enough to ask the assistance I needed."

This desire to do everything in the best possible way comes out amusingly in her long, minute letters later. There is no conceit, but it is almost a matter of conscience with her that her dignity should be maintained.

My uncle Sam, two years older than his sister, who had been left with his grandmother in Chelsea, was also sent to England, and when they were about fourteen and sixteen the brother and sister returned to the West Indies together.

The sister writes : "My brother, though only sixteen, was a man in dress and manners. There was less simplicity in dress in those days (1789). He had his gold watch ; hair dressed, frizzed and curled at the sides with powder ; small-clothes, with knee-buckles (pantaloons had not made their appearance) ; silk stockings, and shoes with buckles, — a tall and handsome person. He was perfect in my eyes ; sometimes finding fault with me, but I never saw anything amiss in him. He had brought the last new book, — a present to my mother. It was a poem, called 'The Shipwreck,' by Falconer. And then he talked so well! A few days only were allowed the mother and son to enjoy this happy meeting. He then went with my father to St. George's, to be placed in a mercantile establishment, where he made himself very useful, and so gained the confidence of his employers that before he was twenty-one he was left executor by one of them."

March 24, 1843.

DEAR GEORGE, — Not a word have I said of the beauty of the country in general, and of Simon in particular; and even in sketching the different features of the lawn on which the house stood, I have omitted a row of negro-houses which ran along the garden fence on the east side, between the cashew walk and the little burying-place, which was further back and sheltered from view, and a "flower fence," as it was called, about ten feet high, which was planted all along the south side of the lawn, and from which was gathered every day in the year a particular kind of pea, which was very wholesome and pleasant. The plantations all around were beautiful and in complete cultivation, and several of them in sight; for alternate hill and dale aided the representation. From the galleries on the west side of the house there was a view of Mount Horne, where the Horsfords lived; and above, of the highest mountain on the island, which it was supposed had formerly been a volcano. In the middle was a lake which could not be fathomed, and the soil all round it was very rich, and abounded with trees and wild fruits. There was an inn kept there for the convenience of travelers, where I once passed the night with a few friends on my way to St. George's, and found it cold enough to be glad of blankets.

There my father used to stop when he was going to town, and once, when it had been very dry for a long time and rain much wanted, he congratulated my mother in a note upon having had a fine shower upon the estate, for he was above the cloud and saw it roll down to Simon; she at the same time dispatching a messenger with a suit of clothes, thinking my father had been exposed to the rain.

The verdure of the green can hardly be imagined. It was what the poets would call a laughing green, and many of the trees were of that light and waving texture that, by the simple aid of the winds, they formed themselves into natural arbors, and in the least cultivated parts of the country Nature seemed to frolic without any restraint. O beautiful country! Dear native land! Had thy moral excellence been equal to thy natural advantages, how gladly would I have clung to the soil which yielded daily fresh flowers to the feet! But the fragrance of the air, the beauty of the clouds, the rich luxuriance of vegetation, the bright radiance of the moon, the all-prolific sun, tempered only by the east wind which rose

daily from the ocean, — all, and much more, could not satisfy the rational mind.

My father had that vigorous cast of mind that he was always looking for improvement. In conversation he had an uncommon talent for drawing forth the knowledge of others; he had great penetration into character, and books were also his resort for information. He sent to England for a library, and had a valuable collection, some of which were given away and many lost at the time of quitting the island; but a part of every day was given to reading, and my mother's voice lent a charm to whatever she read. Men of sense and information visited intimately at the house; and though they lived in the country, there was no feeling of solitariness.

But sorrow found its way to my dear mother's heart. Besides the absence of her children, which was a severe trial, and of her mother, whom she tenderly loved, she had a little daughter, named Harriet, who lived only five months. The loss of her preyed much on my mother's spirits. She was placed in the tomb which I have described, and my mother used to go there and weep when her husband was away. Firm as her spirit was in latter years, that firmness was gradually acquired, and she had not then learnt the lesson of her after-life. A little son, only a few days old, was also deposited there. In 1784 my father had a fever, which reduced him very low. From day to day he was expected to die. He had lost his appetite entirely, and took nothing but medicine. My mother had watched with him incessantly. It so happened that there was a lady in the house, a friend; something relishing was carried through the entry to her. "Bring that to me," said my father, who smelt it. My mother took it from her friend's hands, and, bringing it into the chamber, said, "But you cannot eat it." "Indeed I can," said he, and it seemed to invigorate him from that moment. "Throw all those phials out of the window; I will take no more medicine." And as he grew gradually better, he yielded to the advice of his friends and engaged a passage for himself and my mother in a ship preparing to sail for Newport. They had then two children, — Sarah, not more than one year old, and Lucius, fourteen months older. They were kindly taken under Mr. and Mrs. Horsford's care, who were godfather and godmother to Sarah, and removed to Mount Horne. After they had been on

board a few days, my father's health was so perfectly restored that he only wished to meet with a vessel going to the West Indies, that he might take a passage back; and my mother was very much afraid that he would; for, being on the way, she ardently desired to see her mother once more. They arrived safely at Newport; and though my father called himself well, I have often heard him repeat a saying of a woman who stood at her door as they were walking up the street on first landing, — "I pity that poor girl; she will soon lose her father." It was there, I believe, that they became acquainted with Colonel Perkins, and traveled in the stage with him to Boston. The meeting was tender and affectionate, as you may suppose, between Madam Gray and her daughter. They passed two months together at Chelsea. Good old Fanny, who is still living at Chelsea, was of the party, and the old lady undertook to teach her to read, and she did make some progress. My grandmother would have kept her with her. But no; if mistress stayed, she was willing to stay, too; but if she went, Fanny would not be left behind.

It was the beginning of January, 1785, a cold, dismal season, that, once more taking leave of the dear old lady and leaving her at Chelsea, they went to Salem, then a long, winding road, and were kindly received at old Mr. Derby's, where they passed the night, and went on board a brig the next day, which my father had purchased and loaded, intending to freight with sugar to England and sell there. They had not been out many hours when a dreadful storm came on. They were in imminent danger; everything was swept off the deck, the trunks broke away from the lashings, the crockery was broken to pieces. "Oh, my old coat!" said my father, who, always calm in danger, wished to divert my mother's attention. Just then a fine sheep that had been put on board was caught by the horns and swung aloft. My mother, who could hardly keep in her berth, exclaimed, "Oh, the poor sheep!" The ropes were so swollen with frost that they could not be managed. But on the second day the storm abated and the captain came down to inform them that the danger was over, but that he had never been out in so bad a storm before. They soon after got into the Gulf Stream and had pleasant weather; but their voyage was long and tedious, for the vessel was not only much injured by the gale, but it was found, on examination after their arrival, not to

have been seaworthy. My father could never speak on the subject without indignation of those persons who had sold it to him.

But by the mercy of God they were preserved and arrived at Grenada, though not till they had been quite given up by their friends; for, knowing of the time of their sailing, there was a strong belief that they had been shipwrecked. Dear Lucius and Sarah were taken to their home, and glad to be once more folded to their mother's bosom. It was from this time, I believe, that the family were in the habit of passing the rainy season at Mount Pleasant. That was thought to be a more healthy residence, but I will not undertake to give an account of it on this page. The recollections which rise in my mind seem to place me in the position of the traveler who sees Alps on Alps arise, and no prospect of getting to the end of his journey. If they give you pleasure, dear George, I shall feel satisfied. As regards myself, the more I contemplate the characters of my parents in their journey through life, the better I understand the motives of their conduct, the more grateful I feel for their care and protection of me. We seldom know, till a separation takes place, how much is due to a parent's solicitude. It has not always the appearance of affection; but the zeal that necessarily sometimes takes the form of anger is itself founded in love.

Your affectionate aunt,

M. G. Cary.

April 4, 1843.

Dear George, — In introducing you to Mount Pleasant, I must observe that it was strongly contrasted with Simon in several respects, particularly when my mother and the children went first to make a residence there during the unhealthy months, which was during the wet weather from September to December. It was on the slope of a high hill, backed by mountains still higher, and on either side the hills rose high; but the view in front was of the ocean, and all the vessels coming from or going to Europe passed before it, and were looked down upon. When the weather was unusually clear, which generally portended a storm, St. Vincent and some smaller islands could be seen, and the skies at sunset were very beautiful. The house consisted of a closed gallery; in front, wooden shutters to the windows on the outside, two win-

dows on each side the door and one at each end; a square hall in the middle of the building, which was the eating-room, at the north side of which was a small drawing-room with a window on one side opening to the light. On the other gallery a door opened into what was called the long chamber, where the children slept, and which had two windows opening into a flower garden; between that and the hall was a staircase, concealed by a door, which led up to my mother's chamber, with a light closet to the southwest; as the roof was sloping, there was no other room upstairs; a window on each of three sides made it light and airy. To the east of the hall was also a small room with windows opening to the hall and abroad; also a door into the spare chamber, one abroad and one into a store-room or pantry, from which there was a passage by the side of the little garden to a building which was one half a kitchen and the other a play-room for the children. The only glazed window in the house was in my mother's closet. She often read or wrote there of an evening in the frequent absence of my father; for his superintendence at Simon obliged him to make that at all times his principal residence. In front of the building the land went gently sloping to the sugar works, though there was a bank between, and a road on each side of the house which conducted to the works. There were two rows of cocoa-nut-trees on each side of the lawn from the house, planted by my dear father, and which were in full bearing at a period of which I shall afterwards write, when he needed all sorts of consolation. The hospital was at a little distance on the south side of the house, behind the kitchen, and the negro-houses on another rising, to the south.

There was very little society in the vicinity. Madame Lamellerie, a French widow, with her family, was the chief person; but as she did not speak English, and my parents did not speak French, there was never any intimacy, but kind feeling, and, from being next neighbors, occasional dealings in the way of barter and so forth. One valuable person, however, lived in the neighborhood, Mr. Samuel Sandbach. He was an old bachelor of a peculiar character. With many oddities he had strong sense and a benevolent mind. He was always a welcome guest. His friendship was warm and sincere; and after he quitted the West Indies, having made property, and leaving a nephew on his plantation, he

kept up a correspondence, with my mother principally, till his death. He was godfather to my brother Henry, and sent his picture with a hundred pounds sterling to him, after the family came to Chelsea. I cannot tell you the dimensions of the plantation. There were about eighty negroes, and, though it was not large, it was in good cultivation, under the care of a manager. When my father first owned it, it was in coffee. At considerable expense it had been brought into sugar. Very soon after, the whole island was infested with swarms of ants. They were so troublesome in the houses that the legs of the bedsteads had to be put into pails of water to keep them out, and in the fields they made sad havoc with the canes. A high reward was offered to any one who could remedy the evil ; but nothing succeeded till a hurricane took place, the most severe that had ever been known in the island, — though it was called the tail of the hurricane, it being much more severe in Barbadoes and other places. My father was at Simon, my mother at Mount Pleasant, when it took place. Sorry I am that I did not take down from my dear mother's own lips an account of this tremendous storm. It came on gradually, allowing her to take many precautions. The children were at home, and many of the negroes with her. The manager was also in the house. The doors and windows were made as secure as possible. It commenced at noon, continually increasing, the wind blowing from all quarters ; through the night the roof of the house playing up and down, every moment they expected it to blow off. My father was very anxious about the family, and consulted with his overseer in the morning to know whether it was possible to find a man on the estate who would venture to carry a note to Mount Pleasant. He thought, if any one could, it was Mark. This was a fellow who had often been accused of theft, but always contrived to escape, proving that he had been in such a place at one time and in another very soon after ; yet the poultry disappeared, and he was always suspected by the people in the neighborhood. My father called for him and offered him a suit of clothes and a hat if he could carry a note for him and bring back an answer, at the same time leaving him in perfect freedom. He considered for a few moments, and then undertook it. Early in the afternoon he was at the door, and made himself heard. It was a great relief to my mother to know that my father was out of danger, and that she

could assure him of her safety. Mark rested a little while, and was soon ready to set out again. It is necessary to have some idea of the confusion of the elements, the heavy winds, the pouring down of the rain, the increase of the rivers, from being small streams overflowing their banks, and rushing with tremendous power, carrying trees and houses before them, to realize the resolution of this negro, who actually arrived, though at a late hour that night, and presented himself to my father, who was walking the gallery with a restless step. "Here 's Mark!" called out many voices at the same time. He came in breathless. "So you could not go far. How far did you go?" But he soon produced the note, and was amply repaid for his exertion in the approbation and applause of his master and his fellows. "How could you possibly have crossed such and such rivers? How could you get there?" And then he told how he hid himself under the bushes when the wind blew so strong that he could not stand it, and made the best of his way, often on his hands and knees, when the wind lulled, and in crossing the rivers he looked for a good landing-place on the other side, and then went to some distance above, that he might go with the current and be landed at the least risk. My father had been hearing from some of the old negroes the doings of this Mark, — how he always chose the windy nights to be out in and commit his depredations. They told this to encourage my father, who was anxious for the man after he had set out; but those who knew him well thought he would succeed. "And how is it, Mark, that you do such things as I have heard of, and tell lies about it? What can I do to make you a better man?" "Oh, if massa will make me a driver, I won't do so any more; and I take care no one else shall do so." He was made a driver, and kept his resolution. This hurricane was another great expense to my father, for the house as well as the sugar works were so much shattered that they required great renewal.

In referring to these prominent circumstances in his life, he would often say that he had many times expected to be ruined, but that his head was always kept above water, and he loved to acknowledge the care of an overruling Providence. About this time, Mr. and Mrs. Barry purchased an estate joining on the north side. Both their house and Madame Lamellerie's, on the south side, were out of sight; and I believe it was a mile and a half to

Mr. Barry's, for the ride was down to the seaside and then up towards the hills. They were very pleasant people, and a very friendly intercourse was established with them, dining at one another's houses alternately, at which times all the children accompanied their parents. Mrs. Barry was godmother to my sister Anne, and many pretty presents were made by her to her goddaughter. But Anne was named for Mrs. Proudfoot, who was a Miss Anne Montague, and belonged to a family of considerable distinction in England. She had died a year or two before; my mother always thought, of grief. She was a woman of a great deal of wit and highly accomplished. She had one child, born after she resided in Grenada, — a very fine boy. He was about five years of age, when, playing out on the grounds, he tried to move a garden roller, and then put himself upon it. His weight caused it to move, and it rolled over and crushed him. The agony of his mother was very great. She could not bear the sight of a child afterwards, and the moment she came to visit my mother the little ones all ran away to hide from her.

Mr. and Mrs. Barry were the more highly valued as neighbors because Mount Pleasant was in a retired part of the island, and not often visited by strangers. Simon, on the contrary, was not only in a pleasant neighborhood, but there was a church and clergyman; and strangers generally who came to the island liked to visit the plantations, and would come with letters of introduction, and depended on being hospitably entertained for a week or more. And among acquaintances it was no uncommon circumstance for a negro boy to arrive with a wallet or basket on his back, or more frequently on his head, saying, "Which is my master's chamber? he is coming to make you a visit;" and it was always easy to accommodate, for a hammock would do if a bed was not to be had I do not know in which year to place the unfortunate duel in which Mr. Blankern[1] was killed, but I believe you have the date. The circumstances, as well as I can remember, were these: Mr. Blankern, a very amiable man and much beloved by his friends, was connected in business with Mr. Bosanquet. He was living in England, but came out to Grenada in consequence of some information he had received from Mr. Bosanquet. I never heard any

[1] Both my uncle George and his eldest son, for whom aunt Margaret was writing, were named for Mr. Blankern.

particulars of the business, what it was; but they were both dining one day at Mr. Ferguson's, when high words passed between them, and Mr. Blankern said, "If you had written me the truth I should not have come out." A silence followed; they called for their horses and rode away, and though in opposite directions at first, yet no doubt with mutual understanding, for, riding round, they soon met. Mr. Ferguson, knowing so well the habits of the country in regard to the horrid practice of dueling, and what had passed between them at his table, was at no loss to conjecture what the consequence would be; he therefore mounted his horse, and ascertained their meeting and going into a cane-piece together. He then rode to Simon and gave my father the information. He was on his horse immediately, and would have hastened on, but Mr. F. held back, and it was necessary for him to accompany to show the spot. They reached the cane-piece just as they heard a pistol go off. "One is down," said Mr. F.; but presently a second pistol was fired, and they soon reached the parties. (Mr. F. judged that one was mortally injured by not immediately after hearing the second shot.) Mr. Blankern was lying on the ground, reclining on his right arm. My father went immediately to him, while Mr. F. went to Mr. Bosanquet, who was bleeding. "Are you wounded?" "Yes," said Mr. Blankern, "the bullet entered just below the ribs on this side and has passed through to the other." "In the left side? Were you running away?" "Oh no, Mr. Cary, nothing of that kind! Bosanquet gave the challenge. I fired first and he fell, as I thought never to rise again. I went to him, when he suddenly rose with his pistol, and I turned sideways to make my body as thin as I could, being so near, but I had no thought of running away." By this time he was exhausted. Mr. Bosanquet's was only a flesh wound. He was soon able to take care of himself, and Mr. F. procured a hammock and negroes to carry Mr. Blankern to Simon. Though he suffered much, he made no complaint. He was unwilling at first to have the ball extracted, which the surgeon thought necessary; but on my father's saying, "You will be thought obstinate if you do not submit to the operation," he replied, "Oh, there is nothing of that kind in my character I assure you." He immediately pointed to the spot where the bullet had lodged, and it fell into my father's hand. The surgeon pronounced it to be a mortal wound. He requested "to be left alone with

Mr. Cary." He then explained his circumstances to my father, gave an account of what had passed with Mr. Bosanquet, and observed that, after what he had said, Mr. B. could not have done otherwise; that he forgave him with all his heart, and that, as he would no doubt have to undergo a trial and my father would appear as a witness, he wished him to repeat his words and say that it was a hasty thing and unavoidable, and that he forgave him. He also requested my father, while Mr. Bosanquet's heart was softened by what had passed, to request him at once to make provision for his two sisters who were in England. His friends were then permitted to come in, and he conversed with great composure to the end.

I don't know how it is, but I don't seem to go on very fast. We are apt to think people write a great deal for the sake of making a book, but I think I shall be more lenient in future. When the mind is full it is difficult to select, and these once familiar scenes dispose me to meditate and linger, regardless how time is hastening on. Excuse as usual, dear George, and believe me,

Your affectionate aunt, M. G. Cary.

April 14, 1843.

Dear George, — It was the latter end of November, 1789, — I do not recollect the day of the month, but about the 29th, — the ocean calm as a lake, the blue waves glistening in the sun, the trade-wind blowing freshly and cooling the hot atmosphere, when the ship Grenville Bay, Captain Siddell, was making her way to the island of Grenada. The passengers assembled on the deck and admired the flying-fish and dolphins; but other thoughts filled their hearts, too intimate to be expressed aloud. Mr. Townsend was returning from England with his eldest daughter, who had been on a visit to friends in Scotland. Miss Horsford had passed the last two years at school, and was coming back to her home. Sam Cary and his sister were returning to their parents after a long absence. As they approached the island the verdure was refreshing and the form of the hills attractive, as the wind took one mill, and then another higher up, and still another, till all were in motion. "Hoist up the signal," said the captain; "we shall soon be in full view of Mount Pleasant." No sooner said than done, for all had been prepared; when, turning a point, we came before

the plantation and in sight of the house, but too far off, owing to the lightness of the winds, to distinguish any objects smaller than a house and a mill. In the meantime my mother was seated at her work-table in the gallery, my father walking the gallery, and every now and then looking abroad through his spy-glass, which was seldom out of his hand when he was at leisure. "Ah, there they are! there are our dear children! Fido, saddle my horse immediately. My dear, I shall have but just time to ride to Gonyave before night. I will take a sloop there in the morning and go to St. George's, and bring the children to you the day after. Let Fanny go with me, that she may attend to Margaret."

The ship continued her course quietly, and with all her sails set, the light wind wafted her gently along; but she did not reach the harbor till eight o'clock in the evening.

The passengers got into a boat and were landed up a creek on the Belmont estate, the residence of Mr. Townsend. The news of an arrival was soon spread abroad; the family, who were visiting, were very quickly at home, and after mutual congratulations we soon retired to our apartments. Mine was on the ground floor, and when I looked out of the window in the morning nothing could be more beautiful. It was ten o'clock before my father reached Belmont. We were introduced to him, and left alone for a couple of hours. My brother, who was sixteen, was in all respects a gentleman in his appearance and manners; he had left school almost a twelvemonth before, and had been placed in Mr. Manning's counting-house, attending to business and studying the Spanish and Italian languages. He had a great deal of conversation with my father. I answered his questions, but had little to communicate. We then retired to dress for dinner. The family were preparing for a ball to be given by the governor that evening. Mrs. Townsend and the young ladies were making dresses with new materials that had been brought out on the ship; Miss Horsford had procured from the vessel all that she wanted for the evening. My brother was commissioned by me to procure certain articles for the occasion and also for himself; but when my father was informed of it he put a decided negative. He had no objection to Sam's doing what he pleased, but he did not choose that Margaret should go to the ball, nor that her trunks should be opened till they reached her mother's hands; neither should he

go to the ball. It was a great disappointment, which I have wondered and laughed at since, and thought how properly my father had decided. Mr. Townsend remained with my father till he had retired for the night, and Mrs. Townsend's third daughter Sophia, about my age, with me. One circumstance I will mention, as it may interest you, and point out a subject that was very much on the carpet in those days. Natural affection I had heard very frequently discussed, and it was believed by many that parents might know their children and children their parents from the natural tie of affection, — a certain sympathy which could not be mistaken. Under this impression I went out to the West Indies; but the very first day it received a check, for when I returned to the drawing-room before dinner, where several gentlemen were assembled, I walked towards a sofa where one was sitting who, having the same colored coat on and being about the size of my father, I took for him. He immediately came to me, and I felt the value of his protection, though I was smarting under my disappointment. Soon after, Lavater's work on Physiognomy became a principal subject of conversation, as now Phrenology; and though there may be something worth noticing in all, when carried to an extreme they are apt to limit instead of extending perception.

About noon all things were ready, the trunks were on board the sloop, and, taking leave of our kind friends, we once more embarked. And now my dear father, to his great surprise, found out that both his children were short-sighted. Accustomed himself to taking cognizance of everything which came in his way, he felt disappointed, in pointing out the different places as we passed, that they were not more than half seen. It was late in the afternoon when we arrived at Lamellerie Bay. After being rowed to the beach, which was covered with foam, I was surprised at being taken up in the arms of a strong negro, who placed me on the shore; and then I was desired to lie down on a hammock, and so carried by two negroes up a steep road to Mount Pleasant, about one half a mile. There at last I was received by my dear mother. It was not many days before my father and brother left us for St. George's. A place in the store of Morris & Postlethwaite had been secured for my brother, and he was bound till twenty-one.

Everything was new, and many things delightful to me. My young brothers and sisters I took great pleasure in. Dear Lucius did not seem, indeed, much younger, for though only in his ninth year he was forward of his age, took the lead among the little ones, rode on horseback, played backgammon, etc., and could walk about and show me the best wild fruits, and particularly the best oranges. But above all my chief comfort was in my mother. Everything she did and said was just what was most agreeable and right. I felt too much awe of my father to be easy and conversible with him, but I loved to listen to his anecdotes and conversation, and admired him exceedingly. With my mother I was quite at ease and delighted in talking with her, and in my father's absence had frequent opportunities. He generally passed Sundays with us. As there was no church in the neighborhood, my mother read the Episcopal service and a sermon, and taught the children their catechism in the course of the day, and every evening the following hymn was sung: —

"Indulgent God, whose bounteous care
O'er all thy works is shown,
Oh, grateful, let my praise and prayer
Ascend before thy throne.

"What mercies has this day bestowed,
How largely hast thou blessed
My cup with plenty overflowed,
And with content my breast!

"Safe 'midst a thousand latent snares
Thy careful hand has led;
And now, exempt from anxious cares,
I press the downy bed.

"I fall this night into thy arms,
Which I have proved so kind;
Oh, keep my body from all harms,
And from all sin my mind.

"So bless each future day and night,
Till life's fond scene is o'er;
And then to realms of endless light,
Oh, aid my soul to soar."

Often, in after days, when my father had been talking of painful things and felt overwhelmed with cares, he would say: "Come,

my dear, sing 'Indulgent God;'" and, though it was an evening hymn, it made no difference; we laid down our work and joined our dear mother.

At the beginning of January we moved to Simon. I had been taught by my father to ride on horseback, and shall never forget how near I was to falling off the first time, as I was following him down a steep path, being so surprised and off my guard by a beautiful large butterfly, the most brilliant I had ever seen. I accompanied my father to Simon. My mother remained to pack up, and sent all the clothing, etc., on the heads of negroes, which I received and placed according to her direction. She soon followed with the children, herself on horseback, and each of the others, except Lucius who rode on a mule, on the shoulders of negroes.

Here I met my friend, Miss Horsford, and became acquainted with all the friends in the neighborhood. And now, for the present, I will bid you adieu, dear George, often thanking you for your kind note, and replying to your two questions. I am quite sure that the name Montagu should be spelt without an *e*. You will find it so in the family Bible, and I have met with it so several times lately in the "Life of Wilberforce." The arms of the family of Gray (this is the way my mother always spelt it) was a lion rampant. I believe it is quartered with the roses on the silver waiter which accompanied the ostrich egg and belongs to me. The Graves arms, a crowned eagle, I think, is quartered on the coffee-pot which is your father's.

Your affectionate aunt,

M. G. CARY.

TO HER NEPHEW, EDWARD M. CARY.

83 PINCKNEY STREET, *November* 1, 1853.

DEAR EDWARD, — You wished to know something of my dear brother Lucius. There are times when everything in this world seems so fleeting, and generations pass so rapidly one after another, that it hardly seems worth while to make records; but I must not forget the feelings of youth, and how I have listened to accounts of those who have gone before, and, as your dear father

said, "Never mind the writing," I will run on with what I do know before my memory is more failing and my eyes less able to direct the pen.

The children of our family came in pairs, — Sam and Margaret, Charles and a little Harriet, who died in her fifth month; then Lucius, born the 4th of September, 1782; and Sarah (Mrs. Tuckerman), 22d November, 1783. In 1785 my father's health made it necessary for him to come to New England. Lucius and Sarah were kindly taken care of by Mr. and Mrs. Horsford at Mount Horne. I have mentioned in a former letter how dangerous and protracted was the voyage of my parents in returning to the West Indies; so much so that it was feared the vessel in which they embarked had foundered at sea. Great was the joy when they at last arrived at Grenada and took the children home. There was an intention expressed of sending Lucius to England, but my father found the expense of the three eldest as much as he could support. When I reached home in 1789 Lucius had entered his eighth year. I often think of him with surprise when I compare him in my recollection with boys of that age, he seemed so forward, that is, in acting with judgment and taking care of the four younger ones. The eldest at home is generally more advanced, and feels some care. He had been altogether instructed by my mother, and partook much of the reasonableness — for want of a better word — of her character. She never acted from impulse, but always from judgment. I never knew any one who had a more "prudent, cautious self-control," which the poet says "is wisdom's root."

She had deep feelings, but they never interfered with duty; and it must have been a great advantage to Lucius to pass his early years under such influence, for his nature was quick and his temperament very warm. When we came to Boston in 1791, Lucius was placed in Mr. Ticknor's family, and attended school. Deacon Ticknor he was called; but I am not sure how he was connected with prominent characters of that name at the present day. He made good advance in his studies, and had always a love of learning. He passed his Sundays at home, and he joined the rest of us in writing little essays once a week, which were placed in a white cream-pot, which had lost its handle, on the centre of the breakfast-table. We called it the "lion's mouth," and our dear mother

took out one paper at a time, and read it aloud, — my father listening with impartial ears, — and it was the opinion of each of us that our pieces were improved by her reading. No trace of them now remains, but I dare say it did us all good at the time. I believe Henry was the youngest scribbler among us. It ended with Lucius being called to Philadelphia by my dear brother Sam, who had commenced business there in company with a friend whom he had known in the West Indies, and who was related to the gentleman who discovered Sam in one of the islands, I think Tobago, after the insurrection in Grenada, in which Sam had an active part in a regiment under government, and lost his health. This kind friend gave him the means and sent him home to Chelsea, and afterwards encouraged his going into business at the South. But the connection did not last long. The time that Lucius was in Philadelphia was very pleasant to him, and advantageous in many respects. Hannah Gray, a cousin, daughter of my mother's brother Ellis Gray, had married Judge Wilson, a widower with grown-up children, and living in great style. It was a happy connection while it lasted; but he died, and Mrs. Wilson returned to her mother's, and after some years married Dr. Bartlett.

My brother Sam returned to the West Indies, and found a situation for Lucius in Demerara, where he remained till he came of age, in 1803, when he made a visit to Chelsea.

We were all, as you may suppose, delighted to see him. He came in fine spirits, ready to enjoy any pleasure, domestic or social. Aunt Gray's family welcomed him cordially, and renewed the intimacy which had been formed in Philadelphia. When he first came among us, he thought his four sisters were so much alike that he should never know them apart, but that illusion soon passed away. He stayed but a few months among us, and during that time visited Bath. He had some knowledge of merchants there, and was impatient to be in business. He was very quick in his feelings, his natural temperament having been increased by a residence in a hot climate and among slaves. Many a gentle hint and kind reproof he received from his dear mother, all which he acknowledged in a beautiful note which he sent by the pilot when he left us, and assured his kind monitor that he should profit by her advice; and I mention this trait of his character only to express my admiration of the self-control which he acquired,

for all his warmth became merged in kind affection. He did not remain long in Demerara, but in 1807 or 1808 went into business with his brother Henry in New York. This did not continue more than two or three years, when he returned to the West Indies, and resided as a merchant for some time at Bermuda.

In 1812 he indulged himself with a visit to England. He laid his plan to go to England first, and then to make a visit at Chelsea. But oh, how deeply he regretted that he had not proposed to himself to come to Chelsea first! When he reached the toll-house on the Chelsea side of the bridge, he inquired after the family and learned the death of our dear father. The shock was very great and our meeting very mournful for a while. I see him now, in my memory, walking the little parlor in an agony. He loved his father dearly; he came full of affection; he expected a cordial sympathy in his prospects, and to meet the approbation of one whom he highly reverenced, and who could enter into all his plans; and then to think that by coming here first he might have seen and enjoyed him — Oh, that "last, last silence of a friend," when so much has been left unsaid! Who has not felt it?

And now, I believe, it was after this period that Lucius and Henry went into business together. I have no dates at hand to refer to, and my memory fails me much in regard to them. I know it was in 1815 that Lucius took me to New York, where I visited Mr. Atkinson's family, and then to Philadelphia, where Mrs. Hill and the Henrys were boarding at Mr. Thunn's; and after that he took Anne to Niagara and Canada. However, he returned to the West Indies from New York and lived at Bermuda, where, and at Jamaica, he made a fortune sufficient to justify him, as he supposed, to live in England on his income. He chartered a schooner, and came to Boston in the summer of 1825; time enough to pass a few weeks with his dear mother, who died soon after his visit. He was full of affection, had drawn plans for the improvement of the house, and arranged a plan for each of his sisters to receive fifty dollars every Christmas. In 1826 he went to England, but his constitution was worn out in the West Indies. He went to Bristol for his health, and there, after a few days' confinement to his bed, he died. He had made an acquaintance in the short time he was at Bristol, who wrote an account of his illness and death and attended the funeral. He had made his will before he had

left the West Indies, and supposed his property worth $30,000. To each of his sisters he had left $3,000. But in the West Indies it is wonderful how little riches are to be depended on. He had a partner. Whether he was faithful or not I dare not say. Our dear brother William, though he was just engaged to be married to Miss Nancy Perkins, kindly undertook to go to Jamaica and secure what he could of the property. This only amounted to something near the legacy to his sisters, — over, but I forget how much, $2,000 apiece, but which has made us all comfortable, in addition to the $2,000 left by our dear father to each before the general division of his property. If it had not been for William's promptness and energy, it is not likely anything could have been secured ; and if dear Lucius's life had been prolonged, he might have found himself at a loss for the independence he had promised himself, and in a strange land this would have been doubly painful. He liked to weigh the question whether there was most enjoyment in making a fortune or in spending it, and I believe he generally decided in favor of the former. That he did enjoy, and it was in mercy that he was preserved from feeling the disappointment of his plan of life. He died in August, 1826, — just a year after my mother. He was an excellent son, a kind brother, a faithful friend, generous and noble in all his dealings. His Bible was his companion, and the gift of a friend. Having fulfilled his duties here, we may trust him to the sure mercies of our Heavenly Father. This is but the commencement of life, but how unlimited its extension ! But, short as it is, the direction the spirit takes here will carry it through all eternity. Adieu.

Your affectionate aunt,

M. G. Cary.

My aunt's letters to her nephews end here ; but she carried her family story to a later date in the magazine articles already mentioned, and I shall make use of them where I can.

After an absence of nineteen years in all, my grandfather and grandmother returned to America, leaving their eldest son in Grenada engaged in business, but bringing with them seven children and three of their black servants. Two of

these, Charlotte and Pompey, grew homesick and returned to Grenada; but one, Fanny Fairweather, ended her days in Chelsea, and was so identified with the family that I must give her a place when I describe the farm presently. The family had a tedious, rough voyage, lasting into the fourth week, and they arrived on the second day of July, 1791. Aunt Margaret describes the arrival: —

"The Boston bells were ringing for eleven o'clock; they did then, and for years afterwards. My father's plan had been all along to take one of the Chelsea ferry-boats, put all the family on board, and go home, expecting to find the dear grandmother there to receive us. We were all in the cabin, preparing to quit the ship, except my father, who was on deck. Mr. Harrison Gray Otis, a young man just rising into celebrity, who had the care of my father's affairs, came on board and gave some information that altered the plan of going at once to Chelsea into accepting an invitation to his house. My dear mother remonstrated at first, but yielded as usual.

"We landed at Long Wharf, and filled two hacks. There were twelve of us in all, and we were most kindly received by Mrs. Otis, a young married lady, confined just three weeks with her first child. I went up with my mother into a chamber to take off our bonnets, and my aunt Gray and two of her daughters came up to us, all dressed in new mourning. Before they spoke, like a flash it struck to my mother's heart. 'Is my mother dead?' It was too true; she had died while we were on our passage. The dear old lady had made all the arrangements she could in the Chelsea house, half of which was occupied by the farmers, and had then gone to Boston to await our arrival. There she was taken ill with a bilious colic, and had died. My father learned it from Mr. Otis, but knew not how to give the information, thinking my dear mother had better go on shore first. It was Saturday. Part of the family went home with my aunt; the baby and I remained with my father and mother at Mr. Otis's.

"In the afternoon I walked up Beacon Hill with some young ladies. It was much higher than it is now, and we had a fine view from it. We went up by steps part of the way. It was covered with grass and dandelions, and the tall beacon was there. On the

4th of July I accompanied my father and mother, with one or two of the children, in a hack to Chelsea; the rest of the family went over the ferry.

"Chelsea, on our arrival, presented a strong contrast to the luxuriant country we had left. We went in at a gate, and through two rows of cherry-trees, up to the house, at one corner of which was a pear-tree, another at some distance in front, and a tall pear-tree behind the barn. These were all the trees, except an apple orchard at the back of the house, sheltered by a hill on which were two cedar-trees. My father soon set out elms, chestnuts, and oaks. As the Lombardy poplars were then just coming into fashion, and were of rapid growth, as soon as the banks were formed before the house he planted them, and we had the benefit of their shade till other trees were ready to take their place. But it was *home* to us. My parents loved it; they had passed the first months of their married life there. It was a family estate, a farm of three hundred and sixty-five acres, and my father hoped to cultivate it so as to bring it into good order, by hiring help and superintending himself, after the present year.

"My dear mother's spirits were much depressed at first, but the necessary cares of the family kept her from dwelling too much on her disappointment. The children gamboled round the house and had playground enough; there were no fences, except on the road. My mother took possession of the east window in the parlor, saying, 'This will be my seat;' and I took a south one. One great source of pleasure was my mother's reading. My father enjoyed it inexpressibly; her voice was music to his ear. There was no Chelsea bridge and turnpike at that time; the distance to Boston was six miles round over Malden bridge, which had been built but a very few years; or we could go in a sailboat across the ferry, dependent on wind and tide."

Though the Chelsea house is still standing, and some of the ground about it remains unsold, there is nothing left to give an idea of "The Retreat," as it was called, and I would like, if possible, to bring out of my early recollections a little sketch of the home from which many of the letters contained in this volume were written. The house originally built upon the land was intended, so I have been told, as a

THE CHELSEA HOUSE

lodge for sporting purposes, and, though never an elaborate mansion, still it must have received large additions. One of the family remembers finding an account-book of my grandfather's, showing that he himself had spent twelve thousand dollars upon it, — a large sum for those days, — and he devoted himself to planting as soon as he arrived at Chelsea in 1791. My recollection of the place begins somewhere in the thirties of this century, and then the trees were well grown and tall. The large square house stood nearly at the foot of Powder-horn Hill, the gradual slope rising behind it being filled with an apple orchard. My grandmother speaks of the annoyance of finding the farmer's family occupying a part of the house; but that was changed as soon as it could be done. In my day there was a neat farmer's establishment built at right angles with the house, and facing the wide green, beyond which was the stable and barn, — that delightful great barn where the cows stood in rows of stalls, with haymows piled above, and the swallows seemed to never cease sweeping round and round among the dark rafters in the roof.

The house stood facing the south; within, ample square rooms, wide hallways and staircases. On the left, the west parlor, with deep window-seats, old portraits, and best furniture; opposite, the east parlor, where the great family of children had all grown up, and where had been a bench on which the long row of little boys used to be required to sit when they were in the house, — such a very long row that apparently one more or less was not easily noticed. One of my uncles has told me that they discovered, after close observation, that, in the time which it took their father to pace from the east parlor to the west and back again, a nimble boy could race across the green and disappear within the barn-doors, and never be missed by the father's keen eye, — but not keen enough to see where the ranks had closed up.

I find an allusion to this very bench in a letter of my

uncle William to his sister Anne in 1833, eight years after his mother's death, and when the household had dwindled to a very small one; but it shows that it must have been a very happy home to be remembered so vividly. He says: "Tom tells me that the dear old place looks cheerful and inviting to those who, like me, have frolicked in the sunbeams there in days of yore; and when I think of the east parlor and the space to the barn, I always feel the spirit for football and base stir up within me. I hope one of these days to come to be gratified by seeing my Willie take my place in such sports, whilst I stand in the east window before the bench where the old crack is that admits such a quantum of air, and judge of his skill with his cousins."

The only thing really fine about the house was a wide oak staircase, with beautiful balustrade and two square landings. When the sun was shining into the hall from the large window above, there was an agreeable thrill in thinking that, just where some strips of wood had been let into the lower stairs, there had fallen spots of blood as the body of a young officer, who had shot himself for love, was brought down the stairway; but at bedtime, when the parlor door had closed, and we with the flickering candle were on our way over those two steps, that love story was not an encouraging thing to remember. On each side of the broad, low doorstep, and porch covered with creepers, were flower-beds, the constant care of aunt Harriet, whose two delights were gardening and painting. In front of the door came the driveway; then a flight of steps over the high bank; a little grassed terrace, where great bushes of lilac and syringa grew; then another bank, and a most delightful old garden. No gravel walks or ribbon beds, but wide grass paths between banks planted with bushes of fruit and flowers, — cherry, apple, and peach trees making shade everywhere. Beyond the garden, and stretching on each side, was the orchard. Another place where we delighted to play was the Dell; and this was a deep circle dipping into the middle of the orchard like a

gigantic bowl. It was quite regular in shape, but must have been in the original lay of the land; for the trees which grew on the sides were so old that several of them had hollow trunks big enough to "keep house" in with our dolls. The turnpike did not exist till long after the family had returned from the West Indies, and was cut through the farm, which reached beyond it to the foot of Mount Bellingham. I do not know how far the farm originally extended east and west, but, as I remember it, there were two gates, — the western opening on a road which ran from the turnpike toward Malden; the eastern directly upon the turnpike, from which, a little farther on, the road branched off to Chelsea Beach, — now Revere. Every one coming from the direction of Boston entered by the west gate, and drove over a grass road through the orchard. This must have been just as aunt Margaret described it when the family returned from Grenada, except that the trees had grown large and shady. From the house to the east gate my grandfather had planted a double row of elms, which had grown to form a beautiful green archway, with Powder-horn Hill rising on one side, while on the other the orchard and garden sloped away. Directly behind the house rose the hill; nothing now, I believe, but an inconveniently steep place to put rows of houses; but in those days it was covered with short grass, little zigzag paths being cut to reach the top easily; and, when there, you had a view of the sea across the marshes on one side, and over the ridge you looked down on farms and orchards and country roads, — the Pratt neighborhood it was called. Forty or fifty years ago there were still to be seen on the summit the remains of a redoubt, put there in the early days of the Revolution, when the place was occupied by our troops.

At the west corner of the house a group of pines had been planted, just where the ground sloped down to the orchard, and at the foot of this slope came old Fanny Fairweather's little red cottage. She had been nurse to my

father, who was born the first summer at Chelsea, and when I first remember her I supposed she had lived there forever with her cat and her parrot and her pipe. Her story was this: One day, in walking through the street in St. Kitts, my grandmother saw a little girl about seven years old standing on the sale block with other slaves. She was moved by the child's attitude, with hands folded upon her breast and a very sad expression in her face. She said to her husband: "I must own that child." And so Fanny became hers and was brought up by her mistress very much apart from the other servants. From Fanny, when older, she learned the story of her capture. With the rest of her family she lived in Africa, and one day, while sitting outside the cabin tending her baby sister, men rushed out from the woods, seized her and carried her on board a vessel, and brought her over to this slave market, where she was saved from further misery by this kindest of friends. Old and young, every one went to say a word to black Fanny, and we children always saw that she was kept supplied with needles threaded, and the thread twisted back and forth to keep them in the needle-book. She had a general adoration for the family, but her highest mark of appreciation was the gift of one of the parrot's cast-off tail feathers. She lived in her little home till she grew so feeble that she consented to come up to the house, where she could receive better care, and died tended by my aunts.

For the first year after the return to America the life at Chelsea was one of ease. The eldest son, Sam, had been left at Grenada in charge of the estate; Charles, the third child, was at school in England; and Margaret, who came between these two, was now her mother's constant companion. Beside these, a long line of boys and girls had been born in Grenada, — Lucius, Edward, Henry, Sarah, Harriet, Anne. Lucius, the eldest of these, was put at school in Boston, and lived in Deacon Ticknor's family; and the next three at Mr. Woodbury's school in Medford. In Sep-

tember, after their arrival, a boy was born, — Thomas Graves. Aunt Margaret says : —

"In the winter my mother and I took frequent rides to Medford, with Pompey to drive, carrying warm articles to the children, and almost daily rides to see the little nursling. My father was busy making improvements on the farm. We had friends to dinner occasionally, and, what was quite frequent in Boston at that time, little supper parties, which were very pleasant and sociable. We always took care to fix on moonlight nights for our parties, that our friends might return home comfortably."

Beside the Boston friends there were now and then arrivals from Grenada, and West Indian hospitality was carried out in New England. Aunt Anne used to tell us of a gentleman arriving with a black servant who slept on a mat outside the door of the west chamber, which was occupied by his master. Greater hospitality was shown in another story of aunt Anne's. On the night when her brother Edward lay dying, two belated travelers came to the door to inquire the way, and finding how long the road was to Boston, — for it was before the days of the Charlestown bridge, — asked for a night's lodging. It was a stormy night, and my grandmother said that they must not be turned away. So beds were put for them in the west parlor, and a supper given them ; but they were told that death was in the house, and were asked to go on their way when morning came.

Everything now seemed to promise a life of ease for my grandparents, the best education for their children, and good business prospects for the elder sons, when a sudden change came. I will copy from aunt Margaret's story : —

"In little more than a year after we sailed from Grenada an insurrection took place on the island, occasioned by the coming of French negroes from the other islands. They produced such an excitement that one morning large parties of negroes collected and went to different plantations, seizing more than forty of the white inhabitants, carrying them into the mountains, confining them in one room, and keeping constant guard over them.

"The governor, Mr. Hume, had been warned of their intention, but paid no heed to it; and even after the insurrection had broken out, he was persuaded by his most intimate friend, Mr. Campbell, to go round the island and show himself, quite sure that they would submit to him. It was a strange infatuation. Those two gentlemen went in a sloop to Gouyave. They could not persuade the captain to go near the land, so they took a boat and went on shore. A party of blacks immediately surrounded them, and took them to the same room where the rest were confined, and so limited in space that they had to take turns to lie down.

"The first movement had occurred on a Monday morning, and Mr. Rose [1] happened to have his wife's prayer-book in his coat pocket. He had been roused from his bed by the tumult without, and was only allowed to dress. This book was the greatest comfort to the poor prisoners. After being confined for many days — I believe three weeks — they were taken out, one by one, and shot. Only two escaped, — the clergyman and the physician. They needed the services of the latter, and there were friends of the former among them to whom he had been kind.

"My father's negroes all proved faithful. Four of the best men were murdered by the French for refusing to join them. They burnt the dwelling-house and negro-houses, and were going to set fire to the sugar works when some alarm caused them to hasten away. My brother, with the manager of the plantation, — who had hastened at the first alarm to St. George's, — went in a sloop, and took the remainder of the negroes, about seventy, to St. George's, where they were placed on a plantation and merely worked for their living. My father would, in all probability, have been taken with the rest, many of them his intimate friends. My dear brother belonged to the militia, and went through great exposure. For a long time he did not take off his clothes, and was exposed to great hardships, several of his friends dying in his arms. A printed account was given of the affair, and he was mentioned in it with approbation.

"These disasters obliged my father to visit the West Indies. He was taken prisoner, with the ship in which he sailed, by a French

[1] This was Mr. Rose of whom mention is made in one of my grandmother's letters as a lover of aunt Margaret's friend, Miss Horsford. They had not been long married, and she was left with an infant child.

man-of-war, and carried to Martinique. The passengers had been transferred to the French vessel, and while walking the ship one day he recognized a former negro servant, Pompey, who had come from Grenada with the family, and lived some years at Chelsea. It was to Pompey's violin that the children had often danced in the west parlor. His master signed to him not to approach, but in his walk, passing near him, said, in a tone and manner only to be observed by Pompey, 'When you reach America, go at once to Chelsea, see your mistress, and tell her I am a prisoner, but hope to procure safe release.' Pompey executed his commission faithfully. In Martinique my father was tried for his life by Louis Fedon, an upstart into whose hands was placed temporary power; and, as he stood before this judge, was urged by the captain and another passenger to declare himself a subject of the United States, in order to save his life; but this he refused to do, knowing that he was a British subject owning property in Grenada, though born in Massachusetts, not having become naturalized since the Revolution. But happily, as nothing could be found against him, and probably the firmness of his spirit was respected, he was allowed to depart in an exchange of prisoners."

The losses in Grenada changed the whole aspect of life at the farm. The children were recalled from school, and strict economy was practiced from this time. Aunt Margaret's English education enabled her to serve as governess to the younger sisters, and also to the boys as long as they could remain at home. Thomas, the eldest of the four boys born at Chelsea, after entering Harvard College, fitted his two brothers, Robert and William, for the same institution. George, who went into business, provided a younger brother with lessons in French, that he himself might be taught second hand in his leisure hours. My grandfather returned from his expedition to the West Indies a poor man, and so remained till his death. From this time the heads of the family remained stationary at Chelsea, two absolutely devoted people one to the other, and having their interest with the outside world maintained by the coming and going of their children. All this is told in the letters, and it only remains for me to give the family events alluded to in them.

In 1810 my uncle Sam died. He came out to America after the insurrection, very much broken in health. After a visit to Chelsea he went to Philadelphia, hoping to remain there permanently, but later he found it expedient to return to the West Indies. There he continued, doing the best for the family interests, his object in life seeming to be to relieve his father of the burden of so large a family. Finding his health failing, he took passage in a ship for home; but it was too late, and he died a week before the vessel arrived in Boston. The news reached the family first through a newspaper. Later came a letter from the captain, which had been delayed, and then one of the brothers drove from Chelsea to Newburyport to bring back his boxes and possessions from the vessel on which he had sailed. The relation between him and his mother was very close. It always seemed as if their separation in his babyhood had given an intensity to her appreciation of him as her first-born. Edward, one of the West Indian children, died of consumption at the age of twenty; and his death, so I have heard, led to the marriage of his sister Sarah to the Rev. Joseph Tuckerman. Mr. Tuckerman had just been settled over the Unitarian parish in Chelsea, and, in his great kindness to the young brother, fell in love with my aunt Sarah, who was a beautiful girl, and had nursed her brother through his illness. The parsonage was not far from the Retreat, being about two miles farther along the turnpike, which had been built by that time. The church was still farther away, in the direction of the beach. Though the town has now grown up about it, I remember it standing quite alone, and with nothing between it and the sea, — a queer little high-shouldered church, with thick-set spire, just such as one sees in old-fashioned story-books. Inside, the pews were square, with high railings made by rows of round balls set on perpendicular rods.

My grandfather's death came in 1812. It had been a marriage of love from first to last. He was a man of impe-

rious nature, at times giving way to high temper, but with all that, deeply religious. My grandmother seems to have been a woman with great influence over those about her. With all these sons, scattered in different places, her correspondence was constant and most open, and to her husband her devotion was absolute. Madame de Chanal, of whom we hear in aunt Margaret's letters as little Blois Henry, has written to me that, even as a child at Chelsea, she always looked upon my grandmother as living for her husband, — reading to him and walking with him, a long daily drive together being a part of their routine of life.

With our grandfather's character and previous life of prosperity and importance on a plantation, the change to reduced means and to all the sacrifices necessary in such a great family of children must have required him to exercise a constant restraint upon himself. I know, from what I have heard, that he did not always succeed in controlling himself ; but his wife's love showed itself as strongly in helping him to be his nobler self as in giving him her constant companionship. With his death her own personal happiness seemed to come to an end ; but there were still twelve years more in which she was to be everything to her children, and she shared the happiness of their lives, though for the loss of her own she never ceased to mourn.

The life at Chelsea, as I gather it from my memory of the conversation of our aunts, was that of a large family with education and tastes which made them a happy community among themselves. Reading aloud was an institution of the household, — Shakespeare, the old comedies, poetry, and every new book attainable. One of my father's Chelsea stories gives a vivid picture of his mother's absorbed audience, and the intense quiet of those winter evenings. They were in the middle of the " Mysteries of Udolpho," and he, leaving his seat to put a fresh log on the fire, took the chance to peep through the curtains, and found that a snowstorm had begun. Some plan for the next day was on foot,

and, as he slipped into his place again, he whispered, "Harriet, it snows," and the shriek she gave was worthy of Mrs. Radcliffe's heroine.

There must have been a great deal of poetry written, apparently because it was the custom of the time to express one's self in poetry, as well as in prose, — with rhymes, if feasible, but if not, in blank verse. There were hoards of this, written on scraps of paper and in little blank books, lying at the bottom of the boxes of family letters.

The intimate friends of the house lived chiefly in Boston, and the daughters made visits to them, and had their own friends to stay at Chelsea. There were also relatives and friends in Portsmouth and Newburyport. Pleasant relations always existed with the families living near them; and I remember what was called the Pratt neighborhood, on the other side of Powder-horn Hill, and how I used to drive there with aunt Anne when she went to make visits. There was a story of aunt Margaret's becoming much interested in a young girl, the daughter of a farmer near by, and asking her to spend the day; and how, on the day named, aunt Margaret at a very early hour opened her blinds to watch for the sunrise, and on the doorstep sat the visitor, having been deposited there by her brother when he drove by with his milk cart on the way to Boston. In connection with friends of a different stamp from the early visitor, aunt Margaret tells a little incident connecting our New England aunt, for a moment or two in her life, with royalty. It occurred when she was staying in Boston with a young friend to whom she was to act as bridesmaid.

"It so happened that Prince Edward, Duke of Kent, the fourth son of King George III. of England, arrived in Boston from Canada, with his two aides-de-camp. He put up at the British consul's, and a great many gentlemen and ladies called one evening, and were introduced. As I was staying at Mr. G.'s, I went as one of the family. The aides were very pleasant men and became acquainted with the young engaged couple, and told the

bride they should bring the prince to call on her after she was married. One day, while we were seated at dinner, they really arrived, were shown into the front parlor, and we all went to pay our respects to royalty. Mr. and Mrs. G. went first. When the bride entered the prince saluted her. Mr. G. said, 'More duty for your royal highness, — the bridesmaids.' So Miss A. and I both received the compliment. I can smile now to think how differently we received it. Miss A. had not seen the prince before, but was very desirous of an opportunity, and had been contriving a variety of ways to obtain her desire. But now, not only to see but to receive a salute from him, pleased her so much that she wrote word of it afterwards to one of her brothers, with some ludicrous observations, such as she did not intend to wash her face again. I felt mortified and vexed with Mr. G., who had occasioned it."

The marriages of her sons brought great interest into my grandmother's life, and there were visits to Brattleboro' and New York, and to her son George's house in Boston, as well as constant communication with the parsonage. There would be scarcely as much material for a letter nowadays in a journey from here to California as there was then in a two or three days' trip to New York.

My grandmother died in the summer of 1824, and after that there were great changes in the Chelsea circle. First came the death of my uncle Lucius, who was a devoted brother to them all; but, I think, the special friend of his sister Anne.

Then Dr. Tuckerman, whose health had been delicate for some time, removed to Boston to take the position of minister-at-large among the poor; and, a year or two later, aunt Margaret decided to make her home in Boston among her Swedenborgian friends. The household then had dwindled to three, — uncle Charles and his sisters Anne and Harriet. Uncle Charles was the most reserved of all the brothers. The trait I most recollect about him was a low and very agreeable voice; but, with all his shyness, he had been capable of once putting himself forward in asserting his firm principles. When the crash came, and all the boys were

called upon to work, Charles was summoned back from England, where he was at school, and finally chose the sea for his career. He had risen to be a captain, and had had command of several ships; but in those days opium entered largely into the trade with China, whither his voyages had been made, and there came a time when he was called upon to choose between receiving the appointment to a new ship and obeying his conscientious scruples. I cannot give the particulars, but I remember that a much respected old Canton merchant once said to a member of the family, "Do you know that your uncle Charles Cary was a moral hero?" and then told the story of the circumstances under which he left the service. The brother and sisters were a very congenial trio, I think, being all cultivated and occupied people, and Chelsea was the playground for all the children in the family.

At the death of Mrs. Henry Cary, in New York, my aunts undertook the charge of the son she left, who was then a young man, and had been subject to epilepsy from his childhood. A number of years were given up to devotion to this poor fellow. They really loved him, and all endeavors from others of the family to induce them to allow a different arrangement to be made were ineffectual, until my uncle Henry married, for his second wife, Miss Elizabeth Lowis, an English lady. She, seeing clearly what was best for both parties, insisted upon my uncle's making a permanent establishment for his son, where he could be properly cared for without inflicting too much inconvenience on others. The aunts had given not only devoted care, but real love to the unfortunate nephew, and were truly grieved to give him up; but he was replaced by a happier interest in the little daughters of their brother Robert, who made his home at Chelsea after the death of his wife.

In the later years of aunt Margaret's life, she returned to her family once more. Her choosing to live apart from them so long never seemed to weaken the tie between them

all, and she took her place again as elder sister, — the "sister 'Marget'" whose word was law to the younger ones. It was a very happy household of old brothers and sisters. I remember when my uncle Robert died (a white-haired man) hearing aunt Margaret say, the first day she returned to take her place in the parlor after his death, "Ah, how we do miss the dear fellow!" I think that she went next, at ninety-two. Her brother Charles' death followed, leaving Anne and Harriet, but not alone, for the two nieces living with them were all that daughters could have been.

It was about the year 1855 that it was decided among all the brothers and sisters that the time had come to dispose of a part at least of the farm. A sale was made to the Cary Improvement Company of all but the house and enough land to give some sense of seclusion, — a painful change at first, but a wise one, and, as I have heard my aunts say, carrying out possibilities contemplated by their father. As time went on there were great advantages in the growing neighborhood, bringing them friends and added conveniences of life.

Two years before aunt Harriet's death, she fell and broke her hip, and for the rest of her days was confined to her chair. I hope it was not a very sad two years, for I always remember the pleasant sight of the two sisters, aunt Anne tending and sitting beside aunt Harriet in the west room, which had been the guest chamber of early days, and was then the place where every one gathered about the invalid.

Aunt Anne outlived her sister ten or twelve years. To be left the last of such a large household is a grievous thing to contemplate; but there were love and devoted care to the last, and young life of still another generation growing up about her in her nieces' children. Her brothers George and William were left to her till within two years of her death. Once a week they met at Chelsea, and these visits were fête days. After they had gone, the one person left who had recollections of the time when aunt Anne was still a

young woman was my cousin, Mrs. Becker, daughter of Mrs. Tuckerman. She was the first granddaughter, and, born the winter after my grandfather's death, had been a great blessing to them all. In these last days I think that a visit from her was aunt Anne's keenest pleasure. "We two remember the same things," I have heard her say.

My last recollection of aunt Anne is within three weeks of her death. I had gone to Chelsea one morning, and found her reading Farrar's "Life of Christ," and asked her if she would not finish her chapter aloud to me. I do not think her voice had ever a more clear and delightful enunciation, or more variety of tone in the days when she did her best to teach us the accomplishment which added so much to the life at Chelsea, when it was a solitary country place. Her death came peacefully, attended by those who loved her dearly, and with her ended the story of the Cary family who landed from the West Indies a century ago.

II

DIARY OF MRS. MARGARET GRAVES CARY; LETTERS FROM GRENADA, 1779–1791

DIARY OF MARGARET GRAVES, WIFE OF SAMUEL CARY, ESQ., MOTHER OF SAMUEL CARY

IT seems fitting to precede these letters with an old diary of Margaret Graves Cary, my grandfather Cary's mother, especially as it was through her that the Chelsea farm passed into her son's possession. I give only the diary; but there are in the manuscript, written on sheets of foolscap now brown with age, many extracts in prose and poetry. On the outside is stitched a bit of paper, and in my aunt Anne's hand is written: "These pages were written by Margaret Graves, who was born July 19th, 1719 — married Dec. 24th, 1741, to Samuel Cary. She died Oct. 8th, 1762, aged 44. Our honored grandmother."

The diary came to Mrs. Cary at the death of Mrs. Thomas Cary, of Newburyport, the widow of "the Parson," as he is called in the letters.

May 15, 1742. — This day I received the agreeable news of the safe arrival of my dear consort in St. Kitts.

Lord, be pleased to grant that we may make a right improvement of so great a mercy.

Lord, what shall we render unto thee for all these mercies we receive from thee?

Lord, be pleased to grant that we may always have a grateful sense of thy goodness to us in thy regard.

May 24, 1742. — This day I am taking the care of a family upon me. Lord, grant that I may not be so taken up with the world as

to neglect my great concern ; and grant, O Lord, that I may behave myself wisely and prudently in every state in which it shall please God to call me.

Saturday, May 29, 1742. — I received a letter from my dear consort, wherein he acquainted me with the wonderful goodness of God to him in raising him from sickness to health again. Lord, grant that our hearts may be sensibly taught by thy goodness and mercy to us.

Lord, as thou art daily showering down of thy favors upon us, so grant that we may be lifting up our hearts to thee.

June 14, 1742. — This day I received a letter from my dear consort, with an account of his health, likewise many other valuable things. Lord, I would be humbly thankful to thee for thy goodness to me in continuing his health, and likewise treasuring our substance from the hands of our enemies.

June 21, 1742. — This day I gave myself up unto the Lord in an everlasting covenant never to be forgotten. Lord, give me grace to live up to the profession that I have now made.

July 18, 1742. — This day I received the melancholy news of the loss that my dear consort met with.

Lord, grant that all the dispensations of thy Divine Providence may work for our everlasting good.

September 20, 1742. — This day God was pleased to appear for me in a wonderful manner, in a time of great difficulty and distress, and made me the living mother of a living and perfect child.

Lord, what shall I render to thee for all thy goodness and mercy vouchsafed unto me ?

January 2, 1743. — This day I was in great danger of being consumed by fire, but the Lord was pleased to appear for me, and wonderfully to put a stop to it. Lord, grant me grace to be humbly thankful to thee for thy mercies.

My child has had a long illness which has brought him very low, but the Lord has been pleased to rebuke it. O Lord, be pleased to perfect his health, and grant me grace to see the rod and who has appointed it, and be so wise as to make a right improvement of it.

June 3, 1744. — This day we had a dreadful shock of an earthquake. Lord, grant that the surprise I was in may make me careful to prepare to meet my Judge.

June 4, 1744. — Lord, thou hast this day brought death into the house. Oh, grant that we may be all quickened hereby to prepare for our dissolution.

December 24, 1744. — Lord, thou hast this day brought death into the house again. Oh, grant me grace to examine myself and see wherefore the Lord is contending with me; and, O Lord, be pleased to sanctify all thy dealings toward me.

Lord, thou hast visited me with the rod of affliction, not only in sending death into the family, but in the long absence of my dearest friend. Lord, I know I have sinned in setting my heart too much upon him; in loving the creature I have forgot my Creator. But, O Lord, thou knowest how to forgive the frailty of our nature. O Lord, be pleased to return him yet again, and grant that my eyes may see him; then will I praise thy great name for all thy goodness to me and mine.

January 7, 1745. — This day God was pleased to return my dearest friend after a long and tedious absence. Lord, grant that I may now perform the vows and promises I made in the day of my distress, and live more to thy glory than ever I have done, and be pleased to sanctify the losses and disappointments we have met with.

May 27, 1745. — This day I lost the company of my dearest friend. Lord, be pleased to take him under thy Divine protection, and keep him from all evil and return him in safety.

October 7, 1745. — This day I was safely delivered of a son. God was pleased to appear for me in a wonderful manner in my distress. I called upon him, and he heard and answered me in a way of mercy. Lord, grant that a sense of thy goodness may always abide upon me.

September 19, 1746. — This day I heard of the wonderful deliverance my dear consort met with from the hands of his enemies, and that he was in the greatest danger. O Lord, be pleased to grant our souls may be sensibly taught with thy goodness to us; that all thy mercy may lead us to repentance; and, O Lord, be pleased to take him under thy Divine protection in all times to come, and return him in safety.

February 10, 1747. — This day the Lord was pleased to appear for me and spare my life when in great danger. Lord, grant me grace to spend my spared life to thy glory.

February 12, 1747. — This day I heard the melancholy news that my dear consort was taken. Lord, be pleased to sanctify all thy dealings towards us, and enable us to behave aright under all thy dealings; and, O Lord, be pleased to redeem him from the hands of his enemies, and return him in safety.

June 19, 1747. — This day it pleased God to take away my honored father in a very sudden and awful manner. Lord, be pleased to sanctify this affliction to me and all concerned. O Lord, I am oppressed, undertake for me; fathers of the flesh pity their distressed children when they complain to them, and wilt not thou, O Lord, whose compassion so far exceeds creatures' compassions as the sea exceeds a drop? O my Father, pity me, support me, deliver me; and now father and mother have forsaken us, will the Lord be pleased to take us up, and be our God and Father unto death?

July 15, 1747. — This day I heard the joyful news that my dear consort was returned from the hands of his enemies; and now, O Lord, would I bless thy great name for all thy mercy vouchsafed to us. Be pleased to be with him, and keep him from all evil, and return him again in safety; and grant that my eyes may see him, and that we may bless thy name together.

My dear Sammy is dangerously sick of a fever, but, O Lord, thou canst help and heal him. Whither else should we go but unto the Lord? Be pleased to bless the means used with him, and grant me grace to behave aright under this affliction, to see the rod and fall down and worship thee.

November 19, 1748. — This day God was pleased to return my dear consort after an absence of almost four years. Lord, grant that I may be thankful for this thy great mercy to me, and that we may both bless and praise thy name together.

It has pleased God to hear my prayers, and raise my dear son to health again. Lord, grant that he may live to thy glory, and that I may praise thy name for all thy goodness and mercy, and trust in thee in all times to come.

October 21, 1749. — This day I was safely delivered of another son. God was pleased to appear for me. In my distress, I called upon him, and he heard me, although I am so unworthy of any mercy; therefore will I call upon him so long as I live. Lord, grant that I may live more to thy glory than I have yet done.

March 6, 1750. — This day I lost the company of my dearest friend. Lord, be pleased to take him under thy Divine protection, and return him in safety, and grant that we may meet again in this world, and that we may meet and praise thy holy name forever in the world to come. It has pleased God to visit my poor baby with long weakness, but he has now appeared for him and begun to raise him up.

June 1, 1752. — This day my dear children were inoculated. O Lord, be pleased to grant a blessing on the means used, and appear for them now in the time of their distress. Lord, I beg, for Christ's sake, thou wouldst not punish me for my sins by taking these dear children from me.

November 14, 1752. — This day I meet with a great disappointment in my dearest friend's not coming home. Lord, sanctify this disappointment and all others I meet with.

December 24, 1752. — This evening I have been reflecting upon this day eleven years, when the providence of God brought us into this dear relation of husband and wife. Great cause I have to lament that I have no better filled up my place with useful service. I would take shame and lie low, and I beg pardon for my dear Redeemer's sake. I would also call to mind some of very many mercies I have enjoyed. How many evils hath the Lord kept me from, which have overtaken others! We have had our difficulties, but God hath graciously supported us. Sometimes losses have been our exercise, but God hath graciously been with us in six troubles, and in seven he hath not withdrawn his arm. We have wanted no good thing; nothing so much as thankful hearts and improving spirits, and what a shame is it that we have been wanting!

We have several children, and their lives have been continued to us, blessed be our gracious God! O that our children may live in thy sight! Hast thou not said, I will be the God of thy seed also? Blessed be God, we are yet a family not broken up by death, nor any other distressing providence, as is the case of so many at this day. I know not what another year may be to us; it may be the parting year.

I have just heard of the safe arrival of my dear consort at London, and the many dangers and difficulties he has undergone, and that he had liked to have foundered at sea. O Lord, I would bless and praise thy name that thou wast pleased to appear for him in the time of his distress.

October 17, 1759. — This day it pleased God to return my dear consort, after a very long absence. Lord, I would bless and praise thy great and glorious name for all thy mercies, and especially for this.

LETTERS FROM GRENADA.

FROM MRS. S. CARY TO MRS. ELLIS GRAY, AFTERWARDS MRS. SAMUEL OTIS.

GRENADA, *October* 29, 1779.

It is with the utmost satisfaction, my dear sister, I sit down to assure you how much pleasure I feel at the agreeable connection you have formed with my brother. It is in my estimation the most agreeable circumstance that has occurred during my absence, and I hope you will do me justice to believe that nothing should have prevented me from writing you long before but the uncertain channels through which our letters have been hitherto conveyed. It is distressing to be obliged to live in a state of separation from our friends at any rate, but it becomes intolerable when we are deprived of corresponding with them. I have received but two letters in three years from any of my family. I am convinced, however, that they do write, but some particular friends we have here pick up all the letters, imagining, I suppose, that we hold a treasonable correspondence. I wish I had anything entertaining or new to communicate, but you must expect nothing from this. When I tell you that I am situated in a fine island, every corner of which abounds with the most beautiful prospects, I have said everything; for we have little society here, and was it not for one lady for whom I have a particular regard I should scarce ever mount my horse, who, I must tell you, shares so largely in my esteem that I have named him Chelsea, — a place you have become as well acquainted with, I hope, as I am, and where I promise myself much pleasure in your company.

Mr. Cary joins me in all I say or think on. We are one in everything, my dear sister, and cannot differ in our regard for you. I beg you will do me the favor to present our joint compliments to your mamma and family, for whom, I assure you, I have great personal esteem. I am, my dear sister,

Yours affectionately,

S. CARY.

TO MRS. POLLY GRAY, IN BOSTON.

GRENADA, *May* 25, 1780.

MY DEAR SISTER, — I am unable to determine which predominates most in my mind at present, real grief for the loss of your dear husband or the tender participation I take in your distresses. Both afflict me. I wish I could say anything that would afford you comfort ; but, alas ! I stand too much in need of it myself. I loved my brother. I feel most sensibly his death. Many happy hours had I promised myself I should, in some future day, pass in conversation with him and you. The connection, indeed, gave me pleasure ; but we must submit to the dispositions of Heaven, which, however distressing, are always wise and intended for our advantage. I don't know anything so likely to console a serious mind for the loss of a beloved object as the agreeable prospect of an hereafter, where friendship will be truly permanent and uninterrupted by those things which so often occur in this life to disturb our domestic comforts and make them less complete. My tears flow too fast to dwell longer on this melancholy subject.

I received your obliging letter of March 11. I am very glad of so early an opportunity of returning you an answer. You will see how desirous I am of continuing the correspondence by the frequency of my letters. It will always give me pleasure to hear from you. I hope, in that respect, your ideas will concur with mine. Let us form a friendship, my dear, before we meet ; for that, I am sure, would be an additional happiness to my poor brother, who, I make no doubt, is permitted to watch over you and me as our guardian angel.

I am very glad to find, by your letter, that you are to be at Chelsea with our dear mamma this summer, and am obliged by your kind wishes to make Mr. C. and myself of the party. Be assured nothing would afford me so much pleasure, but it is at present our lot to live in a state of separation from everything that could give life a relish. We must submit for a time, though I would fain flatter myself that will soon expire. Heaven grant it may.

I am, my dear sister, with best wishes for your health and happiness, in which Mr. C. sincerely joins, with esteem,

Your affectionate

S. C.

TO MRS. SAMUEL OTIS.

SIMON, *March* 10, 1784.

MY DEAR MRS. OTIS, . . . I am glad to find you and Mr. Otis approve of Master Sam's coming out here; at the same time I smile when reading that part of your letter where you say, "a boy in his station of life ought," etc. Ah, my dear, you little know what you say, — at least if you allude to any future prospect of fortune.

Upon the subject of my dear mamma I scarcely know what to say. My feelings for her are not to be expressed, but how shall I inform her that it is impossible for us to see her next summer? It is a difficult and even dangerous task; had n't she borne greater trials, I dare not do it. But shall I prevail on her to believe that the trial is greater to us? She will not believe it, contrary to everything I write her. She thinks we are building up a fortune for ourselves without bestowing a thought on her; but, my dear, why should I trespass so much on your patience, and, by taking the privilege of a friend, pain you by the recital of my distresses? But I am sure you will forgive me. . . .

Mr. C. is at present absent from home, nor do I believe he will now be able to write Mr. Otis, notwithstanding he fully intended to do it when he left me. The friendship which has subsisted between our two gentlemen, my dear, and which absence nor time can lessen, is one very great reason why I impatiently wait the time of our return to America.

I cannot conclude my letter without telling you how much I shall ever feel indebted to you and Mr. Otis for the tender attention you bestowed on my dear boy when in America; to Mr. Otis say everything for me that will be expressive of what you yourself would feel on a similar occasion. My own words, I find, will by no means convey the feeling of my mind to one who has so faithfully acted the part of a friend in being a father to my son, for in that light shall I ever think Mr. Otis has acted ever since my dear Ellis's death. Make my affectionate regards to him, and tell him he is dearer to us than ever; I only long for an opportunity of telling him so in person. Pray make my compliments to my cousins. I heard much in commendation of them the other day.

I am, dear Mrs. Otis, your obliged and affectionate friend,

SARAH CARY.

SIMON, *March* 29, 1785.

MY DEAR MRS. OTIS, — Instead of giving you an account of myself, I should rather ask one of you. Considering the month of March, I suppose then everything that is agreeable, — a lovely infant, a doating mother, a fond husband, relations of all sorts, numerous friends, cakes, cordials, etc., etc., and, to crown the whole, your happy self. Tell me, my dear, if you intend, like other town ladies, to sacrifice the pleasure of nursing the dear one to *fashion?* If you do I pity you, for you are possessed of too much sensibility to do it without giving yourself great pain.

You will have heard everything of our voyage from mamma, and I have no descriptive faculty to paint in its full force the horrors of a storm at sea ; if I had, indeed, would such a subject be amusing? Suffice it then to say, that during the gloomy hours my heart and my hands were lifted up to that Almighty Being who is present in all places ; and, before the storm abated, I had almost learned to submit quietly to the worst that could happen. I had long been sensible, my friend, of my own inability to judge of what is right and best for myself ; it is not wonderful, therefore, that I should desire to submit to the decision of Him who always judges right. I had one consolation, and that was great indeed, which you, I know will allow, I was by the side of a husband and friend, for whom I had cheerfully encountered the dangers of the sea, and with whom, had it pleased the great Author of Nature that it should be so, I would cheerfully have quitted life and all its unsubstantial pleasures. I have much on my mind to say to you, but the truth is I have already wrote you a strange sort of unconnected letter, — this you will probably observe before you get thus far. I have for this only one apology to make, and that is, the extreme anxiety I feel occasioned by the inoculation for the smallpox of my dear little boy and girl. The operation was performed about three hours ago, and though it was taken from a most favorable subject and the season is extremely *favorable*, yet I cannot help strange forebodings of mind on the introduction of so fatal and shocking a distemper into my family, softened, indeed, by the art of the physician, but even then *sometimes* dreadful in its consequences.

At present I cannot write you a longer nor more correct letter. Mr. Cary was under the necessity of going to the other side of the

island on particular business, and will be greatly disappointed if he don't return timely to write by this conveyance to Mr. Otis, to whom I beg my best and humble respects. Love to all my charming cousins, and compliments to all those you know I esteem, particularly to your mamma, Mrs. Warren, and Miss Otis.

Yours most affectionately,

S. CARY.

MOUNT PLEASANT, *January* 1, 1786.

DEAR MRS. OTIS, — Your obliging favor of 26th September found me low-spirited, alone, and unwell. Its style, therefore, corresponded exactly with my feelings; in such a state of mind gayety is disagreeable, and melancholy reduces one to despondency, but there is a certain seriousness which never fails to please and fix us in a sort of delightful calm that makes indifferent the events before us. My little Lucius observed to me that I had not drank my tea, — for we were at breakfast. I was sorry to be interrupted, and could have remained in that peaceful state the remainder of the day. I had been musing upon the contents of your letter, and upon the precarious enjoyment of life, and, by comparing the present with my idea of a future state, I had almost taken up my abode there. I was prepared to receive your information; I had already sympathized with you, and over Mr. Otis's letter of 31st August I had shed many tears; his letter also found me alone, and I took the liberty of opening it, though addressed to Mr. Cary. I believe you when you say that dissipation and extravagance brought not on the misfortune. Considering the peculiar situation of the times, expect not, my dear, to be the only sufferers; other families as well as yours will share the too public calamity which so long has threatened our countrymen, but Mr. O., well versed as he is in mercantile affairs, will erelong retrieve his embarrassments, I hope, and his prospects wear a more pleasing face. At present I know I feel for you the many disagreeable and unpleasant circumstances attending your situation; but you, my friend, with your discretion and steadiness, are calculated to endure the afflictions of life better than any one I know; and for Mr. Otis, he has both religion and philosophy to bear this heavy trial. I think, with you, that Miss R. has made a vow never to marry; but rely upon it she has been disappointed in the object, for I cannot think

that a young lady of her seeming sensibility can have been proof against the powerful charms of love.

For your son Harry, who is the finest young man I know, and deserves the most, I can only say I am sorry that his expectations are disappointed. Give my sincere regards to him and to my charming cousins Betsy and Nabby, and ditto to Masters Sam and George.

Tell Mr. Otis I have only two male friends, one of whom is himself. Give my love to him, therefore, and accept the same yourself.

From your sincerely affectionate and obliged,

S. CARY.

Present my best respects to your papa, mamma, and their family.

SIMON, *May* 20, 1786.

DEAR MRS. OTIS, — If you feel as much pleasure when you receive a letter from me as I do upon the receipt of one of yours, you would certainly never omit an opportunity of writing. Upon this principle I now sit down to write to you, although you are in arrears; but I waive all ceremony with a friend I love. Your last letter was dated September 26th. I hope you have received my several epistles, particularly the last by Mr. Douglas's schooner, which, if I mistake not, sailed in February. I am very impatient for answers to those letters. Dear Mrs. Otis, is there anything more to be regretted than a state of separation from those we love and value? I have not had a line from mamma since last December, nor can I ever learn anything of her but from herself. I hope she is settled at Chelsea to her mind. It is certainly the spot that seemed always most agreeable to her. May I not hope that you sometimes accompany Mr. Otis in his visits to the farm? How happy would the dear old lady be to see you there! You have no friends, my dear, that feel more your situation than Mr. C. and I. We often talk of you. I hope Harry is better; his ill-health would be justly esteemed a greater calamity by his father than the loss of fortune. How is Betsy? I should be greatly pleased if she would favor me with a letter. Give my love to her, and also to cousin Harry.

I assure you I am more than ever desirous of returning to Chelsea. Whether it is that, as I find the more I see of life, the less

worthy it is of pursuit, or that growing old I am anxious to get to a resting place, or that the pleasing picture mamma draws of the improvements upon the farm operate stronger than usual upon my mind, I know not, but I feel an impatience to quit this country that I have not felt before.

My dear friend, adieu. Mr. Cary unites with me in kindest and most affectionate regards to you. He writes to Mr. Otis, to whom I beg you will make my best and sincerest respects. Make my compliments to your papa, mamma, and their family, and also to Mrs. and Mr. Storer. When you see Mrs. Warren, tell her I very often think of her, and always with pleasure.

This letter is certainly more calculated to inspire rather than dissipate pensive thoughts; but I am grown grave, I think, and, whether I will or not, my letters will be so.

Yours most affectionately,

S. Cary.

Simon, *May* 24, 1787.

My dear Mrs. Otis, — You very undeservedly tax yourself with indolence, and had no occasion to apologize as you since have done for not writing to me. The painful situation of your mind after the loss of your excellent mother was to me, who condoled in the sincerest manner with you and your family, a very sufficient reason for the disappointment I felt, on the arrival of Mr. Dowse, at not receiving a letter from you. I am very glad of the present opportunity of answering your obliging favor of July 11th. Engrossed by domestic care, I now scarcely ever take a pen in hand, excepting only to write the young folks in England. Those here are very young and require attention. It is not here, as in Boston, that children are sent to school to be out of mamma's way, or confined to a nursery in the upper part of the house. Here they play, sing, dance, bathe, all under my own eye. We are always together. I am nurse, school-mistress, and mother, alternately; and I am of opinion that Providence designed me for the situation, for I feel no regret at refusing to join in a ball or other amusements at our capital. To a woman of fashion, what an insipid animal I must be! I write thus much about myself to induce you to write me a great deal about your concerns; and I entreat of you, my dear Mrs. Otis, to let me hear from you oftener. It must be allowed we are excel-

lent correspondents, when I am set down May 24th to answer your last letter of July 11th.

Being in haste, Pratt just sailing, I have only time to unite Mr. Cary's regards with mine to you and family. I hope you are all perfectly well; for in health, I think, every misfortune seems to lighten. Adieu, my dear Mrs. Otis, and believe me to be, very sincerely, Your obliged and affectionate

S. CARY.

I sat down to answer your letter, which, by the by, I have not done; and so you see I shall have another excuse for writing to you again.

MOUNT PLEASANT, *November* 12, 1790.

How much did I feel myself obliged to my dear Mrs. Otis for her kind favor by Mr. and Mrs. Marryat. You were then in spirits, but what a sad reverse have you since experienced in the loss of your sweet Abbe! I well know how dear she was to you, and how deserving of your love. I feel more for you and Mr. Otis than I can express in these repeated trials. I wish I could say anything that could afford you comfort; but, alas! there is no reasoning against sorrow, time alone can make us submit to the bitter cup. You are young, my dear friend, yet have seen much affliction, and wisely conclude that the human heart is not easily broken, as people are apt to imagine. It is your piety that makes you think so. Religion makes us wise, and every one allows that adversity is a good school. You know what the inimitable Shakespeare says, — I believe he was religious, — "Adversity, like a toad all foul and venomous, still wears a precious jewel in its head." Religion, I am of opinion, is sufficient to subdue the worst of misfortune and reconcile the mind to affliction.

I have just received letters from my mother. She writes in spirits, and I am satisfied with all I have heard relating to her; but as every joy has its alloy, so has mine. The parson, whom I find so dear to us both, and whom I love as if he was my own brother, has had some late shocks of a paralytic disorder, that I fear he will never recover. How much pleasure did we promise ourselves in his society! It is now fixed on that we return home and settle down at Chelsea in May or June. We shall certainly, barring accidents, leave Grenada; and I assure you that it is no small mortifi-

cation that you and Mr. Otis are going to remove to Philadelphia. We cannot have everything, — the things we most wish for do not always gratify us, you know.

I am a happy mother in having the most promising children. I look forward with great delight, and hope I shall not meet a disappointment.

I am glad to find my cousin Harry so agreeably settled in life with the woman he loves. I used to banter him, you know, and say he should have one of my daughters. Pray give my sincerest regards to your dear husband, in which and in all mine unites. He is very well. I am, my dear sister, for I think you are as dear to me, Your very affectionate

S. C.

P. S. — Write me, I entreat you, and let me know when you are settled at Philadelphia. There are frequent opportunities from this for that place.

The eldest son Sam, having been left as an infant with his grandmother Gray when his parents went to the West Indies, remained with her to be educated, and when about ten years old joined them in Grenada. After a few weeks at home, he, with a younger brother Charles, was sent to school in England. Though this letter to the grandmother is but a school-boy's composition, I give it as belonging as essentially to the last century as do those of his elders. The original is carefully illustrated with diagrams of the school gardens.

SAMUEL CARY, JR., TO HIS GRANDMOTHER, MADAM GRAY.

LONDON, *August* 23, 1789.

DEAR MADAM, — I now sit down to give you some account of myself for these few years past. I think it is hardly possible that you can have conceived any clear idea of my situation from the unconnected, half-filled sheets I have sent you; unless, therefore, you have heard of it through some other channel, it is fair to suppose you remain still in ignorance of it. Without wasting any more time or paper in a preface, I will, if you please, proceed.

You will, no doubt, be surprised to hear that in a school many

crimes are committed which in the wide world would be punished even with death ; but on the other hand, to balance these, there are such instances of generosity, resolution, noble friendship, and honesty, as would delight you. A school is, in fact, a little world. Not a quality, good or bad, but may be found there. In short, a school gives a boy an idea of the grand bustle he is afterwards to undergo through the world, and the rubs he meets with there inspire him with a degree of resolution never to be acquired under the eye of a *mamma*. I was not only surprised but delighted to find myself at a school with a hundred playfellows. There are never wanting a set of boys ready to instruct a newcomer in everything about the school. They are, in general, a lazy, idle set who are tired of their task before they set about it, and think everything that comes from home for a few hours inestimable. These soon laid hold of me, and, after drawing from me all and something more than I knew, let me into a great many things which before I had not the least conception of, — so that in a few hours I was made acquainted with the time set apart for business and play ; that which related to eating and drinking ; how long I was to sleep in summer, the same in winter ; who such and such boys were, the actions they were famous for ; the different games played at in summer and winter ; and, to close all, they acquainted me, as a valuable secret, with their own observations on the different masters, the questions they would ask me, and the answers I was to make. But all this was of no use to me when I came to be examined before Mr. Rawes the next day. He asked me the very easiest parts of the elements of Latin. I had been so long from Mr. Payson that I had almost forgot what Latin I had learned with him, and, Mr. Rawes asking me about it in a different manner from that in which I learned it, I could not satisfy him ; so that I was put on a footing with Master Horsford, in order that we might both start together, which hurt me not a little, I can assure you. In the afternoon again my pride was brought down. Mr. Rawes asked me if I could write well. Now every man on earth is allowed some share of vanity, then why should it be refused to a boy? I answered that I could write pretty well, and he gave me a copy-book such as is given to those who can write a decent hand. He then inquired of George how he could write. " Not very well, sir," answered my friend. Mr. Rawes then gave

him a small book, such as he gives to those who can hardly form a letter. But when our copies came to be compared, the master ordered us (death to my pride!) to exchange books; and a number of jokes were passed on my *pot-hooks and hangers*. But in a month or two I found that everything Mr. Payson had taught me was not thrown away. I had passed twice over my Rudiments before Master Horsford had got through his once. However, Mr. Rawes thought we ought both to be advanced. We were so, but I was put into Erasmus and he only into the next book to that in which he was before. You may not, perhaps, understand me; suffice it to say, then, that I was advanced what is reckoned a whole year's work.

. . . It is now about a year since all our class was examined, when, to set my vanity in a blaze, I was declared to be the best, after an examination which set us all tilting. When I left school I was reckoned the first Latin scholar; the second in French; in arithmetic there were several before me; in writing I was excelled by many; in geography I was the first, rather I believe because there was no one who knew much of it than on account of my own excellence. . . .

I believe there was never known in that school before such a boy as George Horsford. I myself heard Mr. Rawes say to a gentleman who inquired about us: "Cary is going on very well, but had I a school of boys like Horsford I should think myself master of a heaven." I really do not think the whole annals of the school can afford three instances of advancement like his. When we heard of his death, not a boy but did regret him, not an eye but did flow for him. I was not his most intimate friend. He had another, whom I heard say after his death, with tears in his eyes, "Ah, I shall never have a friend like Horsford." Whenever he could command a sixpence, it was as much mine as his. Once, when he had just money enough to lend me to enable me to see an entertainment which was exhibited in the town, rather than go himself he offered it to me, because he had been there and I had not, and was exceedingly grieved that I would not accept his generous offer. In fine, had he lived he would have been far more complete than I am. . . . There was a nephew of Mr. Spooner there, with whom I spent almost every vacation. I was very fond of him. He remained at school, after I went, for two years, and

then went over to Madeira, and an epistolary correspondence was agreed upon between us. When I first went to Bromley, there was nothing but the bare playground for the boys to play in; but I had not been there many months when some of the largest boys asked leave for some part of the yard to be allotted for gardens. At length a resolution was taken to beg leave for a particularly agreeable spot by two young gentlemen with more eagerness in their hearts than money in their purses, — Master Horsford and your most obedient. Mr. Rawes asked me how much money I had to build a garden. Eighteen pence was the answer. How much had my friend? The same. Well, three shillings were looked upon as insufficient, and our request fell to the ground. However, this did not discourage me. Have a garden I would, money or no money. There was one which belonged to a boy who wanted to give it away, but was obliged to keep it, for nobody would have it. This I accordingly took, upon condition that I should keep it in repair, with not the value of one farthing in money about me. What was to be done? The boy of whom I had it was very pressing upon me to rebuild it. I could not do otherwise without injuring my reputation, and exposing myself to the ridicule of those who were as poor as myself, and who would be very loud in exclaiming against me in order to save themselves from any suspicion of poverty; for one would naturally be inclined to suppose that, if a person were to fall down himself, he could not have the heart to blame others for doing the same.

Horsford begged me to let him have a share in the garden. He would put in sixpence a week and I threepence, and we might settle matters when I had money. I yielded to this. Ninepence would do something. Sixpence went to buy laths to fortify the place; but then nails were wanting of different sorts. Threepence went for these. This was spent the first day. The next, more laths were wanting. What could we do? Why, after a long consultation, we agreed to borrow some money of the pastry cook. We did, and preserved our reputations, of which we were as careful as any tradesmen in London; for as soon as it is known at a school that a boy's money is all gone he sinks into contempt. The holidays approached. We returned with money enough to build three or four gardens; but bad management ruined us.

. . . Farewell. Believe me, dear madam,

Yours most affectionately, SAMUEL CARY, JR.

In 1790 Sam, the eldest son, left the family home to begin a business life at St. Kitts, on the other side of the island, and these letters were written to him by his mother: —

MRS. CARY TO HER SON.

MOUNT PLEASANT, *Saturday Morning.*

MY DEAR SAM, — I received your favor of Wednesday noon, and also that of Thursday morning, with peculiar pleasure. I had no idea of asking those questions you supposed, not imagining that, in the short time you have been in town, you had an opportunity of cultivating any acquaintance, or knowing anything of the people about you, and much less supposed you capable of saying how you liked your situation. I have perceived that you are not hasty in forming your opinion, — a circumstance very pleasing to me, and which will give you an advantage in the choice of your acquaintance; for, however agreeably or disagreeably a person strikes at first view, it is by no means a certain way of conclusion, either against or in his favor. Time only and observation can enable you to make a just distinction, and, in the mean time, as you must unavoidably associate with somebody, your very becoming reserve will secure you from what is certainly most to be feared, — a set of companions whose gross manners and way of life are a reflection upon human nature. I confess I am not afraid of your descending so low; but there is another set of people who call themselves, and have really the appearance of, gentlemen, but who, although perhaps more refined in their manners, are no less criminal in the sight of that Being whose eye is ever upon us, and who, whatever fashionable doctrine may say to the contrary, will be just as wise as merciful, and who will not, *cannot* be offended with impunity. So far are my serious thoughts submitted to your reflections.

We begin now to talk of going to Simon, but not next week, so we shall have the pleasure of your company once more here before we quit. I send you as follows: 2 pairs of smallcloaths, 2 waistcoats, 3 pairs stockings, 3 pocket handkerchiefs, 3 cravats, your slippers, and a counterpane, lest our friend Cato should not have accommodated you. Send back whatever you think proper. Say how you do. I fear nothing so much as your not keeping your

health. Send back your trunk. Your father, your little friend May, and all the little folks send love to you. I have only one word more to say, — study economy. Do you come on with your Spanish? What time do you appropriate to study?

My dear boy, I am most tenderly and affectionately your

S. C.

MRS. CARY TO HER SON.

Wednesday Morning.

My dear Sam, — I send as follows: 4 cravats, 4 smallcloaths, 1 w. trousers, 3 pocket handkerchiefs, 4 w. stockings, 2 towels, 4 waistcoats. Don't send your shirts here, in consequence of my telling you how many you had in town, and saying that I should not send any more without you wrote for them. I can readily believe that they may be better done up in town, as my own washerwoman is very sick, and in her room I have a very bad one. Act yourself in everything. I 'm very sorry to find you have been indisposed, and, I 'm told, look pale, owing probably to the sedentary life you lead. You should take as much exercise as your business will allow of; and if you could use the cold bath *once a week*, I should think it would be highly salutary to you. I cannot but congratulate you upon your philosophical sentiments communicated in your letter before the last, and am glad to find that you set a value upon the morals of the wise Seneca. Nothing gives me greater pleasure than your looking forward to America, yet I cannot but agree in part with what your father proposes, which is, if anything very highly advantageous offers when you come of age, to remain in this country for three or four years longer, it should not be rejected, if it will furnish you with a sufficient capital to sit down afterwards in business in America. Yet, after all, I know your father's wish would be to see you there as soon as you come of age, were he to consult only his own inclinations; but every good parent is ready to sacrifice his dearest wishes for the advantage of a beloved child. You grow every day upon the affections of your father. The more he sees and knows of you, the more dear are you to him. I wish my dear Charles may be as high in his opinion at your age as you are. I know how grateful to an ingenuous mind is the praise of a beloved and revered parent, and cannot, therefore, conceal from you the above sentiments.

If you please, make my compliments to Mr. Badge, although I have not a personal acquaintance with him, and say that I am not likely to see Mrs. Beatty on this side of the country. If he thinks she has a letter for him and will write a note to her, I can forward it. I believe I have got all the volumes I borrowed from Mrs. B., — three of Cicero's Letters and three of his Orations, with two volumes of Pliny's Letters. If you have any, it must be one of the latter, for there are but three of each of the former.

I am, my dear boy, your most affectionate

S. C.

Your father set off this morning for town; in your trunk is a bundle for him. The young folks all send love. I am told to observe that your letters, bills, parcels, etc., never contain a good *S*, the only bad letter you make. I mention it because I know how easily you can rectify such a trifle.

MRS. CARY TO HER SON SAMUEL.

I cannot but approve of your sentiments of religion, because they correspond with my own. Confined to no particular form of worship, it is enough for me to know that my dear boy adores and reverences that greatest and best of Beings who, according to the inimitable Doctor Young, surveys naught on earth with equal pleasure to a grateful heart. As to stated times for private devotion, I cannot but think it highly acceptable to the Deity; and this I am sure of: that secret prayer conduces more than can well be imagined to the propriety of our outward behavior, softens and polishes the manners, and gives us a firmness of mind to withstand every temptation of doing what the judgment disapproves. Yet, if the heart cannot regularly engage in this duty, I think, with you, that it must be omitted. Any other than sincere devotion seems to me to be mere mockery, and I believe religion has suffered more from false pretenders than from the most open infidelity. The Judge of all the earth will do right. He sees and knows our inconstancy, and makes every allowance for us; at the same time, is ready to hear and receive our praises and petitions when we ask and offer them. Wise as well as good, easy of access upon every occasion, and expects not perfection while we are confined to this mouldering clay, knowing the difficulty of the passage, He has given us reason

to guide us through, and, by his excellent example when here upon earth, has shown us how to live. One thing let me recommend to my dear boy: your principles of religion once fixed, keep them within your own breast and avoid any disquisitions upon the subject. I have reasons for this that I must communicate in some other letter.

The death of Mr. Spooner, I assure you, shocked me very much, and, notwithstanding it will certainly accelerate our voyage to America, it is an event which gives me some pain. Charles, I fear, will be a great sufferer. I am very glad Lucius did not go to England, and am quite contented to give him an American education. Your father is by no means as well as I wish, although much better; for his sake more than my own, I wish to quit this country. My mother, too, whom I most tenderly love, requires my attention, and wishes once more to see, what she must hold very dear, her only child. Oh, my son, if it please Heaven to allow her a sight of you before her death, I think she will die satisfied. After a painful journey through life, she has yet the expectation of some felicity, of which she says she has tasted very little, although sixty-seven years old.

I received three dollars by Cambridge with your apology, which is always sufficient for anything that you are capable of doing. The little folks and Marget all unite in love to you. We were greatly disappointed in not seeing you the other day.

Yours affectionately,

S. C.

MRS. CARY TO HER SON.

Wednesday, 11 o'clock.

My dear Sam, — I send as follows: 3 pair smallcloaths, 2 waistcoats, 5 pair stockings, 3 pocket handkerchiefs, 4 cravats. By my account you have 13 shirts in town, I shall not, therefore, send more unless you wish it. Mrs. Beatty is arrived. She will therefore call for her books. Have you not two more volumes in town? Cicero's Orations, I think. You may return them by the bearer.

Your father will acquaint you with all our domestic affairs. I refer you to him. Pray give him or send to him the bundle and letters in your trunk. I hope my dear Sam is perfectly well. I

wish for nothing more. In regard to everything relative to business and the pleasing of Mr. M., I have not a doubt. "Of what then, mamma, have you a doubt?"

If those English letters of Marget's are not gone forward, return them to me. Nobody writes to her, and I think she lessens herself by writing to them.

I don't think I shall go to Simon again. If I do, it will be for a longer time than a fortnight. Marget is very anxious of going, and I believe her papa will take her over for a week or two.

I have directed Sunday to carry back to Mrs. Townsend's her fringe frame.

Farewell, my dear Sam. Be virtuous and happy.

Yours most affectionately,

S. C.

I am glad you have got some nankin.

Marget and the young folk send love.

MRS. CARY TO HER SON.

Wednesday, 12 o'clock.

Does anything I say inspire my dear Sam with resolution to pursue what he has promised? How happy, then, am I! Everything within the compass of my ability you may expect. Yes, thank God, to whom I bend in grateful adoration for having given me a son who, uninfluenced by prejudice, is determined to pursue a line of conduct that will reflect honor upon himself and his friends. The time will soon slip away, my love, and then you may act yourself. Yet I cannot but hope that, even then, though, as the vulgar saying is, you will be your own master, you will always pay a deference to the advice of those you most love and revere, and who must always be so nearly interested in your welfare.

I 'm half inclined to suspect that you think book-keeping tiresome; yet, if you do, I do not wish you to tell me so, for I could not prevent it, and besides it is wise to seem to like what is for our benefit, if the mode is not perfectly agreeable to us. I know you are closely confined, but there is a method of making every business light and easy. I hope you have found that method. At any rate, I think your situation improved by the exchange, bandied about as you were, — often without a dinner, as often without a bed (or, what 's as bad, a dirty hammock without pillow or linen),

and exposed to all sorts of inconvenience. I hope you find time to take a little fresh air either in morning or evening. I fear nothing but your want of health.

I won't allow you to be as good a decipherer as myself until you have made out the whole of the paragraph. I confess you got off extremely well. You are in my estimation the best boy in the world; but I won't answer for that being the opinion of more than three or four other people. Why did you not write your father? He wrote you a letter which I put into the trunk and you must have received, though he seems to doubt it. He set off, along with the President, this morning for Marques. That old — Proudfoot is going to give a ball to Madame Hook, etc., etc., tomorrow night. He is in his dotage, and gives daily proofs of it. There is to be a ball at Gouyave also, to which we have had an invitation; but I scarce need say, we don't go.

I send you two pair smallclothes. Pray say if they fit, and if you should like to wear drawers with them.

Marget is writing to you.

S. C.

FROM MRS. CARY TO HER SON.

Of late I am a great invalid, and never well a whole day together. This you can say when asked. I am now so much indisposed as to be unable to write you what I intended. My disappointment, I confess, was not small on Christmas Day; but I always readily give up the pleasure of seeing you for your advantage. I am satisfied with your inclination to be with me, and submit to necessity. Your father was pleased, I was so, too, with your letter. I could see satisfaction in every feature of his face. He read your letter over and over again with redoubled pleasure, and at that moment thought himself the happiest of fathers. I tell you this because I know that to a mind like yours it can have no ill effect. The praises of a parent are grateful to the ears of a good son. May you continue to deserve them! Shall I confess to you what part pleased me the most? Your modesty in allowing your inability to undertake the charge. Nothing can be more agreeable than a modest diffidence in a young person. You acted with judgment, and I am truly happy to find that inclination concurred. To see you happy makes me so.

I began your Tasso's "Jerusalem" last evening, when I read his life and the first book. One can scarcely read the former without being prepossessed in favor of the latter. The happy concurrence of philosophy and poetry can hardly fail making an amiable character. The appearance of the angel to Godfrey, his submission and reverence to the heavenly messenger, etc., etc., is truly elegant and beautiful. I cannot write more, but now shall acquaint you with my sentiments as I go along, which, for many reasons, will be but very slowly. Your father is at Simon, I am happy to say, quite well. My dear Marget looked into your coat pocket, and found one of Marget's letters. This was rather careless of brother Sam, and she is now writing to you upon it. You must apologize as you can. If you think as I do, you 'll have your coat washed. It wants buttons also, which I will put on when you send it back.

Yours most affectionately,

S. C.

Write me word what ships are arrived and are now gone down. Forty-three hogsheads of our sugar averaged sixty shillings, — a good price if our neighbors did not exceed it.

Wednesday, 12 o'clock.

This was written upon the eve of sailing for America when Sam was to remain in the West Indies. He had been with the family for two days; and his mother being in delicate health, her husband had been unwilling that she should risk the agitation of a parting interview.

MRS. CARY TO HER SON SAMUEL.

Friday Evening, 7 o'clock.

Oh, my dear child, you have deprived me of all my fortitude! While you were with me, I would not allow myself to think of our separation; and as I saw you in excellent health and seeming spirits, I thought of nothing but the happy moment when I should embrace you at Chelsea. I felicitated myself upon my good behavior on Tuesday night, after I got into my room; and though I dropped some tears, as there was no witness, I hoped all would pass over, and no one would suspect that I quitted you with reluctance. I felt calm and resigned. My mind felt no disturbance,

and I encouraged none but the pleasing idea of being possessed of the finest boy in Grenada, who I was very sure was quite capable of taking proper care of himself, and who would be an honor to his father and mother. If a thought of leaving you behind sometimes intruded upon me, I checked it by returning, with uplifted hands and heart, my grateful thanks to that best of Beings, who, though he had brought me to the trial of separating from my son, had just restored him from sickness to perfect health. This consoled me, and as we lay awake in the night, I was so far mistress of myself as to talk about you with your father. I confess, when I got up in the morning, my spirits failed. I heard you walk and talk, but had determined not to trust myself with seeing you. I held my resolution, and notwithstanding your message suffered you to depart. I knew my own feelings too well and was afraid you would have caught the contagion. You love me. I see it with pleasure, and no mother ever loved a son better than I love you. Let us then, my dear boy, mutually endeavor to show that firmness so necessary upon the occasion. Your gently upbraiding me in your letter for not permitting you to see me convinces me now that I have acted right. I should have lost myself and unmanned you. Write me, if it be but two lines. I will leave a letter for you. We sail on Sunday. The little folks all love you, and wished to have seen you again. We will take care they never forget you.

I cannot let this opportunity pass without giving you a few lines. The boy returns to-morrow evening. Your father desires me to tell you that this ink is so white that he could not see to write you two lines; that every time he sees you you are more dear to him; that he goes away with the idea of your being as well placed as you can possibly be; he has had a very satisfactory letter from Mr. P. about you; and that he wishes you all the felicity this life is capable of bestowing.

My best wishes and my prayers attend you.

Yours most affectionately,

S. C.

I have seen Captain Fairchild. He has promised to take the sweetmeats; Trickey is to deliver them.

I believe you will scarcely be able to read this. I never wrote with worse implements; besides that, I write in a hurry. Captain

Fairchild has also got your memorandum for books, and you 'll receive them by first opportunity.

MRS. CARY TO HER SON.

Saturday, 5 o'clock.

I had a secret wish that my dear Sam might accompany us here and remain until we sailed, but to what purpose? Could I love and admire him more than I now do, or if I could would it not have been wrong? Are we not forbidden to place our affections upon earthly objects? No, my son, it is well I did not solicit your stay, for the same reason that I would not, dared not, trust myself with seeing you last Wednesday.

I intended to have written you a longer letter. I 'm so often interrupted, it 's impossible.

Saturday Evening, 9 o'clock.

I 'm this moment favored with my dear Sam's letter of to-day. You ask me to make you some request. What can I make you? Have you not promised me all I wished? Remember those lines: —

"What conscience dictates to be done,
Or warns me not to do,
This teach me more than hell to shun,
That more than heaven pursue."

Why point out to you a path of virtue? You are capable of judging. May you never feel the remorse attendant upon an ingenuous mind, or rather may you never experience a guilty moment! Yet methinks I had something to request, but words are wanting to convey my ideas. Let this then suffice: be temperate; this will convey what I wish, and upon this virtue perhaps depends all others. One moment of intoxication is sufficient to overthrow every good resolution. I have never, my dear boy, discovered any propensity to intemperance in you, but I 've chosen this channel to convey my sentiments of everything else.

I am, my dear Sam,

Your affectionate mother,

S. C.

Marget and papa send best love. Excuse haste. To-morrow, at nine o'clock, we shall sail.

Sunday, 6 o'clock.

Farewell, farewell, my dear son; take care of yourself.

III

MRS. CARY'S LETTERS FROM CHELSEA

1791–1796

LETTERS FROM MRS. CARY TO HER SON IN GRENADA, IN THE YEARS 1791–1793

MRS. CARY TO HER SON

CHELSEA, *July* 14, 1791.

WHERE has my dear Sam, at so early a period, learned to know the proper estimate of human life? Not surely from experience. How truly did you prognosticate that we promised ourselves too much pleasure in our return to Chelsea! Ah, my dear son! my tears flow while I write you that my excellent mother died three weeks before our arrival. I had not even the satisfaction of a last embrace. How difficult is it to submit to the bitter cup! With so sweet a disposition, so sensible, and capable of assisting me in the domestic duties, particularly in forming the minds of my little people to virtue, I can never cease to regret the loss, and am daily sensible how unfit I am for so heavy a trial. Time only can cure the wound. The consolation of friends, however kindly intended, goes but little ways towards either reconciling me to this unexpected stroke, or making me more patient or resigned to the Divine hand that has, for my good perhaps, thought fit to inflict it.

We had a pleasant passage of twenty-seven days, and were in the greatest spirits at the thoughts of our landing in Boston. It was at nine in the morning of the 2d July that the pilot came on board, and at eleven we went ashore; but, previously, Harry Otis came on board (while I was in the cabin preparing my little ones, Marget and papa were upon deck ready dressed) and acquainted the latter

of my mother's death, who, with his usual presence of mind, most kindly concealed it from me, and only prevented our intention of coming immediately here, which you know we had determined to do, and carried us all in two coaches up to Mr. Otis's. Accustomed to comply without hesitation to all his requests, I reconciled myself to the disappointment of not seeing my dearest mother, but intended to request of him to bring us over in the evening. How ardently did I wish to fold her to my bosom! But surely the mind has sometimes a presentiment of its sorrows, for as soon as we got to Mr. Otis's house a sort of deadly sickness seized upon my spirits, and I fell into a flood of tears. There should have been nothing but felicitations and compliment on my part. He has been married about two years to one of the sweetest and most amiable of women, who had just recovered from her lying-in; but in vain did I attempt even to affect to be gay. My mind was wholly absorbed in my own melancholy ideas. In a few moments, however, your aunt Gray with her daughter Sally came in. Their grave appearance and being dressed in mourning soon informed me, without speaking, of the cause of my dejection. My mother had passed the last winter in Boston at board, and had never since our absence enjoyed herself and friends so well. Although she had had frequent attacks of illness, yet she recovered more dear and amiable than ever to her friends; but the last confinement of only a fortnight carried her off, to the inexpressible regret of every one who knew her. She was sixty-nine years old. During her illness she had very little recollection, and upon being asked whether she had any particular message for either your father or me, she only answered, "Oh, how much will those dear children be disappointed when they return!" You will feel much on this account, but I think it incumbent on me to acquaint you with all our joys and sorrows; you have a right, my dear son, to be acquainted with everything that relates to us. I know your kind participation in the concerns of your family, and in this event your feelings will be greatly interested.

Your letter by Dalton's sloop was a most welcome one. Nothing, at present, can make us gay, but it made me cheerful. You wrote in excellent spirits. How much pain it gives me to reveal anything to you that will for a moment depress them! But you, who could so well foresee, by my too great eagerness to see my mother,

that I should meet a disappointment, do not want anybody to tell you that our journey is strewed with thorns as well as roses, and that those who have most belief in the unerring wisdom of God are most able to bear with firmness the vicissitudes of life. May you have that firmness and that kind of philosophy only that is ever the result of religion, pure and unmixed as our Saviour by his life and example while here on earth has taught us. From that submission and those examples I will endeavor to derive some consolation.

I have still to write to Mrs. Horsford and Mrs. Barry, and have not time to add more. Our confusion since coming here and the extreme heat of the weather prevent me from having it in my power to send you anything but the book you so much wished to have, "Lex. Mercatorio," which the captain will deliver to you. Margaret is at Boston. Your father is perfectly well; he will find much to occupy his time and attention here; he writes you.

Farewell, my dear boy, and believe me to be, with the most unceasing solicitude for your happiness,

Your affectionate mother, S. C.

Lucius desires me to tell his dear brother Sam that he is to be fixed next week at school in Boston, more particulars of which I shall send you in my next.

I am most affectionately yours,

S. CARY.

MRS. CARY TO HER SON.

RETREAT, CHELSEA, *October* 2, 1791,
Monday Morning.

MY DEAR SAM, — Since my last to you by Dalton's sloop I have added another son to the little flock. He was christened by the name of Thomas Graves a few days ago, and will be a month old on Wednesday. I have quitted my room and returned again to the necessary duties of my family, and to my former serenity of mind. I found it extremely difficult to reconcile to my mind the loss of so dear a parent and friend as my mother ever was to me; indeed, I can never cease to regret her. My tears flow fresh at the remembrance of past scenes which used to be enlivened by

her company; but I mourn only for myself. She is happy, for I have always thought that dear friends unite together in another world. Whether it be really so or not, I know of nothing so pleasing and at the same time soothing to an afflicted mind. On her death-bed she lamented the disappointment that her dear children would feel on their arrival from Grenada. Do you not think, my dear Sam, that it is a high gratification to a sensible mind to be valued by dear friends? For instance, I think you love *me*. It does not excite my vanity, but adds to my felicity, and I try to be more deserving of your love.

Thus far I was called below stairs, and Master Ned, supposing the letter must be written by somebody, took the pen himself and has made the blot you see. But, to proceed, take my thoughts as they occur, and excuse all my errors. I have the most sincere affection for you; you are sensible of it, and it will in great measure influence your conduct; but I am going on too fast, and a volume would scarcely contain my ideas upon the subject, if committed to paper.

Let me thank you for your letter of 8th August by sloop Maxwell, and hasten to assure you of the welcome reception of your little Edgar. He is active, sensible, and, I believe, good; but it is rather early for me to judge. He has not yet been under my own inspection. You shall know more of my opinion soon; in the meantime, hear how he is occupied. Margaret has undertaken to teach him to read. He cleans knives, prepares the sideboard, waits at table, brushes away flies while we are there, and will upon the whole be very useful soon. At present there is no school for him. It is much wanted at Chelsea, and is now in serious contemplation. It only remains to determine where the school is to be built. As soon as it is, Master Bill (for that I find is his Christian name) and Henry are to become scholars. Writing, reading, and arithmetic are, I suppose, the most you wish for him, and at fourteen to be placed with a good master mechanic. This will give you vast satisfaction, and unite him to you for life. Why should you be desirous of concealing an action that does you honor? You have done perfectly right. Your father approves of your conduct, and received the little orphan with pleasure. I discovered the emotion of his mind in his eyes, and know that he congratulated himself upon having a son who, instead of incurring ex-

penses for frolicking and dissipation, knew how to retrench even a necessary allowance of pocket money for the relief of an object in distress. I have still much to say upon the subjects of your different letters, but Mrs. and Mr. Horsford and Harriet being here, and my head and eyes a little painful, I am obliged to shorten my letter. Margaret is writing to you. Mrs. Horsford desires her compliments. You, who know the world, should not have supposed that your adopting the little fellow could be long a secret, even were it necessary. It had flown over the town of Boston before we received your letters, or ere your father had seen the captain. How much have I to say to you; how reluctantly do I quit my pen!

Adieu, adieu!

Your most affectionate mother,

SARAH CARY.

MY DEAR SAM, — Thank you for your letter by Dummit, and for the boy, who promises very fair. I shall write to you by Mr. Horsford. Hope you got my letter by S. W. Dalton's sloop. Present my respectful compliments to Mr. Smith and Mr. Webster.

Yours most affectionately,

SAMUEL CARY.

Say when Mr. Morris sailed. Write me often.

MRS. CARY TO HER SON SAMUEL.

RETREAT, CHELSEA, *November* 11, 1791.

MY DEAR BOY, — My last letter to you was forwarded by the Maxwell, which I hope you got safe. I now sit down to acquaint you with everything passing here in our domestic circle that I think can in any way interest you. Mr. and Mrs. Horsford and Miss take their departure next Sunday, and seem, if I may judge, much pleased with their trip to Boston, as well indeed they may be after such a recruit of health and spirits to my friend Mrs. Horsford, who seems perfectly recovered, and much disposed to sit down here were their circumstances eligible. Harriet has made a conquest of Mr. Rose, but *under* the rose; therefore take no notice of it. The gentleman is fond of her to distraction, as the term is; but she, not fancying his person, will, I suspect, reject him, for which we old folks, papa in particular, think her a f——. My dear

Marget, on her part, declares openly in favor of the sentiments of her dear Harriet, and thinks a young lady should not dispose of her person without her affections, and, on the whole, prefers love in a cottage with a man of her choice, to the wealth of the Indies with one she could never love. I confess these were also my sentiments once when a girl, but as we grow into years and learn to deliberate, we think differently. If Miss H. does not absolutely dislike, and has no partiality for any one else, we may reasonably conclude she will be tolerably happy with Mr. R. How many anxieties will she escape by uniting herself to a man who loves her, and whose love perhaps may increase by that steady serenity she will always possess, whether she gives pain or pleasure! Those wives who love the least, and at the same time conduct prudently, I have always thought, possessed more abundantly their husbands' esteem; while other poor, simple souls, whose every motive is to give pleasure to the object on whom they dote, are often refused with coldness. In short, you men are better controlled by women whom *you love* than by those who love you. It is time now to write upon some other subject. What shall I tell you that will afford you the entertainment I wish? They talk here of a theatre; various are the opinions; a town meeting has been twice held upon the occasion, and, I believe, it is finally referred to the General Court for approbation. Much is said about the good and bad effect it may have upon the morals of our country. Be it as it may, the great question is whether Boston is upon such a footing of respectability as to give the necessary encouragement to those players who are most eminent in their profession.

Since coming here I have hardly had a moment's leisure, and as yet no one of the rules laid down in Grenada, and which you saw, has been put in practice. Mr. Low's family are here, and are to remain during the winter; the kitchen in common to us both, and everything as contrary to my wish as possible. Lucius is at school in Boston, which I believe I wrote you. He is very well. What disappointments and unforeseen accidents assail us poor mortals! Your father and I set out the other day to visit the little girls, Sarah and Nancy, at Medford, where, I wrote you in my last, we had placed them, at a boarding-school of great repute. My first visit there. How much pleasure did I not promise myself in seeing them, and inviting them, as I intended doing, to come home next

week at Thanksgiving to meet Lucius! But my pleasure was soon dampened by finding my dear girls both with the whooping-cough. The fear of infection to the younger ones at home obliged us to leave them behind; but no one can possibly conceive how much I suffer about them, although the disease is mild at present. This school is kept by a clergyman and his sister, — the former a little man of strict morals and mild manners; the latter sensible, extremely masculine in her person and manners, and said to be severe and reserved in her disposition, a maiden of about forty-five. This is not the woman I should have chosen for my little girls, yet you never saw in your whole life two children so much improved. [*Unfinished.*]

MR. CARY TO HIS SON.

CHELSEA, *December* 16, 1791.

MY DEAR SAM, — Your letter of October 13th is just delivered to me. I thank Heaven that you are in health. I have some reason to believe that Mr. Dalton's sloop has not yet sailed, and send this in hopes of its overtaking her at New London. We all wrote to you by Mr. and Mrs. Horsford, who are, I hope, safe arrived with you by this time. They left here four weeks come Sunday.

Your mother, Marget and all are well. No children can behave better than Lucius and Henry. Lucius is beloved by all in school; his master and his wife speak very highly of him.

Sarah and Nancy are two little women. They are so much altered, and behave so well, you would not know them. Ned asked for a pen the other day; he was asked what he was going to do with it. His answer was, "Write a letter to brother Sam." No parent was ever blest with more promising children. God bless you, my very dear son, and believe me,

Yours most affectionately, SAMUEL CARY.

I have just received a letter from Charles. Little Tom is a fine child. Your boy Bill is a good boy; he goes with his book every day to your sister, who, for your sake, pays great attention to him. We shall soon have a school-master. Every one sends love to you.

Pray present my compliments to Mr. P., and kind regards to Mr. Barry. I shall write to him soon.

MRS. CARY TO HER SON.

Allow me also to thank you, my dear Sam, for your letter of October 13th, handed to me this afternoon by Mr. Richard Cary, your father's cousin, a man whom you would much admire, and who wishes to take you by the hand. I hope you have received ere this our letters by Mr. Horsford, and a bag of nuts, — a small testimony, indeed, of mamma's remembrance of her dear boy. But even that was thought a favor by the captain. In short, Mr. Horsford's baggage, and the other passengers', occupied every corner. Ah, my dear boy! you need not any new proof of my love. Methinks now you smile and say, "Indeed, my mother is very much mistaken; a round of beef, which I might have presented to a friend, and a pot of preserved quinces, would have been a very agreeable proof, although I am already convinced of her kindness." Well, then, next opportunity shall convey you something more. Our little school-house is now nearly finished, which will be provided with a master, and take some of the young folks off my hands. Bill is a very good boy; we tell him, when he has done anything well, that he shall be an East India captain. I shall by next opportunity write more. Adieu!

Yours,

SARAH CARY.

MRS. CARY TO HER SON.

RETREAT, CHELSEA, *March* 4, 1792.

MY DEAR SAM, — Your last letter, being dated in October, and acquainting us with your being disappointed in the sailing of Dalton's sloop, by which you intended sending us a large packet, makes me now very impatient. You were certainly right in obeying the request of your father. Every species of economy is necessary to be observed by us all, yet I will confess to you that we almost wished you had for once deviated from the line. This, I allow, proceeded at the moment from a desire of self-gratification. You acted right. Opportunities to Philadelphia, and other places to the southward, will be the most frequent; don't, therefore, ever omit to send a single letter to any port that will afford a channel of information from you.

We received a letter from Charles, dated September 25th. He

was very well. He says he intends writing to you, and was in daily expectation of hearing from you. The letter was written at school, and those letters only serve to acquaint us with his health, and what progress he makes in his handwriting. Of his sentiments it is impossible to judge. Mr. Marryat had been to see him, and given him an invitation to his house.

You wrote some time ago to request one of the miniature pictures. I should be happy to gratify you with mine, but no consideration could prevail upon me to part with your father's, for numberless reasons. He has, perhaps, the same reason for refusing to part with mine. If my purse would allow of a little trifling in that way, I would sit again, and request yours in return. Although absence nor time can efface you from my mind, yet to look on the pictures of those we love excites the tenderest and most pleasing emotions, and makes them, if possible, more dear and amiable to our hearts and affections. In the absence of our friends we contemplate only their virtues; those, too, heightened greatly by the loss of their company and conversation. We look on the little representation, forget their faults, and think them all perfection, as certainly we would wish to appear to one another. Yet how vain the wish! In another life, perhaps, when in different pursuits, and surrounding objects more calculated to calm and harmonize the human passions, we may appear, what in reality we doubtless shall be, as perfect as Him who made us.

The winter, which we all so much trembled at the thought of, is at length over, and I think, upon the whole, not quite so tedious as we expected, although we have been confined here about six weeks, when no one thought of venturing to see us. Mr. and Mrs. Codman, our particular friends, once attempted it in a sleigh, but the horses could not combat the roads, and they were obliged to return home. The opening spring in this country is delightful, and compensates for a cold winter. We have been in Boston twice, and next week we go for the third time for a few days. I long much to hear from you particularly. I would be acquainted, if I could, with all your actions, hoping and believing that they would bear a scrutiny. The writer of such sentiments as those contained in your letter of August 8th, by the little boy you sent, must be incapable of doing wrong. My two little girls at Medford are just recovering from the whooping-cough; the others are all well; and

the school being completed, with a master at its head, relieves me very much. My dear little Ned, now at my elbow, is scrawling a letter, and, though he cannot write, says, "My dear Sam, I will tell you more stories." Farewell, my dear boy.

Most affectionately yours,

SARAH CARY.

Margaret is well and now writes to you. Your father is now writing to Mr. Barry. He wrote you a little while ago *via* New London; desires to be kindly remembered to you. He is in excellent health.

MY DEAR SAM, — Remember me kindly to all our friends. I am very impatient for a letter from you. Write by every vessel coming to the continent. Yours affectionately,

SAMUEL CARY.

MRS. CARY TO HER SON SAMUEL.

RETREAT, CHELSEA, *April* 20, 1792.

I thank you, my dear boy, for your letter of February 4th. I have never yet seen Captain Rogers. He has met with some difficulty with his men, and has never, he says, had it in his power to come out here. He has spoken, I am told, some things very much in your praise. I feel, in consequence, a sort of partiality towards him. We have a very beautiful young girl here on a visit to M., sister of Mrs. Marryat, who has rejected him for being a sailor, though in other respects agreeable. You write in charming spirits. May that sweet vivacity so natural to a youthful heart be many years your companion! I admire very much your idea of making a farmer a gentleman farmer too, I perceive, intending to set all the females to spinning; though in that respect there is not a clown of them all that does not make his Dolly do her share of the labor, and, in case of refusal, would exercise an authority becoming his betters. But my dear Sam is far better engaged in more worldly pursuits; the public is the field in which you are to shine. At sixty years of age perhaps you may sit down at Chelsea. Here indeed will there be a retirement you might desire. I gladly hear you say how little time you can call your own. Happy moments! none in a whole life happier. I congratulate you, my dear boy,

upon your natural or acquired (I know not which) methodical manner of conduct. I rise early myself, and in idea rise every morning now with you; and, will you believe me, so far am I from desiring to join you, that I walk softly lest I should disturb some fine-spun, delicate reflection, and throw into disorder those principles that are to govern your actions. I am satisfied to know that you thus arrange your affairs, and should be too happy if I had you with me. With such sentiments as yours you can never be unhappy. You view, you say, everything on the bright side. If then, in your little affairs, things do not always go on as you wish, you have the satisfaction at least of an easy conscience, — of having strove to the best of your power towards success, and must therefore leave the issue. This life, my dear, is but a temporary habitation, merely to try our patience and faith. That great Being doubtless, unseen, watches and presides over us, — smiles to see his children so easily agitated by trifles that in the great scale deserve not a remembrance. You never appeared dearer to me than at the present moment. Go on in so laudable a design; fix for each new day those principles that are to guide you; and you will daily enjoy that satisfaction and tranquillity that the world, with all its charms and allurements, can never rob you of.

Sarah and Nancy are now at home, and as much improved as possible. We talk of sending Henry to the same school. The finances will not hold out at Chelsea all the year round for a man's school, and a woman is now to be substituted, for the little children. During the summer those boys who do not go to school in Chelsea will stay at home to assist their father in the culture of the land. Bill will stand the same chance as those. You ask me if I ever keep copies of my letters. I never do, and I am glad I never write upon subjects that would make it necessary. I wish, however, you could scrape out a little more information from them. I am less fond of writing than I used to be, and were it not for writing a few lines to you now and then, and one or at most two others, I should seldom take a pen in hand.

I am mortified I cannot get a bottle of peppermint water for poor Catharine Jean, but it is not to be had in Chelsea just now. I will take care to lay in enough of it next fall, that I may have an opportunity of sending her some. When you go to Simon, say everything that is kind to her from me.

The fine spring is just at hand and will amply repay us for the troubles of winter. At our time of life we have great resolution to undertake to settle a farm. We have everything to do and almost every tree to plant; but in point of situation Nature has done a great deal. An extensive prospect on either side, the town of Boston in front, a fine lawn before the house, all rural and romantic at the back, — it is impossible to be displeased; nay, not to be enraptured with it. Your father never enjoyed better health. Sometimes, indeed, he complains of his side, and the old cough still hangs about him at every recent cold; but his general health was never better.

Margaret is writing to you. Lucius is an excellent boy. His master speaks in the highest terms of him. If you ever get a letter from Charles written out of school, you 'll oblige me by sending it. I hate those formal written epistles that disguise the feelings of the heart.

A theatre is totally rejected. There has been a set of strolling players, who were suffered to exhibit three or four times under the name of a concert; but finally the doors of the room were ordered to be shut, and they decamped. The present set of men at the head of government must be removed before plays will be sanctioned by authority. I am, my dear boy,

Most affectionately yours,

SARAH CARY.

MRS. CARY TO HER SON.

RETREAT, CHELSEA, *May* 20, 1792.

MY DEAR SAM, — Accept my sincerest thanks for your letter by the sloop Maxwell, containing so many kind and endearing expressions of regard. Were I not to measure your affection by my own for you, I should half suspect you of flattery; but viewed in that light, you cannot say too much, and I know that you are above dissimulation. How happy, then, do I esteem myself in possessing the affections of so dear a child. It has been said that children do not feel that warmth, that tender love for parents the latter do for them; but as such an opinion always hurt my feelings when blessed with a parent, I shall for my own sake and for my children's also declare myself of quite a contrary way of thinking, and have great foundation I think to say that the affection is mutual, — equal on both sides.

You were too hasty in condemning the conveyance of your letter, as the fact will prove. Our letters arrived too late at New London, and did not go by Dalton's sloop, and you therefore probably received them as soon as they arrived at Grenada; so you see we sometimes quarrel with the world without occasion, and often, too, is it unjust to us without foundation. Your observation relating to the great power of riches is too true. All bend submissively to the great and affluent. However, as no one can say they are in the least degree incompatible with what the good Dr. Watts calls *true riches*, so I think a young man may very laudably aim at them, for no man in his senses would object to a certain good unaccompanied by any apparent evil; and it is the use, not the abuse, of it that requires our attention, as you express your thoughts (in my opinion very sensibly) about a theatre.

I have very, very much to say to you, but as a friend of mine always used to close her letters to me, so I must close mine to you, by saying my time is limited; which, although it might not have been always the case, is really so now with me. Your father received a letter *viâ* New York, informing us you were well. This affords us all most sensible pleasure.

Adieu, my dear boy. Write as often as you can, and believe me to be, with most sincere esteem and love,

Your affectionate

MOTHER.

P. S. — A more particular answer to your letter by next opportunity, with further thoughts upon matrimony, of which I hope you will have no serious thoughts these twelve years, — a certain stop to promotion of all sorts.

You will receive Tasso's "Jerusalem" directed to the particular care of George Rose, Esq.

Do keep up the correspondence with Charles; and if you receive any letters out of school, pray forward them for our perusal. Write to him after what you wrote to him, or else he will not write to you.

MRS. CARY TO HER SON.

RETREAT, CHELSEA, *July* 10, 1792.

MY DEAR SAM, — I wrote you the latter end of April by Captain Rogers, and in June by the sloop Maxwell. Your father has

since received a letter from you by the ship Grape, wherein you say your time is so fully occupied that you cannot write either to M. or to me. Both she and I would wish always to hear from you by every possible opportunity, yet most readily admit of your excuse. Business is the first object at present with you, to which everything must give place; and while a line to any one of us gives information of your health, we shall endeavor to be satisfied. I answered fully, I think, your letter of March 27th, excepting only that part mentioning Richard Cary's having attempted the conversion of the Indians to the Christian religion. Where, dear Sam, did you get such information? It is new to me. He was aide-de-camp to Washington, and conducted with the greatest propriety during the late war. You have often heard me mention him for his pleasing address. There was always since my remembrance a Society for Propagating the Gospel among the Indians, with how much success I am not able to tell, but I am rather inclined to believe very little; for I remember, about twenty-two years since, one Indian who was converted, and afterwards brought here by one of our clergy, and really so far civilized as to be introduced into our meeting-houses, where he actually preached several times, but, like poor puss in the fable, he could not disguise his natural propensities, one of which was the immoderate use of strong drink. New England rum, I am told, is a temptation the best of those poor creatures can never withstand, and which baffles all the eloquence of those who wish a reform among them. As to their religion, there are various accounts about it. Some say they worship the sun, and at break of day every person upward of twelve years old goes to the waterside until sunrise, then offers tobacco to this planet, and does the same again at sunset; that they acknowledge one Supreme God, but do not adore him, believing him to be too far exalted above them, and too happy in himself to be concerned about the trifling affairs of poor mortals. My dear Sam, is not the particular mode of their worship as acceptable to their Maker as ours? Why are we arrogantly to presume to dictate to any sect of people if they have not the advantages of Christianity revealed to them? Neither will the fruits of that holy religion be expected to influence their conduct. For wise purposes, no doubt, have our doctrines been withheld from them. The Judge of all the earth will do right. He is the great Creator of all, and doubtless re-

ceives with equal condescension the worship of the Pagan and the Christian. Do these sentiments agree with yours?

Your friend McClure, I find, bears you in mind, whether present or absent. He wrote a few lines to your father from Tobago April 26th, informing us all that he left our worthy son and his dear friend, as he expressed it, perfectly well in Grenada a week before. This convinces me of the goodness of this young man's heart at least, and of his superiority to most people, who think little of the concerns of others.

Last week we sent Henry to join Sarah and Nancy at Medford. Mr. Woodbridge keeps up his reputation as a master, and has now actually seventy scholars upon his list. My little loves, Ned, Harriet, and Tom, are all perfectly well. Lucius is well, and M. answers for herself, as does also your father, who enjoys an excellent state of health.

Farewell, my dear boy, and believe me to be

Yours most affectionately, S. CARY.

When you see Mrs. Barry make my regards to her.

FROM MRS. CARY TO HER SON.

RETREAT, CHELSEA, *September* 13, 1792.

MY DEAR BOY, — Although I have desired M. to apologize for my not writing, not thinking I should have sufficient leisure, my two little folks being extremely unwell and occupying the most of my time, yet, now I find the vessel is not quite so near sailing and the letters not gone to the captain, I can better indulge myself with an hour or two at my pen. I received yours of July 30th. It gives me pleasure to observe your health and spirits. If at any time my praises appear to you to exceed the bounds of truth, you rightly attribute it to a parent's partiality; and though my letters may generally seem to commend my son, it is because I conceive he means to put in force all those expressions of duty, obedience, and affection, perseverance, economy, and industry, that he professes himself capable of doing, so often in his letters. Those words are important, not empty names. Let your conduct evince that those professions are sincere, a line of conduct your father has marked out for you to follow, and your feelings must be of an extraordinary nature not to obey. Your present situation, even if you do not approve, should be cheerfully submitted to from pro-

priety, as his choice. When you come of age you have the same tie, in my opinion, if, as you repeatedly declare, your highest ambition and wish is to please him. If, my love, you have scruples concerning particular modes of carrying on business, inquire of those you most esteem, sensible, honest men, how they reconcile to their feelings carrying on an intercourse that seems to you so unjust, — Mr. Morris, for instance, for whom I know you have a great veneration; Mr. Barry, also, and many others. The sentiments of good men should decide you; a young man never need be under any apprehension of doing wrong, provided he has discernment enough to distinguish character. Good men reside in all countries, and the feelings of every man of honor are the same. Converse frequently upon every subject that you have any scruples about, and you will soon be able to form a medium of opinion satisfactory to yourself; and you have a double advantage, being so young a man, and disengaged from business of your own. When you make inquiries of your companion, whoever he may be, it will be like talking of his affairs, and not the motives that led to it. The scruples one feels are sometimes better concealed. If, after all, your sentiments remain the same, and you should be unhappy in the line of business that so sensibly affects you, I know the sentiments and generosity of your father so well that I think I may venture to say that he will give up his expectations, though till now very great, rather than your happiness should in any the *least degree* be affected. Do not determine hastily; you have three years before you. It is my private opinion that you will never have so advantageous an offer, but particularly before you are of age. Your sentiments in the above-mentioned period of time will change, *be assured*. At present, your doing business on the Sabbath I take to be the line of your duty, an unavoidable necessity, which you should do cheerfully in compliance to the custom of the house you live in, and in obedience to those you serve.

If Mr. Richard Cary should go to St. Croix, as he talks of doing, he will probably also make a visit to Grenada. You will then see a man of agreeable manners, rather gay than grave; as such I think I have always mentioned him. I believe he never had the most distant thought of setting himself up for a reformer in visiting the Indians. The wisest way is to be satisfied with our situation, in which there will always be found peace of mind, if we choose to embrace it. Happiness is within the reach of most men, and by

no means so partially bestowed as many young people are apt to imagine.

Your boy Bill is placed with a shoemaker, where he will be fast bound until twenty-one years old. He will be taught to read and write, which is perhaps more than he deserves. One hint let me give my dear son: never depart out of the common line of conduct to find satisfaction of mind. The idea will *certainly deceive you;* and whatever you may have conceived from my letters, I always thought you would have done better to have found out the father of the boy, and insisted, as far as you were able, upon his doing his duty towards him. If a man chooses to abandon his child, I don't know that any one is justified in adopting him. It is a bad precedent. Laws were made for unnatural fathers, as well as for those who offend against the community in which they live in any other way. I must take this opportunity of saying that you have the best and the most generous of fathers, or the boy would have been returned upon your hands. For my part, the trouble of having him would have been nothing, had he been innocent and good. Bad language, indecent behavior, and lying have been customary to him from his infancy. Henry and Ned have both been twice whipped for repeating words that shocked me, learned from *him.* These things I have always endeavored to conceal for fear of hurting your feelings, and should not now have mentioned them; but, indeed, I have been led to believe, from a certain cast of sentiment in your letters of late, that you will erelong do some precipitate action that will occasion you trouble. Perhaps I may be mistaken; I hope I am. The anxieties of parents are sometimes without a cause. I hope, at any rate, not to be presented with another child.

I have written you a long letter, and could still add, if I thought I could say anything more the observance of which would prove serviceable to you. You startled me, indeed, when I came to that part of your letter where you mention matrimony; that would be madness in the extreme. I am glad, however, to find that our sentiments accord there. Twenty-five is a good age, provided there is a sufficient fund to maintain a family. Matrimony at twenty-five, in my opinion, is not necessary to restrain from vice or ambition; all danger of the former is before that age entirely over *with a sensible man,* and from the latter a young man and a sensible one should never wish to be preserved.

Our dear Charles, — I know not what will be his destination ; at present nothing is fixed. The advantage of children is all good parents ever aim at ; ready at all times to sacrifice their own good, they submit even to the loss of their society and company. I should be as happy as any mother, I believe, in having my young folks near me. But for their good I resign all satisfaction of that sort with pleasure. It is the same with your father. He writes you by this opportunity.

Adieu, my dear Sam, and believe me to be,

Your affectionate mother,

SARAH CARY.

I shall answer your letter more fully by next opportunity.

FROM MRS. CARY TO HER SON.

November 28, 1792.

MY DEAR SAM, — I take up my pen just to say we are all perfectly well, and it is with pleasure I can felicitate you upon being so, too, the 9th of last October, which pleasing information I have just received from Mrs. Barry. Her letter came *viâ* Portland, one hundred and twenty miles from us, Captain Brown. I suppose you knew nothing of the opportunity, as both Mr. and Mrs. B. have written in great haste. I have much to say to you, my love, but my time will not now permit. Your father wrote you a few days ago by Captain Par from Boston.

I expect to be confined in a very few days, when I shall present you with another little brother or sister. You see, my dear son, with such a family, how necessary your steady perseverance in the line you have adopted of business and economy will be.

All join me in love and kindest remembrances to you, particularly your father.

I am most affectionately yours,

SARAH CARY.

MRS. CARY TO HER SON.

RETREAT, *October* 8, 1793.

MY DEAR BOY, — Your letter general, received from St. Lucca, dated 10th June, we all received with pleasure. Since the death of Mr. Morris, but little of your time is dedicated to your friends ; indeed, I readily give up my share of your favors in consideration of the importance derived to you from such a confidence. He

could not have paid you a greater compliment than by making you his executor, and I am very sure you will faithfully discharge your trust. I am happy to find by your writing that you are quite well. Long may you continue so! My heart and hands are lifted up to that Being who is the author of all our comforts for his preservation of you during the late mortality in Grenada. A similar kind has prevailed in Philadelphia to a greater degree, and, considering the free communication between the two States, we are not without great apprehension here, although every precaution that human reason can suggest is used. Take care of yourself; indeed, there is so much self-approbation and pleasure in a well-regulated temperance that one would scarcely think it necessary to insist upon the subject, did we not see daily young people fall a prey to their own want of prudence and moderation. If you, my dear Sam, sometimes deviate from certain rules, I think you return with double delight to those you have accustomed yourself to observe, and not without a little remorse for having stepped aside. This is natural to an ingenuous mind. It is impossible that you, who I think entertain rigid sentiments of propriety and conduct, can ever essentially fail in either. Your late letters give me pleasure. They are the dictates of a mind seemingly at ease, calmly reflecting upon future life, weighing circumstances, concluding hastily upon none. We have but little in the domestic way. Two marriages, indeed, have taken place in the family, — Miss Hannah Gray to Judge Wilson, and Mr. Edward Cary to Miss Nabby Russell. The former has occasioned some conversation on account of the gentleman's age, he being fifty-one and the lady nineteen. He is judge of our Supreme Court, — rich, sensible, and quite a gentleman in his manners and conduct. He has, also, six children. These I mention as an obstacle, though the lady saw none. She is an amiable, worthy girl, and very genteel in her person. Mr. Edward Cary is, perhaps, a relation that you did not know you had, from Nantucket, a second cousin; the family is very numerous. Jack Williams is a very clever young fellow, studying law with Harry Otis. Young Goodall is at Carolina, not a great deal better than he should be, as I am told; so you see the most promising geniuses do not always turn out well. This, I believe, I mentioned in former letters, but you seemed more than once solicitous to hear of them. Charles is very well settled at Mr. Codman's counting-house in

Boston. I read the paragraphs in your St. Lucca letter designed for him, and he said he would write to you; but he seems to me to have an aversion to that employment, although he writes an exceeding good hand, and does not seem to want abilities.

The law prohibiting stage plays is repealed, and they are actually building an elegant theatre in Boston; still, there are many who disapprove of the thing, and foresee disagreeable consequences. Tell my dear friend, Mrs. Horsford, that I am greatly obliged for her letter, and will answer it by the next opportunity. Mention Hannah Gray's marriage to her. Your father writes you he is very well, excepting only the remains of a cold, which none of us has escaped.

I am, my dear Sam, your affectionate mother,

SARAH CARY.

P. S. Since the above, our governor, Mr. Hancock, is dead.

Letters of the years 1794–1795, with the first ill-tidings of the insurrection in Grenada.

FROM MRS. CARY TO HER SON SAMUEL, AT SAINT GEORGE'S, GRENADA.

RETREAT, *May* 24, 1794.

MY DEAR SON, — The unavoidable miscarriage of letters, and your absence from Grenada, has occasioned me much anxiety. I hasten now to answer your several letters of 4th June, 15th February, and 8th March. To the first, as you do not wish to have the subject renewed, I shall only reply that, let your feelings have been ever so much hurt, my own on that occasion were far more so; nor can I express what my letter 13th September cost me; not that I wished to retract from anything I said, but that there had been ever any occasion to write it. I do not remember the contents, but you ascribe a degree of asperity to me that I think is not in my composition. I well remember that all I meant to convey were such sentiments as might convince you that, at your early period of life, you should rather submit to the plans adopted by your father for you than presume to dictate for yourself. I thank you for the deference you pay to my opinion, because, as I always give you the best advice I can, it is a vast satisfaction to find it is not thrown away. I look back with pleasure upon the time you and I

passed together, and recollect many conversations as we walked together in the front gallery at Mount Pleasant; and at others, when we were alone in my chamber, how seriously did I recommend you to abate of that impatience and warmth of temper I had discovered in you, and to submit to your situation. The zeal of friendship, as well as the affection of a mother, dictated my advice, and I reflect with pleasure upon your tender and dutiful attention to all I said. You promised to be all I wished you, and I believe you have faithfully performed it as far as it is in your power. Totally to overcome a disposition naturally hasty is not, perhaps, in the power of any one, but every one can correct it. It is the government of our passions at which we should aim. We should be dull companions without them, and mere blanks in society. Apropos, pray, when you have nothing else to do, say who you pass your time with. I should much like to know your friends and acquaintance, and the employment of your hours separate from business. I well know the common routine of people in your part of the world; but do you fall in with the habits and manners of those with whom you converse, or have you firmness to mark out for yourself a line of conduct irreproachable to your conscience, — an important witness, — or rather, as the inimitable Young expresses it, "that sly informer who stands behind the scene and marks down every fault"? I should, perhaps, apologize for asking the question to one of your sentiments and excellent principles, — such at least when we parted, — did I not know the temptations which beset a young person in the part of the world in which you are destined to reside; don't, therefore, my dear boy, be offended at my suspicions, nor imagine that I wish for an exact account of the employment of time destined for amusement. I write carelessly and without study to you. The thoughts that occur I commit to paper without any nice reflections about consequences or giving pain. I flatter myself that your pleasures as well as your business are regulated by reason and propriety. I find, if I were to go on writing all and every thought that occurs to me, I should far exceed the limits of a letter; nor would you indeed have patience to peruse them.

In as few words as I can, I shall now inform you of little Edgar. He has absolutely decamped, as we all believe, to the West Indies. A Captain Stevens had engaged to take him as cabin boy,

and requested that he might remain in his family until his departure to Virginia, to which your father consented; but in five or six days he misbehaved, and returned home. As he came without any letter or previous mention of him from Captain Stevens, your father thought proper to send him back again, with his compliments, requesting a note and the reason of his return. The young gentleman, however, never came back again, nor did Captain Stevens see him afterwards, but acquainted us that he had given a note to little Edgar (which the boy had in his pocket when he came here), saying he was so ill-disposed and behaved so badly in his house that he did not care to have anything to say to him. Captain S. acquainted your father upon 'Change that Edgar had declared to a servant in his house he would never deliver the note. You may think, probably, that I congratulate myself upon the child's escape. It is very true that to be rid of him was my most ardent wish, but not in such a way. My feelings are hurt more than I can express. To bind him to some good man at a little distance from us, that we might now and then see how he went on, was what I wished, but that was not to be done. No boy can be bound without his own consent until arrived at the age of fourteen, and he was by his own account only twelve; and without being bound no one would take him. For this reason we could not continue him with the shoemaker, of whom I wrote you in a former letter. This poor boy's fate will I believe be uncommon. In his mind there seems to be a struggle between good and evil; the latter, I fear, will greatly predominate, for he has an evident propensity to vice; and *now* he is gone, no one to advise nor rouse into action the few good qualities he may be possessed of. If you should ever see him, your own humanity will lead you to serve him, and indeed provide for him, should he really be in distress, if it is in your power; but hold him at a distance from your person. Would you undertake to use him with kindness and lenity, he will surely make you an ungrateful return; and, on the other hand, should you offer to beat and correct him, you hurt your own feelings, and he is too hardened to receive benefit. Every method has been tried, depend upon it, and you may believe me when I assure you he is a true emblem of the adder in the fable, who, when he had received every benefit from the poor countryman, began to bite and hiss at all around him. Now for the 15th Feb-

ruary letter, containing exactly *ten* lines. You have put us quite on a footing. I suppose you thought that if you only wrote to one, the other might take offense. Let me assure you, however, that would not have been the case. We have too great an affection to harbor any of those sort of jealousies. We received a mutual satisfaction upon the receipt of the letter ; but, joking apart, I suppose your want of time was the cause. In future, then, as I would not deprive my dear girl of a full share of her brother's correspondence, I will be satisfied with a letter from you by every other opportunity.

In your letter 8th March I observe what you say of visiting us. I have no occasion, I believe, to say it is an event that would give me pleasure ; that, however, is a point upon which your father and you must decide, — an affair in which I can have no voice. If you settle in the West Indies, I think with you that it will be highly proper to arrange your affairs on a permanent footing before you quit to visit us ; and much as I love you, and however eager I may be to see you here, I would sooner forego that pleasure than you should come and sit down in your father's house, as you say, waiting for business. In those few words, my dear son, you have defined what appeared enigmatical to you in my letter 13th February: that is, the ambition I think a sensible man should never be without, and I thank God, my dear boy, you do not need me nor any one else to "stimulate you to rise in the world." That is a laudable ambition, and by no means incompatible with strict honesty. Your prospects are very good, and I should be ashamed to discover so much of the weakness of a mother as to venture to make an objection. I have seen enough of the world to convince me that probity, honor, and honesty are not confined to particular places, and that happiness is in a man's own mind and the rectitude of his own conduct. Mr. Smith's character is good, and in the West Indies you can never have a more advantageous offer.

My dear son, Sarah, Nancy, Henry, all write to you. I have not time now to say so much of them as I wish. Lucius is very desirous of being with you, and remembers you with pleasure. The younger ones — Edward, Harriet, Thomas Graves, George, and Robert — are all well. Charles, I find, does not write to you. He is, at present, extremely reserved. I am unable to say what this proceeds from. He is remarkably steady for so young a person,

goes regularly home every night at dark, and passes his evenings in his own chamber in reading or writing, and I believe has very little acquaintance in Boston. His reserve appears to me to be great diffidence of himself. This will wear off as he grows older, and we shall then see what he is. Mr. Codman is highly satisfied with his conduct in the store, and the woman with whom he boards speaks much in his praise.

Adieu, my dearest Sam.

Believe me to be, with the sincerest affection, yours,

SARAH CARY.

Your father, who is well, writes you by this opportunity.

FROM MRS. CARY TO HER SON SAMUEL, AT ST. GEORGE'S, GRENADA.

RETREAT, CHELSEA, *December* 14, 1794.

MY DEAR SON, — I received with most peculiar pleasure and satisfaction your letter of September 4th. Since then your father has received one dated October 9th; a short letter, written in haste, — an assurance however of your being perfectly well, which is always to us of the first importance. If you have health, which is the first and best gift of Heaven, I make no doubt of your success in future life. I know not what may have slipped from my pen, writing carelessly and without study, as I am too fond of doing, and by that means cannot escape sometimes giving pain unintentionally to those I love; but you have given me so minute an account of yourself, and with an air of some small suspicion, as if you thought I believed your conduct would not altogether bear a scrutiny. Let me then take this opportunity to assure you that I think you incapable of doing wrong, and the free, unconstrained declaration of sentiments that you have made to me when you could have no view in deceiving, or wishing to appear what you were not, convinced me that your conduct would always be that which is dictated by strict honor and rectitude. I have been long persuaded that goodness and worth are not confined to particular places. There is less appearance of piety, perhaps, in the West Indies than here, but I believe as much sincerity. Immoral and wicked men are found in all countries; but, for my part, I am more afraid of those who conceal vice under a mask of virtue than of those who are openly vicious; but neither one nor the other have you or I any-

thing to do with. They are to be judged by a higher Power, who no doubt takes delight in those who worship Him in truth and sincerity. It is not reasonable I think to suppose otherwise. God cannot be indifferent to the actions of men; and let us never forget this solemn truth: that we were made for perfect bliss in another life far superior to this, and take care that we do not by any imprudence of our own forfeit so great, so inestimable, a blessing. Without any cavils about religion, which I never enter into, I am resolved to recommend to all my young folks (and you are certainly included in the number) the whole of the New Testament as the foundation of their religion, wherever it relates to the life and doctrine of our blessed Saviour, and enjoin it upon them to read that sacred volume with a desire to reap a lasting benefit, endeavoring to make it, as far as possible, the rule of their life and actions.

We seldom hear from England. Your father had a letter from Mr. Sandbach, dated in September, but never received one from Mr. Barry since his being there. He is now, I suppose, returned to Grenada. I really hope he has, for Mrs. Barry's sake, for whom I have been very anxious ever since he left her, although it is generally found that women, when they are obliged to make an exertion, can get through difficulties as well as the men. When you next go there, give my love to her, and say that I intend writing very soon to her, if I do not by this opportunity. I have, as you know, a very great regard for her. We have various reports here of fleets and armies being sent to capture the islands, and also of those of the English being sent for their defense, but nothing positive. I pray God for peace. I fear nothing so much as your father being obliged to quit us, and I know of nothing but the capture of Grenada that can make it necessary; at least, I believe he thinks so at present. All parties and both sexes daily deprecate the dreadful commotions in France, and hope everything from the moderation of the present convention. It is the subject of general conversation here. I suppose it is the same with you.

My little folks are extremely grateful to you for your letters, and your father and myself feel great delight at the affectionate and sweet idea you entertain of lending your aid to bring them forward into life and of being serviceable to them. I pray daily to God to give you success in your prospects, for your sake as well as theirs.

It is generally observed that if the eldest of a large family conducts properly, the rest follow the example; and I assure you they all look up to you as a pattern they are surely to copy.

Your last letter is that of a man of sense who thinks and acts properly. You reason thus: my situation is not what I admire; those I am obliged, for want of other society, to make friends and companions of are not to my taste nor of my way of thinking, but I cannot help it; my father, who loves me, would do anything to make me happy, but it is not in his power; he has eight sons, of which number I am the eldest; if by my industry and economy I can make a little independency, I shall not only make myself respectable without distressing my father's feelings, but be able to lend my assistance in bringing my brothers forward into life. This shall satisfy me, and from henceforward this shall be my pleasure and my ambition.

We live here vastly happy, and every tree your father plants he promises himself will benefit his children, and if we do not reap the fruits of it they may; and that is a stimulus sufficient to a good parent. As you are the eldest, this spot will probably be yours. At the decline of life a retreat is agreeable to a man of sense and reflection; but more particularly so if, after the storms of life are over, he can meet with a woman of the same taste and way of thinking. I believe I was wrong once when I mentioned your not thinking of retiring until you were sixty. I would rather it should be forty, or even sooner, if you make a capital sufficient to live upon your income. Retiring to a farm is by no means retiring to be idle. Your father is always employed in overseeing and directing his workmen in planting trees, running out fences, ditching, etc.; but still a farm alone is not sufficient of itself to maintain a family genteelly. So you see there is something to be done before a man can sit quietly down with propriety. The life of a farmer is laborious and full of care. The high price of labor runs away with the profits, and he must himself become one of those laborers unless he has a resource beyond what the farm can give him. If, therefore, my dear son, you can make eight or ten thousand sterling, you will be entitled to retire to any spot that is most agreeable to you. I hope it may be in this country, not far distant from town, and I think you may enjoy all the happiness this life is capable of bestowing. Notwithstanding I have written so much, I

have still one thing on my mind to say to you: As you were much hurt formerly at the neglect you were obliged to show to public worship, I hope and believe now that you are certainly at liberty to act yourself. This is a duty that you will never fail to perform. Parson Dent, whom you once mentioned in your letter, is a man of principle and an honor to his cloth. I should think you would hear him with benefit as well as pleasure. And how admirably calculated to animate devotion is the whole of the church service! One can hardly read it in private without feeling an emotion of love and gratitude to the Supreme Being; but how greatly is its beauty enhanced when well read in public with the addition of singing and music! It inspires me with the highest ideas of the greatness and majesty of the Deity I am worshiping, and for the time I scarcely think myself mortal.

Our dear Margaret (who is more than a good daughter; she is a sweet friend and companion, and, you would say if you could see her, is a fine woman) writes to you now, although I believe her letter is not just written. She thinks and talks often of you, as do Charles, Lucius, Sarah, etc.; but who can think or talk so often as your father and I of a son who is as dear as possible to our hearts and affections? I have still one thing more to add: you say in a former letter that if nothing else turns up you can become a clerk. Certainly, my dear, a young person of industry and abilities has nothing to fear. Courage, my son! if one plan will not do, another will. Success and health attend you. *Farewell.* Write, I entreat of you, and acquaint us of every step relative to an establishment.

Your affectionate mother, SARAH CARY.

FROM MRS. CARY TO HER SON SAMUEL, IN GRENADA.

RETREAT, *July* 14, 1795.

MY DEAR SAM, — Your last letter, dated at Trinidad, September 4th, is the last I received from you. I perused and re-perused it with pleasure. Since, your father has received several from you. But one from Mr. Jones, previous to your last of 12th May, has given inexpressible pain. It was accompanied with one from my friend, Mrs. Horsford, and another from Mrs. Rose, giving us a detail of the insurrection in your island. Think, my dear boy, of our anxiety for you, which is not lessened by the receipt of your letter,

May 12th. Nor can it be while we value your life beyond the loss of property. While in reading the account given by Mrs. Horsford, and of the ardor and bravery you showed in aiding to subdue the mulattoes and other insurgents, and of your being perfectly well, I confess I am highly gratified, but a moment's reflection cools my ambition, and makes me regret those qualities that before I so much commended. It is the fear of losing you; and I am ready to submit to the mortification of your being charged with cowardice and rendered unfit for the use of arms, so that your life be spared, which is now made doubly valuable by the danger to which you are daily exposed. Heaven grant the next letters may be what we so earnestly pray for, which is first your safety, and next an entire subjugation of the insurgents. The rest we must endeavor to submit to. You will see by your father's letter that he has taken every possible step to lessen our family expenses. The children are all at home, and Charles is learning navigation. I am always present with you. My first thoughts in the morning and the last at night are recommending you to the Divine protection; and for myself and your father I pray for resignation to the will of Heaven. We sit in our chairs, our eyes often meet, and we are conscious that our thoughts are the same, but know them to be too terrible to communicate to one another. You are the subject, and who can venture to express even to the partner of every pain and pleasure what the mind can scarcely bear to think on? One consolation Heaven has allowed to every reflecting mortal: — that a Supreme Being governs the universe, and that this Lord of all the earth will do right. I have one peculiar satisfaction: When the first report was circulated of an insurrection in Grenada, your father talked seriously of quitting us. A more deliberate and cooler reflection convinced him of the inutility of such a step. I thank God for it, and rejoiced to see that part of your letter wherein you say that you do not see any necessity for his presence; and I am happy to tell my dear Sam that his father approves entirely of his conduct. Your securing the sugar and rum, shipping it, sending the bill forward, and securing the safety of the poor negroes as far as it was in your power are steps that prove to him he has a son in whom he can confide, and who would in every point act as well as if he was on the spot himself.

July 16th. — Upon looking over the above, I am dissatisfied with

it all. If, however, you are in as bad a situation in your island as my fears represent to my imagination, my letter will be in unison with your feelings. If otherwise, you will make allowance for my fears and the gloominess of my letter, the result of my anxiety for you. Farewell, my dear Sam. Heaven bless and preserve you, and allow us at least *the hope* of meeting in some future day together. Your father is writing you. He enjoys charming health, and but for his apprehensions about you, I might add, charming spirits too. There is a fine ship building in Charlestown, in which, I believe, Charles will sail for the East Indies. Margaret and he, as do all the other young folks, write in most affectionate remembrances to you.

Your truly affectionate mother,

SARAH CARY.

MRS. CARY TO HER SON SAMUEL IN GRENADA.

November 13, 1795.

MY DEAR SAM, — The last letter I received from you was dated Sept. 4, 1794. Do not think I mean to upbraid you for letting so long a time elapse without writing me again. You have written your father, and that is the same thing as writing to me; but if I were dissatisfied with that, the situation of the times in your island would sufficiently exculpate you from any blame. Our last accounts of you were August 12th. Among other anxieties attending our situation, think what we suffer upon your account, not only in regard to your personal danger, exposed as you have been, and for aught I know still are, but because you are not engaged in any particular line of business satisfactory to yourself and us. Over and above this the pain of not being able to give you any assistance. This you are fully sensible of, and endeavor, in all your letters, in imagination at least, to become yourself a father, that you may know what he feels in having a beloved son situated as you are. You tell us to be easy upon your account; that you shall not only be able to fix yourself in business, but assist your brother. This is acting the part of a good son, and Heaven will doubtless reward you for it. Could you know all we suffer — the sleepless nights and unavailing anxiety that your father passes in thinking of you — you would allow that your own idea of his feelings falls far short of the reality. Add to this the situation of Mount Pleasant, hitherto

our whole dependence, and a fund, as we thought and had reason to think, for education and some little fortune for our children. Although by your last letter the works were still standing, yet it will be a long time before things come into their old channel; the loss of negroes, the still more certain loss of mules, cattle, etc.; the destruction of the dwelling and negro houses, with the loss of the last crop (excepting what my dear Sam, at the risk of his life, secured for us), and necessary expenses which must attend the next; with many other similar circumstances that are yet to come to our knowledge. There is yet more on my mind than I have told you: this is my fear that your father will be obliged to go to Grenada. Mr. McCarthy seems to be a good man in whom we may place confidence. His salary then ought to be raised, so as to make it an object to him to go there again when things are reinstated as formerly. Managers will be scarce after the loss of so many good men, among whom I am sorry to find poor Kennard was one; and I remember the timidity of those few who could be obtained from the old islands as managers; although the temptation of gain was very great, it could not overcome their fears of loss of health, which was, unjustly I think, said by them to be the sure consequence of living in Grenada. It may be otherwise now. At any rate do all you can to retain McCarthy. He knows the disposition of the negroes, and, from his so readily accompanying you to the plantation in such a moment of danger, showed himself attached to your father's interest; and by his writing and manner of speaking of the negroes in his former letters, I judge him to be a humane man, — a qualification of the highest importance. Should Mr. Barry and you conclude to place him there again, and the latter return to Mr. Williams, I should hope there will be no necessity for your father to go. This is our third year of managing this farm, and probably, by living upon it and attending to the direction ourselves, we shall secure a comfortable livelihood when other resources fail.

We have a small school-house close by, where the children are taught reading, writing, and arithmetic. While your father and I remain together superintending their education, together with the business of the farm, the whole will flourish. Should a separation take place, I know not the consequence. His loss would be irreparable. If the whole devolves on me, I doubt, greatly doubt, my

ability to discharge so important a trust. Think of this, my dear Sam, should you be so fortunate as to quell the dreadful rebellion in your island. At present I know there is a stagnation to all business; and, since writing the above, your father has seen Mr. Stewart from there, who has given such a deplorable account of the destruction of property, want of provision, etc., that I am almost tempted to throw aside my pen, and indeed I must; for what can I say? Our apprehensions are greater than I can express, and still increased by our not hearing from you. We are told of troops having gone out, and being immediately divided between Grenada and St. Vincent. Heaven grant this may be true! If you don't get letters, it is not because we do not write. We never miss an opportunity, particularly your father. These now, I think, cannot miscarry, for Captain Sunbeck has promised to keep them until a certain opportunity offers for Grenada. He is going to Burbish, somewhere near the Spanish Main.

Charles will soon sail for the East Indies, — perhaps in six weeks from the present time. I have already written you, I believe, about it in former letters. Thus you see how the feelings of a parent's heart are exercised, after ten thousand cares in bringing them forward to manhood, and the flattering expectation of their society as a compensation. Duty, inclination, or necessity steps in, and by a separation precludes the most pleasing hopes. Farewell, my dear, dear Sam. Heaven bless you and send us good news. Your father and Margaret write you by this opportunity, and all the young folks desire their love to you.

Yours most affectionately,

SARAH CARY.

Give my love to Mrs. Horsford and Mrs. Barry. I have written them both very lately. I feel most sensibly the distress and inconvenience of their situation.

IV

LETTERS FROM MRS. CARY TO HER SON SAM; MR. CARY TO HIS WIFE FROM THE WEST INDIES; LUCIUS CARY TO HIS MOTHER

1796–1798

SAM CARY returned from Grenada after the negro insurrection very much broken in health. He gradually recovered in the Chelsea home, and then went to Philadelphia to establish himself in business, taking with him his younger brother Lucius.

FROM MRS. CARY TO HER SON SAMUEL AT PHILADELPHIA.

RETREAT, *May* 11, 1796.

Like a pleasing dream, the company and society of my dear Sam have left a sweet impression. To enjoy luxuries we must endure hardships. Had I never known the pain of absence, I could not have been susceptible of so exquisite a delight as your return afforded me. Even your departure has occasioned no alteration in the calm serenity of my mind. Now that I have seen and conversed with you, and know that you are engaged in transacting business agreeable to yourself, and that your health is fast approaching, you have left me nothing to regret but that I did not accompany you down to the ferry along with your father, — a satisfaction from which I should have derived much pleasure. Yesterday we were favored with your letter of May 1st. The young folks were highly gratified by your kind present, disposed in the following order, all in a row, according to seniority: a dollar to each of the elder ones, and one divided between the younger ones, presenting at the same time your unfeigned love for them. Indeed, they did

not require the testimony (although a very pleasing one). You have made a lasting impression upon their affections. Even George says, "Well, I know he is my cousin." Sarah has suffered much. She entered the parlor about a minute after you left us, in order to take a last leave. She ran out immediately at the back entry to follow you, but it was too late. You had got outside the gate, and she burst into tears, which produced a little lesson of morality from mamma (who however wanted consolation herself) upon the disappointment and uncertainty of our dearest enjoyments. Considering I am writing by the post, you may think me, perhaps, rather too prolix. That remains however to be decided by the value you put upon my letters. I will therefore run the hazard, and fill up at least half of this sheet, if I can find matter. I write when I have nothing else to do. You 'll allow, I believe, that is very seldom. You went away more partial to Boston, I think, than you came to it. I am very glad of it. All strangers admire its hospitality. This is a virtue more practiced there, perhaps, than in any other place upon the continent. You were lucky not to be troubled with feasting at large parties by residing all the time at home, and so escaped invitations. These would have delayed the progress you were making in the recovery of your health, and were besides but ill-suited, I believe, with your inclination, which I wish you may be as able to follow at Philadelphia. But why do I say "able," when I know so well that you have resolution equal to your determination? Follow but your judgment, and you can never err. The perfect recovery of your health depends on temperance and regularity. Farewell, my dear Sam. When I suggested the idea of filling this half of the sheet, I did not suspect that I should undertake to be your adviser; but my solicitude for you led me into the error. Your health is of the highest importance to yourself and us, and I was naturally led into a subject so very near my heart. By your care of yourself you make your own fortune, and remake (if I may be allowed such an expression) that of your father; besides, what is of more consequence, save him the trouble of going to the West Indies, and me the pain, the inexpressible pain, of parting with him.

Yours most affectionately,

SARAH CARY.

MRS. CARY TO HER SON SAMUEL IN PHILADELPHIA.

RETREAT, *December* 23, 1796.

You are unreasonable and impatient, and complain that it is three weeks since you wrote me, and have not yet received an answer. You do not surely reflect that your letter had to travel as many miles before it reached my hands as mine had to travel before it got to yours, which, I suppose, was in a very few days, or perhaps *hours*, after the date of yours, — as soon, indeed, as it could be conveyed ; for, on its receipt, I immediately wrote an answer at eleven at night, the next being post day. I was willing to convince you of the pleasure you had imparted to me by the particulars you had written me of your father. Excuse what may, perhaps, appear to be a reproof, designed, my dear Sam, to check an impetuosity which I have sometimes before now discovered in you. You express also a sort of astonishment that Lucius had not come on. It is very true that you mentioned it, yet not positively ; otherwise I should not have replied that I hoped not till spring. You now, in your last, request that he may be sent on immediately, and immediately he shall be sent on ; for, painful as it is to me to part with him, I am too sensible of the advantage he will certainly derive by being with you, to think of a refusal. He will therefore set out next Monday week along with Mr. Sullivan, who is, very fortunately I think, going to Philadelphia. I confess I think the weather too severe for him, but he will be well clad and is also a lad of resolution. For my part, I would equally guard against the effects of my own feelings for him and of imprudence, and have therefore consulted Mr. Hays, who is of opinion that "young Mr. Cary should be gratified in his request of having his brother Lucius sent to him." You may think, perhaps, I have made rather too free with your letter. Excuse me, however, dear Sam. I hope I shall receive many, very many, more of them. I am most tenderly concerned in everything that relates to you, and cannot think of any action of yours with indifference. I received the thirty dollars safe, and shall do as you desire. Lucius has many fears. You will find him extremely reserved, also ; and it is from me only that you must learn that he thinks himself very ill-calculated to serve you in capacity of a clerk. His advantages, you know perfectly well, have been few. He has, perhaps, received more information from your father, the short time they were together, than at school.

He has, however, with this diffidence from which arise his fears, a strong, quick resentment and exquisitely tender feelings. Such as I send him to you, be a father as well as a brother to him ; and believe I am perfectly satisfied with the idea of resigning him entirely to your care. In short, make him like yourself. I rejoice at your agreeable prospects. I include you always in my prayers. I hope you do the same for me. I am convinced there is no satisfaction without religion. It gives a relish to all our rational pleasures, and I am fully persuaded you never allowed yourself any others. I am in hopes your father had a pleasant voyage. There is nothing now I wish for but a letter from him. When I know he is safe arrived in Grenada I shall be tranquil, and hope the best consequences will arise from his being on the spot. That alone can calm my fears and resign me to so painful an absence. We go on very well here; in want of nothing, although it is pleasing to me to receive so kind an offer from you. I shall certainly apply to you, if there be occasion. Farewell, my dear son ; let me hear often from you, I entreat you. I shall pay postage with pleasure. Margaret says she shall write you a long letter by Lucius. We had talked of your passing Christmas with us, but we were too sanguine in our expectations, it seems. You can never be more beloved and admired certainly in any house than you are in this. We must, however, submit to your time, and give up pleasure for the sake of your business, which, I am now happy to find, is likely to be confined in good part to this continent.

Your most affectionate mother,

SARAH CARY.

P. S. — When you see Mrs. Breck and Mrs. Williams, present my remembrances to them.

MRS. CARY TO HER SON SAMUEL IN PHILADELPHIA.

RETREAT, *February* 4, 1797.

MY DEAR SON, — I was just thinking of preparing a letter for you against Mr. Bennett should call (who, as you observe, is rather heavily loaded), as he engaged to do when your favor of January 6th was handed me. I was rather hasty, perhaps, in my condemnation of you the other day, and, like many other irritable people,

the pain recoils at last on myself. Your apology is so handsomely written, and so much what I wished and expected to receive from you, I feel myself the offender, and am tempted in my turn to apologize to you. When we pain the sensibility of those we love, what do we but give each other fresh opportunities to prove the reciprocal affection which serves to unite us more tenderly than ever, as, "the falling out of lovers," etc.? You may remember the old adage, and I know no reason why it should not be applied to others, you and me, for instance. It should always, as in our case, be accidental; design would probably have a contrary effect, and no man, or woman either, in his senses, I should suppose, would give or take offense merely for the pleasure resulting from a reconcilement. You do indeed, my dearest Sam, express the greatest anxiety, the most affectionate solicitude, about me in your letters. You have my fullest pardon, therefore, and in future a hasty expression of yours shall never give me pain, at least shall never excite my anger. You acted certainly right in preparing to receive Lucius. The moment I conceived that you earnestly wished to have him, I set all hands in motion around me, being convinced that when you found it necessary to have an apprentice, if Lucius was not ready, some one else must take the place. He is, I find, safe with you, or rather I hope he is. He wrote me a letter from New York, from whence he was to go the ensuing week, and mentions much of Mr. Codman's civilities to him. I make my particular observations on the several paragraphs of your letters, but the following I shall reply to: "I presume you do not expect that by putting him with me, now he is of a warm temper, he will leave me tame." Believe me, my dear Sam, I do not wish it, and much less expect it; but with you, and by your example, I expect he will learn to command that warmth of temper which makes you, and will make him, so much more estimable for possessing it. As to your other sentiments, I read them again and again with pleasure, as they serve to convince me of that modest and delicate reserve that is backward in acknowledging its own merits, which I have long admired and care not how long you possess, for I think it equally pleasing and meritorious in an old as a young person. Your father will, I know, be most highly gratified when he knows it. Some of the last words he said to me were, "I shall be happy to hear that Lucius and my dear Sam are together; the more I think

of it the better I am pleased. He will make him like himself." And in his last letter, which he wrote me in Philadelphia, he confirms it. I am a little chagrined at what you tell me of the uncertainty of your stay there. I am, however, persuaded you will do whatever is best for yourself and for your brother. In all cases, in every possible, probable or improbable event, I am determined to confide wholly in you and be satisfied. He is, I find, to live in the house with Bennett, which I think must be very agreeable to him. Just say in your next letter what terms he is to be upon. Will any part of his clothing or supply devolve upon me? He is at present clothed only for the winter. In short, tell me everything relating to himself and you. We like Mr. and Mrs. Bennett very much. I dare say they are a very worthy pair. They came out here last Sunday, and promised to repeat their visit. He very politely offered to serve me, but I do not need his assistance; and I observe also what you say in the latter part of your letter by Mr. Bennett, that you suppose that I should not think of applying to him. I certainly should not, nor indeed should I to any one else while you are so near me, especially after your kind offers. Your father desired me, if I had occasion to do it, to apply to Mr. Hays, and give him an order on you. I have no thought of doing this, for I am determined to make the farm adequate to my expenses, or rather to regulate my expenses to the income of the farm, during, if possible, the absence of your father. When Mr. Bennett returns, I hope we shall see you here: in the meantime write me as frequently as possible. I know I have no right yet to expect a letter from your father, yet I have scarcely patience to wait the three or four weeks longer that you tell me of before I can get a letter from him. It is three months this day since his departure, but in my mind at least three years, and I fear it is not improbable he may be absent as many. For one year I would gladly compound, but am ill-prepared for more. Yet I know how rare it is for a man to prescribe limits to himself in regard to his stay in the West Indies, and although I have lived there so many years I cannot account for that fascinating power that leads and so misguides the judgment. They are all birds of passage, and always say they shall quit the country the next year; yet years roll on, and their resolution is not put in practice. I will not however indulge a thought of your father's longer continuance than merely to obtain a credit,

and restore his plantation to its former state of strength and cultivation. I flatter myself his ties here are too strong to admit of *unnecessary* absence.

I received yours, also, of December 27th. I have much on my mind to reply to that letter; yet this is already of an unconscionable length, and I think I will take another opportunity.

February 17th.

My dear Sam, — Long since the above was written, you must have been informed of your father's unfortunate capture. I have just received a second letter from him, dated January 21st, informing me that he was to be sent in a flag to Martinique the very next day. He writes in spirits and is very well, but laments the cruel delay to his affairs. He has written you several times, but mentions particularly letters he had sent to you and me by Mr. Gouverneur *viâ* New York. Mr. Bennett sets off Monday, and we shall most impatiently wait your coming after he gets home.

Yours most affectionately,
Sarah Cary.

Retreat, *February* 20, 1797.

My dear Sam, — I had already sent my letters to go by Mr. Bennett, when your favor of 31st ult. was handed me, and as he does not leave Boston until to-morrow, I will add a few lines in reply. The first intelligence I got of your father's capture was from himself, in a letter from Guadaloupe, January 4th, since which I have had two others from the same place. He mentions having written to you on December 19th a particular account of his situation, and refers me to long letters that he had written by Mr. Gouverneur *viâ* New York. I think with you that the detention from his affairs is all that he will suffer; yet I was quite sick the first days after I heard the news, from apprehension that what I had already heard was only preparatory to something worse. So ingenious is the human mind in creating evils for itself! My last letter, however, written in excellent spirits and expressing all the fortitude that I know the writer is possessed of on every great occasion, and determining to submit quietly to ills that could not be prevented, my grief was dispelled, and I am pretty nearly restored to my usual tranquillity. My dear Sam, I hope nothing will prevent

your coming on when Mr. Bennett returns. I am impatient to see you. Farewell.

Yours most affectionately,

SARAH CARY.

Letters written by Mr. Cary to his wife during his absence in the West Indies in the years 1796–1797.

NEW YORK, *Friday, November* 11, 1796.

MY VERY DEAR SALLY, — I arrived here yesterday morning, and found a letter from our son; and, as it will give you pleasure, I inclose it. It was handed me by Mr. W. Codman, with whom I am to dine this day. I took tea yesterday with my old friend Mr. Kemble, to-morrow dine with him, and Monday go still farther from you. How painful the thought! But it must be. My dependence is on Heaven. We shall not be disappointed, but meet, I hope, never to part again. The weather is such I cannot see the city. There is a young gentleman going from the house on Monday who will take it to Boston. I will therefore keep my letter open until Sunday night, and if I meet with anything worth your notice, mention it. Mrs. Kemble appears to be a very fine woman. She has four fine children, — three sons and a daughter.

Friday evening. Instead of going to the play, I have returned home to think of and write to the best of women. Mrs. Codman is now quite recovered, has one fine boy, and they are a very happy pair. He took me out in his chair to see the North River, and the improvements of that part of the city; they are very great, and far exceed anything doing your way. My journey was, on the whole, a very unpleasant one, and if it had not been for the company of a Mr. McGregor, of Londonderry, it would have been exceedingly so. The riding two or three hours before day is very disagreeable. I have given him leave to call or send in the spring for two dozen cuttings of Lombardy poplars, about two feet long. Should he call, let Mr. Low cut them off one of the trees.

In the memoranda left with you, please observe that there are three cows to be sold in the spring or summer. They are, I find as I came along, worth from forty to fifty dollars without the calf. I mention this as there is no price fixed to them, and as we sold them this year for twenty-five dollars I did not know but Mr. Low might

think thirty a good price ; but all kinds of stock have risen. All the calves are to be kept. I shall expect a letter from you respecting the dyke when I get to Philadelphia, as there has been no storm nor rain. Mr. Lawrence must have had a fine time.

The more I think of it, the more I am convinced it is best for Lucius to go to Philadelphia, if sent for, and all of the boys, as they grow up, to go from home, painful as it is to part with them.

Sunday morning. Yesterday I dined with Mr. Kemble, and am very much pleased with his family. This afternoon I go on, and will write to you as soon as I get there. Am called down to Kemble, and the man has called for my trunks.

I shall always be yours, most affectionately,

SAMUEL CARY.

Give my love to all the children and Margaret. How I love you !

PHILADELPHIA, *November* 7, 1796.

MY DEAR SALLY, — You will be surprised to receive this by our son, but it must be so. I met Mr. Alexander Fraser here, going to Grenada with him. I am to leave this on Saturday morning for Martinique and Grenada. I have just settled with him and seen the brig, which appears to be a very fine vessel. For particulars I must refer you to your son, who only knew this morning that he must stay some time longer. As I am determined to think whatever is is right, I am satisfied ; but Heaven only knows what I at this moment feel, and this you may be assured of, thou dearest and best of women, that the moment I can come to you I will ; but it is likely that many of my letters may be destroyed, and it may be some time before you can hear from me, though you never will be a moment out of my thoughts. Oh, my dear, dear wife, take care of your health for my sake, for our dear children's sake. Notwithstanding what I may have wrote respecting the farm, act yourself, do what appears to you best. Sam will do well and be a comfort to you ; but what can afford it to me when you are absent ? I have done.

We have been to dine with Mr. Brick. They are a worthy and happy family. How happened it that I had no letter for the Miss Bricks? how was it, my dear Margaret ?

I hope I shall have a letter from you before I leave this. I am impatient to hear what Mr. Lawrence has done. The dyke is long

before this complete. Sam has just informed me that Mr. Bennett wishes to go to Boston, so that this will go by him, and it may be some time before you see him; but as he is to remain here all the winter, write to him and desire he will write to you. I shall give him this to inclose. Pray write to me often and fully.

Yesterday I dined with Mr. and Mrs. Otis, and have been in and out often. I left Mr. W. Codman very unwell again. I have seen no place like Chelsea. Here are fine streets and large houses, but a dead flat; no prospect. If we do not sail to-morrow, your son is to dine with me at Judge Wilson's. He returned last night. I have been to see them this morning, the 18th.

Friday evening. I have now come up to my room to take leave of you. Let my dear Lucius do just as his brother would have him. Tell Charles how dear he is to me. Let him consider Mr. Noyes and Mr. Jones, as well as Mr. Codman, his friends. The East India trade is the first, and Russia the next. Desire him to write me freely. He has an opinion of his own, and I love him for it.

Sarah and Nancy will, as they love me, follow the example of their sister, my dear Margaret; and she will do everything she can to make you happy. Kiss Harriet and Robert and William for me. I now look at Henry; he comes forward next; let him be all attention. Oh, my dear son, now is your time; pay great attention to your reading, writing. See, I love you dearly; love yourself. If my dear boys — Edward, Thomas, and George — will love their books and learn to read, they shall have half a dollar a year, and I will give them all something handsome when I return. Remember me kindly to Charlotte. She shall be informed about her friends; also Betsy, Madam Stowers, Mr. Low, and Mr. Miles. Present my compliments to Mr. Payson, and all other of our friends. You cannot want. Your son is in a fine way; people know his worth. He is dearer to me than ever. Heaven will smile on us. If you are but well, all will be so. You do not know how much I love you. That Heaven will give you health and peace of mind is my first and last prayer every day. Adieu, thou dearest and best of women. Be assured I have no wish but for your ease. No man ever had a more sincere affection for his wife than I have for you.

SAMUEL CARY.

P. S. I have desired that this may go by the post, as I know you want to hear from me as much as I do from you.

Mr. Fraser has just called to say that the vessel goes down in the morning, and that we are to follow on Sunday morning.

Saturday morning. Our vessel is now going, and in the morning I leave this. The post has come in, and no letters for me; but don't be uneasy. Your son will send off a vessel the next week, which will perhaps be there before us. By her it will come. Once more, adieu. When Mr. Bennett goes to Boston he will call on you. Adieu, my dear children. Love and obey your dear mother.

GUADALOUPE, *December* 26, 1796.

I wrote to Sam on the 19th inst., informing our being brought into this island by a privateer on the 14th; and, as there is a vessel going in a day or two to Newburyport, I have obtained leave to write to you, thou dearest and best of women. After being out twenty days from Philadelphia, we met with a small schooner that brought the vessel here; and here, except the being confined on board a guard-ship, we met with very kind treatment. The officers are all gentlemen, who have made our confinement as agreeable as it is in their power. The commissary we are greatly indebted to. He every morning sends us two bottles of milk, so we are in good health and spirits. I must therefore request that you will make yourself easy on my account. We expect leave to go from this island in a few days; and before this is handed to you it is most likely I shall be at Grenada. But remember how much depends on your health, and that, on your peace of mind. This little detention will, when it is over, serve to increase the pleasure I yet expect to enjoy with you and my dear children at Chelsea. Write to Sam on the receipt of this letter and let him know, if he should not have received my letter, the situation I am in. Tell him that I am to be permitted to take his boy George with me. The little fellow has been very useful to me and is a very good boy. The night of the 14th, being the night of the full moon, I spent on the deck of the little privateer, and there received several marks of friendship. The captain offered me his bed; but it being too hot below, in a vessel of twenty-five ton and forty men, I remained on the deck. There I found it cold, being hurried on board without anything; but one of the men, feeling for my situation, came with

his greatcoat and covered me. The captain also showed great attention, and did all in his power to give us care. The next morning we found our brig at Port Louis, and at twelve o'clock were ordered to the Bay Maho, where we now are, momently expecting an order from the general saying how we are to be disposed of. As soon as I get into an English island I shall write to you again, and to our son, not that I have any more to say, but to inform you how I shall proceed.

I came out with Captain Brenton, a very agreeable, pleasant man, to whom I am greatly obliged for his civility. I have mentioned him to Sam, and shall again when I write to him. We are allowed to take our trunks.

> "Oh, let my arms thus press thee to my heart,
> That labors with the longings of my love,
> Struggles and heaves, and fain would out to meet thee."

Tell my dear Margaret that every day at twelve o'clock, and many times oftener, I view her heart, although she has never made known its contents.

> "Who is it that will doubt
> The care of Heaven, or think immortal
> Powers are slow, 'cause they take the privilege
> To choose their own time when they will send their blessing down?
> How poor are they that have not patience!
> What wound did ever heal but by degrees?
> O heaven-born Patience, source of peace and rest,
> Descend; infuse thy spirit through my breast,
> That I may calmly meet the hour of fate,
> My foes forgiven, and triumph o'er their hate."

When I think of you I cannot help saying: —

> "Tell me, O ye Powers, —
> For I 'll be calm, — was I not worthy of your care?
> And why, ye gods, was Virtue made to suffer,
> Unless this world be but as fire to purge
> Her dross, that she may mount and be a star?"

28*th*. We are still waiting to hear from Basseterre, where the general is.

29*th*. We were sent here last night, and are now ordered to Basseterre. I have not time now to write to Sam; let him know the contents of this letter. From Basseterre we expect to be sent to Martinique.

I am, best of women, yours most affectionately,

SAMUEL CARY.

BASSETERRE, GUADALOUPE, *January* 5, 1797.

I wrote to you yesterday by Captain Cross, bound to Boston, and on the 29th inst. by the way of Virginia ; and now, thou dearest and best of women, I have set down to write by my friend Mr. Kemble's brother, Mr. Gouverneur, who is here from France, and bound in a few days for New York. I have already before wrote to our son Sam twice, — yesterday by Captain Cross and once before, — but for fear my letters should not reach you, I shall again repeat that we were taken by a small privateer and carried into the Bay Maho, in this island, on the 14th ultimo ; that after being kept fifteen days a prisoner with Mr. Fraser, — eight on board our brig and seven on board the guard-ship, — we were carried in a boat to Point Peter and brought here the 30th ultimo ; and when we shall be released is yet uncertain. We are allowed to walk about the town, and are boarding in a very good house. Our health and spirits are good, considering our situation. Thus, my very dear and lovely wife, am I confined here when the interest of my family calls me to Grenada. I must say, as a good man said before, "all these things are against me ;" but if I should be able to return to you, this disappointment will serve to sweeten the close of life, and I am strongly impressed with an idea that this will turn out yet for our good, though at present the cloud is dark. There is nothing that gives me so much satisfaction as that our son is fixed in America. I met a friend of his named Brummell, who has made a purchase at Demerara, and, he thinks, a fortune. He was at sea, bound to Liverpool for his health, poor young man. I wish he may reach the land. For all Demerara, I would not see Sam in such a situation. Tell Margaret that I am reminded of her whenever I take out my watch. Sarah and Nancy continue, I make no doubt, to make you happy. I have wrote all the children's names in the almanac I carry in my pocket, and, when walking my room, look it over, which of course carries my mind to Chelsea. I had on the passage wrote you a long letter ; but as letters of this kind only meet the feelings of those to whom they are wrote, I was obliged to destroy it ; but I shall, when I get to Grenada, give an account of the passage, which was very pleasant until we got taken.

I shall continue to write to you every day until my friend sails, and give every little thing as they rise in my mind, though perhaps you may have had some of them before. If you have, you 'll

excuse their being wrote over again, as they come from me, and done with a view of amusing you and my very dear children for a moment.

The night of the 14th ultimo was the full moon, which I spent lying on the deck of the little privateer of only twenty-five tons, — not much bigger than the ferry-boat, — with forty men of all colors. I could not help observing to Mr. F. that my family were that evening thinking of me, as I was of them. The night was beautiful, and, if it had not been for the seas coming over us every now and then, it was not unpleasantly spent, as my mind was full of gratitude that you were safe. It removed all pain on my own account. One of the men, seeing me wet and cold, came and covered me with a greatcoat; for the cabin, as it was called, was so small and hot that there was no staying in it.

I found my son's boy George very useful. He is suffered to remain with me, and my bedding and two trunks; but many things have been taken from me by some unknown hand. You will keep your son informed of what I write, for it is more likely that your letters will go safe than his. Every one declines carrying a letter to a merchant, for fear of what it may contain; but this you will receive, as it 's put into the hands of a gentleman to whom I am under obligation. He is brother to the gentleman that dined with us at Chelsea, and to Mrs. Kemble, who I have already wrote you is a very lovely woman. Sam is all I could wish. Heaven will bless him for his attention to me. Let all my children know how kind he was to me. If the prayers of a father are heard, he will be blest. I want a letter from you, to hear something of the school, the dyke, the farm, Mr. Low, etc., etc.

I was much surprised when the commissary ordered us on board a small sloop at Point Peter to come to this place, to meet Pompey. The poor fellow was glad to see me, but soon showed his pain when he found I was a prisoner, and he was suffered to stay but a few moments. He has promised to go to Chelsea as soon as he arrives.

I must bid you adieu, and lie down on the floor; I shall not be able to lie on a bed again. Seven nights I slept on the deck of a guard-ship, between two 24-pounders, — one fired at daylight and again in the evening, — but it is nothing. I am now as hardy as

when we were first acquainted. Heaven has watched over my health.

BASSETERRE, *January* 4, 1797.

I have this moment heard of an opportunity of writing to you, thou dearest and best of women. I wrote to my son Sam from the Bay of Maho on the 19th ultimo, and to you from Point Peter on the 29th, of our being taken by a privateer on the 14th, and carried into the Bay Maho in the island. My letter to you went by way of Virginia, which I hope you will receive. We still remain prisoners, and when we shall be exchanged or get away it is impossible to say. We have met with civil treatment, but being confined here is painful; it is attended with a heavy expense, and how I shall pay it I at present know not. Thus are all our plans frustrated, and at the time I am most wanted on the plantation I am kept from it, but I will not complain.

"The ways of Heaven are dark and intricate.
Puzzled in mazes and perplexed with errors,
Our understanding traces them in vain,
Lost and bewildered in the fruitless search;
Nor see with how much art the windings run,
Nor where the regular confusion ends."

We board with a very good man, and now have liberty to walk about the town. I fear more for you than for myself. If you will have patience and be at ease, your health will be continued, and think how much depends on you. As for me, I am got to a time of life when a hot climate suits best; therefore let me beg of you not to be uneasy on my account; all will go well yet, if you are but in health.

"Oh, thou art my soul itself; wealth, friendship, honor,
All present joys and earnest of all future
Are summed in thee; methinks, when in thy arms
And leaning on thy breast, one moment more
Than a long thousand years of vulgar hours."

If I could have foreseen this I should have been with you, but Mr. Fraser and I continue well and in spirits, and I cannot help thinking that whatever is is right, and that this may yet turn out for our good; it will at least, if ever I get home, make it dearer to me, if possible, than it was.

I need not beg of you to attend to the children. I now wish I had learned French; let Lucius attend closely to it, and Henry as soon as he has the Latin; but, above all things, let them learn to

be good. What a life! How full of thorns! But have done; to be with you is the constant wish of my soul. Give my love to all the children, and remember me to all our friends. I am, best of women,

Yours most affectionately,

SAMUEL CARY.

BASSETERRE, GUADALOUPE, *January* 21, 1797.

Here Providence seemed to speak in language most persuasive: "Come, silly man, leave the wild tumult and endless struggle, the glittering follies, the false and spurious pleasures which artifice creates to seduce you from the true. Dwell here, and in the lap of Nature study me."

"Here, oh here!" exclaimed I, in a transport which bereft me for a time of every other consideration, "here will I dwell forever." The charm was too finely spun to withstand the hard tugs of fact, and all its precious delusions vanished before a host of gloomy truths, — deranged affairs; family far off, with the distance daily increasing; the hazards and the hardships of a long journey. I hung my head in sorrow, offering up a prayer to protect my family, strengthen myself, and bring us once more together.

If my dear wife receives all the letters I write, she will, I fear, complain of postage. The day after I closed my letter to you by Mr. Gouverneur, I wrote to my dear Margaret and sent it on to go by him, and since wrote a few lines by a vessel for New York, to our son. We still are here, but my mind is at ease, as I have the general's word that it shall not be long before we are sent away. I could have wished that my situation had been such as I might have been acquainted with him. I confess I think highly of him. He is one of those that are brought into view by times like these that are just past, for I conceive the game to be over and peace at hand. I pray that I may not be mistaken, and that we may once more be so happy as to meet at Chelsea. I have, perhaps, in some of my letters, said too much in favor of Citizen Hugues for those that are sore with losses; but depend on it I have wrote you no more than the truth, but remember the truth is not always to be spoken. You 'll therefore keep what I have wrote to yourself. I will, when I get from this, write my son Sam a letter that he may make public.

I began with a sentiment of Mr. Campbell's from his "Journey Overland to India," which I have in one of my letters requested you will give our children an opportunity of reading.

January 20th. — When you write to me, pray mention the dates of the letters you receive from me, and, if you can, by whom they come. A vessel of Mr. Lyman's is just brought in with lumber for Boston. The captain informs me that a vessel with mails sailed two days before him for Grenada, so that I hope when I arrive I shall find letters from you.

21st. — I am this moment informed that there is a vessel to sail in the morning for Boston. I shall therefore forward this, and although I cannot say when we shall get away, I can say it will not be long first. Give my love to all the children. I refer you to what I have wrote by Mr. G., who will sail in six or eight days for New York. He has been very kind and polite to us, offering money and assisting us greatly. I have mentioned to our son, in my letters I have wrote to you, to give my love to our dear Charles. I shall write to him when I get to Grenada.

Pray remember me to all my friends, and be assured I am in good health, and as good spirits as my situation will allow, or better, we having received certain accounts that a peace will take place by the spring. Therefore, thou dearest and best of women, keep up your spirits and all will go well yet. We are told that a flag is to be sent from this to Martinique the day after to-morrow, in which we prisoners are to go. Adieu, my dear, dear Sally, and believe me Yours most affectionately,

SAMUEL CARY.

GRENADA, *February* 4, 1797.

MY DEAR SALLY, — I arrived here the 30th. Left Guadaloupe the 24th, and after two days and two nights, with sixty prisoners, got to Martinique; was kindly received by Mr. Higgins; left there at five o'clock in the afternoon, the 28th, in an armed schooner, and at one o'clock the next morning was attacked by a privateer, which we expected would have carried us back; but after firing and receiving our fire until seven the next morning, left us to pursue a brig coming out of St. Vincent. I received your letter of November 25th at St. George's, — it was a most welcome one to me, — with my dear Margaret's and my good son Lucius', for which they have my kind thanks.

I don't know what to say to you about the plantation. Nothing can be made this year, and I fear very little the next; we have lost thirty negroes and have only fifty left. I have been with Madam L. to buy or rent hers, but I fear she will do neither. She has promised me the preference; but says, as she always did, that she wishes to live and die on that place; but until there is a peace nothing can be done. I wish to see my son Sam after he has been to Martinique, where Mr. Higgins is expecting him. I have but one wish: that is to be with you. Could I either buy or rent Madam's I might be able to return or sell my own, but people in general have been so unhealthy that they have not spirits to make engagements. Mr. Webster is dead, some little before I arrived, and Mr. Cooper and Mr. Wm. Sandbach and Mr. McCarthy, with whom I stay, are down every other day with the fever. The Quarter of Duquesnes looks better than I expected to find it, and the next year will make a good crop. The island is in want of everything; fish at six dollars; mules from £40 to £45 sterling; the fleet not arrived yet from England. I was obliged to destroy Mr. David Green's and Mr. Adams's letters to Mr. Munroe. Let Mr. Adams know this. I could not write it from Guadaloupe, for fear my letters should be seen before I left that island, and they should find I had letters they did not see.

I have sent to town for two thousand feet of boards to board up the mule pen, which will make me a small chamber and a room to dine in. Nancy, as soon as I got to St. George's, came to me, and when I was coming up in a sloop, offered to break up housekeeping and come with me. She was keeping shop, and, Mr. Stephens, who is in St. George's, tells me, doing very well. But if I should be sick, I have no one to take care of me, and as nothing can be made this year, she will save an overseer and take care of my things. I hardly know what to write, nor can I tell you just my situation. The large estates will soon do well, who have money to buy stock. My friend Sandbach will not feel his loss two years hence. I have mentioned to young Sandbach the buying our plantation; but he has nothing, nor will he do anything while his uncle lives, for fear of offending him. Mr. McCarthy thinks we shall come about again.

Mr. Alexander Campbell, a partner of the Glasgow house, is expected out in the fleet. Industry and economy may do great

things, but we are so weak — not having one mule left — that I have my doubts. If I could see Sam, we might come to some determination; at present we are weeding the lanes for next year, that is for 1798. But you must keep up your spirits and go on with your attention to the children, and be assured I 'll do all I can to get back. I wrote you four times from Guadaloupe, and a very long letter to you and to Margaret by Mr. Gouverneur, which I am sure you will receive. I don't know yet how this is to go. I also wrote you from New York and from Philadelphia. It gave me great pleasure to find the dyke was completed, and that you were so easily settled. You must take all on yourself. I hope nothing will remove Mr. Low from you the next summer. I can't think of any alteration that can be made; but if it should appear to Mr. Low that he can do better let him, and you will soon know yourself. He will raise as many colts and cattle as he can; he can't well have too many young cattle and colts. Only let him attend to the walls and putting up the fences to keep the cattle off the dyke land and other mowing land. I am sure you will do what is right, and I am and always shall be pleased with whatever you do. Remind Mr. Low of keeping the tool-house and corn-barn locked. I am glad to find all hands were carting stones to the dyke. Now it is up, keep it; it will soon pay for itself. I suppose they will keep the fresh water on it long enough to get out all the salt.

I am glad to find your corn is free from smut. Mr. Higgins has a great regard for your son Sam, and is sure he will make his fortune, and thinks Lucius does well to go to Philadelphia. If he had been my brother he could not have said more, and wanted to do more than I would consent to; but I am to keep him informed of my situation, and he assured me that I shall not want assistance. But when my worthy son has been with him and comes to me, we shall be able to fall on some plan that will, I hope, make you and me happy the few years we have to live. Pray be particular when you write. I should have been happy to have seen my dear young folks in their new dress. Why did you not write Mrs. Barry? Mrs. Bowford is well. Mrs. B. is gone over to her estate. As there are few or no horses, I came up in a sloop, so cannot say just how Charlotte's mother is, but believe she is well; as soon as I can hear, will let you know. Give my love to every-

body, and believe me, thou dearest and best of women, yours most affectionately,

SAMUEL CARY.

I never was in better health. As I expect my son Sam will be on his way out when you receive this, don't write ; but if anything has stopped him, pray let him know immediately what I write, and that Mr. Higgins says he must see him. I think if he does come we may be able *perhaps* to return together, for if it is possible I will rent or sell. I don't write to him now, not knowing into whose hands my letter may fall. I wrote him a few lines from Martinique.

I saw young Oliver, the ferryman's son, at Guadaloupe, who told me you were all well in December, but could give me no account of the dyke. Remember me kindly to Betsy. Pray remember to root out the whiteweed. Please to look over the directions, and often remind Mr. Low of it. I desire my dear Margaret to present my kind regards to her friend Mrs. Andrews ; I hope they will long continue so. Lucius writes well and a good letter.

GRENADA, *March* 15, 1797.

MY DEAR AND AMIABLE WIFE, — I wrote you two days ago by the way of Newburyport. Since then I have heard of Mr. Gouverneur's being taken by an English man-of-war and carried into Martinique, so that it will be some time before you get the letters I wrote to Margaret and Sam by him, if they should not be thrown into the sea ; however, if they reach you at last I shall be satisfied ; some that I wrote from Guadaloupe I think must. I will not let slip an opportunity of writing to you, if it is ever so few lines. This makes the third letter since my arrival here the beginning of February. I mentioned my having received your letter of the 25th November with one from Margaret and Lucius. If the whole of Lucius' was his own, tell him I am exceedingly pleased with it, and make no doubt, from his attention, he will soon be a man of business. Pray give my love to them all (I need not ask your attention to their schooling, — their future happiness depends on it), and remember me to all that ask after me. I hope you will receive mine of the 3d ultimo, and Margaret the one of the 15th. I saw Mrs. Horsford and Mrs. Barry yesterday. They are well, and live in St. George's. Kitty, I wrote you, was married to Mr. Rose's brother, Mr. G. Rose. The plantations are coming about again,

though slowly ; next year there will be good crops. I have been down with a fever for fifteen or sixteen days, but by being brought to town, with the attention of my friends, I 'm as well as ever. I hardly know what to say to you about my own affairs. I hope it will please Heaven that we may once more meet. If our dear son should come to this part of the world, I hope I shall see him, that we may come to some determination. If he is not sailed, keep him informed of what I write. As to the farm, do the best you can. I hope Mr. Low will not leave you ; but this I am sure of : that no one will do better than you can, and act yourself. Do as much as you can by shares ; the less money you have to pay the better. Mention how the dyke land comes on. If the spring is wet and crop plentiful, the more you have done for the harvest the better ; if dry, labor will be lower and hay higher, of course. The wood you will, I hope, get for salt hay, by giving good loads ; and if the hay will not pay my brother his interest, the horses Brier and Bramble must be sold, and the spring is the time to sell them, which you had better do at any rate, even if you should keep the money by you. April is the time, — but I leave all to yourself. The prospect of peace seems done away, therefore my return is now very uncertain ; and the price of everything is great. The expense is beyond anything I thought of ; and it was expected that at Trinidad we should find plenty of mules and cattle, but there is not any to spare ; indeed, there never was a country in greater want of everything than this is. I have several times requested you to let Mr. Adams know that the letters he sent out were thrown into the sea, with all that were on board. He will be able to forward your letters. Pray write me often. I wonder much that I have not received a line from Sam. He must know how acceptable a letter would be. If Mr. Page proves good pay, Mr. Low will do well to continue to sell to him. Should the dyke land give a good crop, you will act wisely to let on shares, and not commit the error that Dr. Danford did the last year. You will please remind Mr. Low that we want barn-room, and let him act accordingly ; but in this as in everything else you will direct as you see best. By looking over the memorandum book you will see how much can be put into the barn, and mill barn, and the sooner he gets it to market the better.

I am, best of women, yours most affectionately,

SAMUEL CARY.

LETTERS FROM LUCIUS CARY TO HIS MOTHER.

Fourpence Reward (for Sharp Eyes and Honesty).

Lost, on the 25th inst., a Knife with two Blades (both broken), with a pearl Handle, supposed to be lost somewhere about the Parlor. Whoever has Sharp Eyes enough to find it and honesty to return it shall receive the above Reward.

LUCIUS CARY.

December 1, 1796.

This is to certify that I, Lucius Cary, of Chelsea, in the county of Suffolk, have this 1st of December, 1796, paid Edward M. Cary Fourpence for finding a Knife which was lost, and now let no one doubt his eyes and honesty.

LUCIUS CARY.

Witness my hand.
MARGARET GRAVES CARY.
SARAH CARY.

PHILADELPHIA, *January* 23, 1797.

MY DEAR MOTHER, — I arrived here last Wednesday, and went to my brother immediately. He received me very kindly and carried me to my lodgings at the house of a Mr. Baker, a Quaker, where I shall stay till Mr. and Mrs. Bennett come from Boston, which will be in a month. Well, the next morning my brother came for me, and we went together to Mrs. Wilson's to deliver the bundle. She was not at home, but we saw Miss Wilson, who invited me to come on Sunday and go to church with them. We then went to my brother's store, where he immediately employed me to copy letters. I now get up in the morning, eat my breakfast, and open store. My brother comes down about eleven, and we go about business till one, when we go to dinner, and come back at two; at night we shut up store and go home. Now I call this a very lonesome life. I have not a single acquaintance. It is now Monday morning, and I have found a little time to write. I went to Mrs. W.'s yesterday. It snowed very hard, and no one but Mr. W., junior, went to church. He is about as old as our Charles, but a very simple sort of fellow. I received no invitation to dinner, as I expected. You know I said in my last letter that I was going to the play. I went, and was much pleased.

I have found no circulating library yet. I have been quite wretched since I left you for want of society, but I have exerted all my philosophy and have almost conquered it.

My love to my dear Marget, Charlotte, Sarah, Henry, Nancy, Edward, Harriet, Thomas, George, Robert. Kiss them all for me, and tell William I nick my nose every day to make me think of him. Love to Nabby, Nancy P. Compliments to the young couple and to the Misses B., to Messrs. L., and now, my dear mother, believe me, Yours sincerely,

LUCIUS CARY.

My brother sets out to-day for Baltimore. His love to you all. He was much pleased with the shirts and buttons, — but I suppose he will write.

PHILADELPHIA, *February* 2, 1797.

MY DEAR MOTHER, — I believe I can now say something ; for the last time I wrote you I was so very homesick, as Ned calls it, that I could scarcely do anything ; however, I have almost got over it now, but I assure you I had a tough job of it. Many a wretched afternoon have I spent since I came here till I almost fretted myself to death. I am at the house of a Mrs. Baker, an Irish Quaker, a very good sort of a woman. She has four children, all boys, and such pets. O abomination ! a great fellow of seven years old cannot say A, B, C ; must cry if he cannot have anything. The youngest is about four and a half years old and in petticoats, who does not know what a letter is. The two oldest are pretty good fellows. I am to lodge here until Mr. Bennett comes, when I shall go into his house, which I fancy will not be very soon. I get up in the morning, comb my hair, go to the kitchen, wash myself, eat my breakfast, go down to the store ; at two o'clock go and eat my dinner, come down to the store again. So I go on till Sunday, when I go to Judge Wilson's, and commonly dine there, and every evening read French.

The other morning I was waked up by a furious ringing of the bells. I dressed myself and went down. It was a house on fire. It belongs to Mr. Brown, a printer. When he went to bed he left the fire not well covered ; a coal jumped out and caught the floor on fire ; before any one perceived it, it had got into the garret. Mr. and Mrs. B. jumped out of bed and were going downstairs,

but met the fire on the staircase. There was no other remedy but rushing through it. Mrs. B. was dreadfully burnt, and is since dead. Her children were all of them first suffocated and then burnt, — a boy of nine, two girls of thirteen and seven years old. A servant-maid was also burnt to death, and there was not one of the family escaped unhurt. Mr. B. was shockingly burnt. What a situation he is now in! It is said that he beat his wife that night, and long before treated her shamefully; that, once before, she was very sick, and the nurse was going to administer relief, but she said "Let me die, for my heart is broken." May not this, my dear mother, be called a judgment upon him? Even to live must be wretched to him. He was in good circumstances and kept his carriage. He has suffered very little by the fire, his printing office, which was below, being saved.

On to the southward, it is said, it has been as cold as nineteen below zero, and two children have been frozen in their bed.

My love to my dear Charlotte, Sarah, Henry, Nancy, Ned, Harriet, Tom, George, Robert. Kiss that dear little creature William for me. Bite off a piece of his little cheek. My allowance when I first came was one quarter of a dollar per week; it is one half of a dollar.

Love to Mrs. Cheever, Messrs. L. and T.

My dear mother, believe me,

Ever your most affectionate son,

LUCIUS CARY.

I sincerely beg my dear Margaret's pardon for such neglect in not writing, but as soon as I have something to write about, which I hope will be soon, I will make it up. My love and respects to the worthy Mr. Hayes and family.

PHILADELPHIA, *February* 8, 1797.

Again I assume the pleasing task of writing to my dear mother, a liberty that I would not change for anything. I every day receive fresh instances of kindness from my dear brother. He behaves more like a father than a brother. Since I last wrote, nothing of any consequence has happened, except the death of Mr. Brown. Poor man! he died in the most exquisite torture, and I hear lost both his arms and his sight. He had a son whom he had treated so badly that he was obliged to leave his father's house. Even at

his death-bed he would have nothing to say to his son. Poor man! he is now released from all the cares of this world. My dear mother, if I can do anything for you, you have but to write and it shall be done directly. The market here is excellent. I pass through a part of it every morning. Everything is so clean and nice; but there is one thing, and that is, you must pay well for everything you have. Chickens and ducks are three quarters of a dollar a pair, and everything else in proportion.

I hope Henry comes on well with his book. Ned, too, I hope. The admiral, I know, is a good scholar. George, my man, can you read yet? Robert, how do you come on? William, you must ask mamma to kiss you for me. Compliments to Messrs. Low and Turtle. How does Henry drive?

My dear mother, I remain your affectionate son,

LUCIUS CARY.

P. S. — I would give the world to see what Sam says about me, so make little extracts from his letters and send them to me, good or bad. I beg my flute may not be sold.

LUCIUS CARY TO HIS MOTHER.

PHILADELPHIA, *February* 25, 1797.

MY DEAR MOTHER, — My brother has just received a letter which he desires I should enclose directly. He expects to sail about the 20th of March, and, without Mr. Bennett comes soon, he will not be able to go to Boston. The letter, I suppose, is from my father, as I see his dear hand on the outside of it. What transports there are at home on the receipt of it, — now all running together, while the tear of expectation glistens in every eye! My brother received a letter from my father about the time he was taken, so I heard the unfortunate news about the same time that you did. I sympathize with you in our common grief.

I shall mind what you say about acquaintance; but my dear, dear mother, don't, I beg, be too frugal with your advice. Don't suppose that I am one of your fine fellows that hate advice. I love it dearly, especially when it comes from such a mother as has not her equal in the world. Do write me often, my dear mother, and give me some more advice. It is like the words that flowed from old Nestor's mouth. Love to all.

LUCIUS CARY.

LUCIUS CARY TO HIS MOTHER.

PHILADELPHIA, *March* 10, 1797.

It is now Friday afternoon. My brother went this morning to New York, and, as I have nothing to do, I thought I would write you a few lines, though my dear mother you are very deeply in my debt. . . . I have been to Rickett's Circus once, and twice to the play. I have also had the pleasure of seeing General Washington, Mrs. W., and family. I could hardly believe my eyes when I saw this long-wished-for sight. I am now quite satisfied, for I was afraid they would go away before I could get a sight of them; but I was determined to see them if it cost me ever so much. It was not one of those momentary sights, it was a good long view; it was at the play. I had heard that they were going for the last time, so I thought I would go, too; and it was very lucky for me that I did, though if I had been ten minutes later I should not have been able to have got in; however, I sat very near them. The play was called "The Way to be Married." I liked it very well. I have also seen one called "Columbus," which is a very good one. I have my washing done here at four shillings, which is a little better than half a dollar. I have been obliged to give up one pair of my pantaloons, and have had a new pair of breeches.

I go regularly to church every Sunday with Judge Wilson's family, except when there is not room enough there; then I go to meeting, but always go to one or the other. As for male acquaintance, I have for instance Mr. Wilson's family, which consists of some very clever young fellows; and those young apprentices about our store, whom you know I must seem to like, whether I do or not, to avoid the imputation of pride, which of all things I dislike. I have also one other good acquaintance, and that is Francis Coffin, who is Mrs. W. Codman's brother, and keeps Mr. Codman's store at New York. With him I carry on a pleasing correspondence by letter; he is, indeed, a very clever fellow. As for the female sex, I am such an awkward fellow, and make so little impression on them, that I have almost given them up.

I remain your affectionate and dutiful son,

LUCIUS CARY.

I believe this is our little George's birthday. Give my love to the dear little fellow and the rest of them.

LUCIUS CARY TO HIS MOTHER.

PHILADELPHIA, *July* 1, 1797.

MY DEAR MOTHER, — I received your favor of 15th June a few days ago, apprising me of the return of my father. Yes, my dear parent, I congratulate you most sincerely upon this happy occasion; to hear of your happiness is an addition to mine, and the joy I feel at the thoughts of your being in such good spirits is more than I can properly express. Yet where shall we find perfect happiness? Nowhere I am persuaded can we find a situation which has not something, some little inconvenience, to disturb the peace of those who are in it. Thus, for instance, ourselves, who, while we are rejoicing at the return of our father, at the same time our joy is embittered with the thoughts of the loss sustained in the West Indies. All will yet be well, depend upon it, my dear mother. I am very glad to see you wait with such patience till that time comes when you will be completely happy in having all your children round you, which, I do not doubt, will soon come. I agree with you that the healthy situation of Retreat, and the company of his family, will serve in a great measure to restore our dear father to his wonted health and spirits. . . .

The books that I have read are principally lives, voyages, magazines, travels, histories, letters, and some novels, — such as the lives of Mahomet, king of Prussia, and others; voyages of Cook and Anson; of George Barrington to Botany Bay; magazines for 1794–1797; travels of Hunter, etc.; histories of France, of Charles XII., Danish Massacre; letters of Chesterfield; novels: "Montalbert," "Fool of Quality," "Charles Towerly; or, Bastille," "Charlotte; or, Tale of Truth," and a number of others.

In one of my former letters to you I said in the latter part of it "that, as I could make no impression on the fair sex, I was resolved to give them up." This, no doubt, carried a great appearance of levity with it, and you might, perhaps, wonder what I meant. It was quite a mistake, for I mean to say that they could make no impression on *me*, for you know being in company would serve to take off that diffidence which I have hanging about me.

. . . . . .

Mr. and Mrs. Bennett I must not pass over in silence. They are always extremely kind to me. They have an uncle and maiden

aunt and sister who reside about twenty miles from town. They come to town sometimes to see Mrs. B.; and once, while they were here, they invited me to come up and see them. Accordingly, a few days after, I went up with Mrs. B., and passed two days very agreeably. The uncle is a very good farmer, and has had a large farm, which he sold lately for £10,000 currency. He has now a small farm, which he hires, and lives very comfortably. Talking with me about farming, he desired me, the next time I wrote home, to ask my friends to send me some "French turnip and beet seed." Now I should like extremely to oblige the old gentleman. Could you not, my dear mother, contrive to get it in some way? If, however, there is any difficulty in it, do not mind it. I would thank you if you would send my flute on by my brother when he visits you, for I regret the want of it very much. . . . And now, my dear mother, let me put an end to this long letter by subscribing myself, what I never shall cease to be,

Your most affectionate and dutiful son,

LUCIUS CARY.

LUCIUS CARY TO HIS MOTHER.

PHILADELPHIA, *January* 4, 1798.

On Monday last I had the pleasure of receiving a letter from my dearest mother; Mrs. Wilson, who arrived on Sunday evening, acquainting me that my friends in Chelsea were all well.

Mrs. Bennett is now nearly recovered, and Fourth Street is again blessed with her smiles. The little boy, Master James Thomas Benger Bennett, now nearly five months old, has lately been inoculated, and grows finely. I assure you, you did Mr. and Mrs. B. no more than justice in calling 'em "a pattern of conjugal affection," for, in my humble opinion, they have fully earned the famous *Flitch of Bacon*. I wish it were possible that you could take a look at our fireside one of these evenings; I am almost sure you would like it. At one side you 'd find the aforementioned couple cooing away like two pigeons, and at the opposite corner, your son Lucius reading, and every now and then stealing a sly look at them; in the intervening space, a friend or two; the mug of beer at the fire, and on the table glasses.

The city is now perfectly cleared of yellow fever, and Philadelphia looks as bright as ever. How happy do your repeated expressions of love and affection make me, my dear mother! With how much pleasure would I do anything that would contribute in any manner to the happiness of one whom I so dearly love and honor!

I have got Campbell's "Journey Overland to India," and like it very much. "The Studies of Nature" by St. Pierre is, I fancy, a new publication, as I find it is not to be had here.

Mrs. Wilson informs me that we shall have the pleasure of my brother's company here as soon as a convenient opportunity presents. I am determined to speak to him respecting an old promise of his to allow me a stated annual sum for clothes, — say fifty dollars, which I think is little enough, for it has cost that the last year, exclusive of shirts, which you know are dear; then I shall not be obliged to ask Mr. B. for everything.

Give my best love and duty to my dear, dear father. I am happy to hear he enjoys such good health.

My love to them all. Adieu, my dearest mother. Believe me ever

Your most affectionate and dutiful son,

Lucius Cary.

MRS. CARY TO HER SON SAMUEL, AT LLOYD'S COFFEE HOUSE, LONDON.

Retreat, *August* 25, 1798.

My dear Sam, — Your favor of June 20th, written while at Martinique, lies before me. In fine spirits you had taken your passage on board the Grenville Bay for England, the scene of your youthful hours. Is there, then, no period of our lives we can retrace without a sigh? Alas, no! If at your age you confess that you look back with a mixture of pain and pleasure that leaves the mind in doubt which is most predominant, thus shall it be with the longest life, while all to come after the toil is over shall be permanent, as it is unalloyed with even a painful reflection. Your excellent letter, so calculated to inspire every cheerful idea, has yet, I think, made me more serious than if you had written a sermon. I suspect your spirits are artificial, not, as Margaret told you in her last

letter that "mamma said you had written after dinner," which was merely a jocular idea of the moment, and vanished as soon as expressed. I must beg your pardon, therefore, my love, for I am certain you never justly incurred a suspicion of the kind. But I know you think a great deal, and until you are fixed in some permanent way of business have much room for serious reflection.

I congratulate you upon the progress I suppose you to have made on the violin during your passage, and shall more readily allow all your improvements when you come back, and more perhaps than you really deserve. You have a taste for music; cultivate it as much as leisure from more important business will admit. It will sweeten your journey through the rugged path of life in many a bitter hour.

Charles is at last with us. He is in fine health, and as good spirits as usual with him. He is soon to leave us, having just engaged, or rather accepted, a berth as second mate on board the ship Newport, Captain Tube, a ship owned by Mr. Hays and Coffin Jones, bound to Virginia for freight, and from thence to London. I beg you to remember me most kindly to Mr. and Mrs. Marryat and to Mrs. Barry. We are in expectation of hearing from you, if not seeing you, very soon. Your father is perfectly well, as are also the young folks. Adieu, my dear Sam, and believe me,

Your most affectionate mother,

SARAH CARY.

MR. CARY TO HIS SON SAMUEL AT THE CLOSE OF MRS. CARY'S LETTER.

MY DEAR SON, — Charles is on board a ship of Mr. Hays, and will sail in two weeks for Virginia, and then straight for London. I have just received a letter from Mr. Brande, dated July; he had made 47 hogsheads of sugar and shipped 45. I wrote to Mr. Bennett in July to draw on me, but I have not heard from him since. He then wrote me that he had used the letters and papers you mentioned, and would send them on, but they have not come to hand. News you get through the papers. Boston has been, and they say now is, sickly. There was no keeping Charles at home, and yet I fear his being taken, as we are now at war with

the French. Remember me kindly to Mr. and Mrs. Marryat, to Mr. Thornton, and in the kindest manner to Mr. Higgins.

Yours most affectionately,

SAMUEL CARY.

Charles wrote you by two opportunities.

After my grandfather's return from Grenada his son's plans appear to have been altered, and both Sam and Lucius returned to the West Indies, where the former remained till his death in 1810.

FROM MRS. CARY TO HER SON SAM.

RETREAT, *March* 29, 1799.

This morning, looking over some letters of yours received during your apprenticeship in Grenada, and others after I quitted you and left that island, all strongly expressive of the tenderest and most exalted love, together with the neat, small ring "to filial affection," has awakened all the mother in my soul. Ah, my loved Sam, Heaven is witness how dear you are to me, and how amply you have fulfilled my wishes respecting your conduct and manners since that period, when by your letters it appears I expressed some doubts at leaving you at so early an age. Yes, I know you incorruptible, and that to God and your own conscience you will ever acquit yourself. I am just in disposition to grow serious, for which you would not, I believe, thank me. Well then, the old gardener, a newly hired man by the name of Greenleaf, is lopping some of the branches from the fruit trees in the garden, whither Lucius and your father are gone to superintend, while I am writing this letter, having only one half hour allowed me before tea. Margaret, Sarah, and Nancy strolled to the cottage, and myself free from interruption, with Harriet by my side, who only asks that her thanks be presented *first* for your sweet remembrance (as she calls it) of her in the gift of Noah's ark, farm-yard, and enraged farmer. She is very certain, she says, that no one ever had so kind and excellent a brother. I beg leave also to thank you for my muff and tippet; but thanks are very inadequate, my love, to the grateful effusions of my heart. Suffice it, then, to acknowledge that I shall always consider myself greatly your debtor. This last is

only a new proof, a new testimony, of that affection that I shall ever, I hope, esteem it my pride to possess. I refer you to Margaret for particulars relating to the gifts for the children. No one, I think, is more highly gratified than herself in the elegant little ebony paper case.

We are become impatient to hear from you; one of your vessels is said to be missing; the rest of the fleet safe arrived. There are late accounts from Martinique, and we have been disappointed in not receiving letters from you. The mind ever busy in creating trouble for itself, we have only one conjecture, which is that your vessel is the one missing. For my part I am willing to hope for the best, and not to despond, although the vessel you may be in should be lagging behind, which is often the case in a fleet, where one or more, I know, often sail more heavily than the rest. Heaven grant you success, my dear, dear Sam, in your affairs. My daily prayers are offered up for you.

I wish I had anything agreeable to write you about. We have had a most tedious winter, shut up during the whole time within doors, and thought ourselves blessed in a cheerful fireside.

Farewell, my dear son, and believe me

Your most affectionate mother,

SARAH CARY.

P. S. — Your father is perfectly well; Henry at Billerica Academy; and Charles's ship, the Newport, been spoken twice within a fortnight, and a probable supposition is that she is now in Virginia, there to take a load of tobacco for London.

RETREAT, *June* 21, 1799.

MY DEAR SAM, — I wrote you by Lucius, yet will not deny myself the pleasure of saying, How do you do? I hope the Sally will reach Martinique safe. When I know that Lucius is in your hands I shall be reconciled to his absence. I see nothing equally eligible for him here; for, separate from the difficulty of getting a place in Boston, should the fever return there again, he must have come home; and should it not, the extreme rigor of the winter season would prevent my seeing him frequently. Those mothers are happy who have their children always near them, and those who have not must submit to the necessity of their absence. You, my loved Sam, will one day know the pains inseparable from the

bosom of a fond and doting parent; but I hope you will also know the pleasures and feel the same delight (more I think you cannot) that I do when I contemplate your virtues. No offense, I hope, my love. This is not flattery, for flattery is false praise. What I say is founded on truth, "and truth alone is lovely," and a conviction that my love, my more than parental love, or rather more than common parents feel, is founded on your merits.

When shall I hear from you? Your father is writing to you. The business you have confided to him has thrown his thoughts into a new channel. He is formed for business, which he always undertakes with ardor. I am certain it will be serviceable to his health and spirits. Why did he leave it off? As you are not by me, I will answer myself. His fidelity, punctuality, and honor were too rarely met with amongst young fellows of his age, and therefore seized upon by those gentlemen of St. Kitts and friends of your grandfather, and converted to their own use. In return, therefore, and to fix his attention to the spot where their interest lay, they assisted him in the purchase of a plantation in Grenada; for which piece of service, or disservice, I am the last that ought to complain, because it was the means of bringing us together for life. I know not how I got into the conversation with you; but be that as it may, you must be satisfied now; for my time, which I had limited, is expired, and I will seal my letter before my good lord reads it; for you men are apt to be vain of the good opinion of ladies, and it is bad policy in a wife to let her husband know to the full extent her good opinion of him; and so farewell.

I am, my dear Sam,

Your most affectionate mother,

SARAH CARY.

RETREAT, *November* 12, 1799.

. . . . . .

Last May we were truly happy. Your safe arrival in the West Indies; Messrs. C.'s letters, with accounts, sales, etc.; the commission you had thrown into the hands of your father, — all together gave us a new turn of thoughts; but, above all, your successful business raised us to a pitch of happiness and pleasure unknown to us since the insurrection in Grenada. How totally do ease and prosperity lull the mind into a careless security! But

the late accounts have sufficiently roused us, and how readily now do we allow that the "cup of felicity pure and unmixed is not a draught for mortals"!

In regard to the demand upon the estate, I think that will surely be settled without much difficulty. I well remember the transaction, as does certainly Mr. Sandbach, who will readily afford any assistance in his power. Your father, who has written a long letter to Messrs. C., I fear will think himself obliged to go to Grenada, although he confesses that the plantation may be conducted without him. He is undetermined what step to take. His mind is sometimes deprived of all firmness;—now this, now that. He resolves, then re-resolves, still remains undecided, and I dread a fit of sickness in his state of mind. He grows impatient to hear from you, and seems to place his whole happiness in you, and blesses God every day for having, as he says, blessed him with a son in whom he places such confidence and delight. I hope we shall soon hear from you; for while you are well he cannot be wholly unhappy. I flatter myself, for my part, that Messrs. C. may be prevailed on to wait until the plantation holds up its head again, and do think that if your father could transact any business, upon commission or otherwise, so as to prevent any demands upon Mt. P. more than its expenses, there would be some good pickings yet, and it would be able to free itself of the present load of debt, unless indeed we should be so truly unfortunate as to have Gautiere demand to pay a second time. Then indeed we are completely ruined, and neither equity nor honor remaining in Grenada. Should we be even obliged to engage in a lawsuit, it will be little short of ruin. Oh, my dear, my loved Sam, bad as that will be, a separation from your father will be far, far worse. God knows our views for ourselves are very small, but with such a family I know not how we are to wade through; and amidst the pangs your father suffers, is it amongst the least, think you, that he looks to you for assistance now who ought to expect it from him?

SARAH CARY.

LUCIUS CARY TO HIS MOTHER.

SAINT PIERRE, *July* 3, 1799.

Well, my dearest mother, how do you do, and how have you been for this long and tedious time that I have been absent from you? As for me, I have been quite so so. We sailed from Boston on Sunday the 9th day of June, and arrived here on Sunday the 29th, which makes our passage twenty days, and which is ten days shorter than any vessel now here has had from America. There is a brig here which was even thirty-six days from Cape Ann. We were terribly frightened several times. Every sail we saw was a privateer, and we gave ourselves up for lost whenever one of them approached us. Twice did I go below and put on all the clothes I could, and put Citizen Beaujear's letter, with six dollars which I had left, into my shoes; however, we got clear, and are now safe at our destined port. For the first week I was very sick, no appetite for anything. I grew quite lean and meagre, but we had some good weather after that, and I grew well again. I came on shore on Monday morning, and carried my father's letter to Mr. Brady. He received me very civilly; told me my brother was just gone to Fort Royal, but that I should remain at his house till his return. I was introduced to Mrs. Brady and her little daughter. I like them both very much indeed, and have been treated with a politeness which I think I have seldom experienced. My brother returned this morning, and received me with all the kindness and affection I could possibly have wished or expected. He is gone to Fort Royal again this afternoon, and I am to stay at Mr. Brady's till he returns, which will be the latter end of the week. I find that my brother is become a housekeeper. His house is situated in the northern part of the town, called the New City. I went with him this morning to it. He is looking out now for a store.

Saint Pierre is a pleasant place, and about the size of Boston. The streets are all paved, and with a gutter in the middle, through which there is always a stream of water running. I now feel quite contented and happy; and if I can only please my brother, which shall be my utmost endeavor, and hear often from my dear parents, I shall be perfectly so. Now and then I feel a kind of regret, and think how many happy days I have spent at Chelsea; but I always stifle it with reminding myself how much it is for my good, how

lucky it was for me that I went to Philadelphia. Had I never left home, I should now, no doubt, be indulging a foolish weakness. I went yesterday to the tailor's, and was measured for a coat, two waistcoats, and a pair of overalls.

This goes by an armed brig to New York, which is the first vessel which has sailed from this for America since my arrival. Give my best love to my dear sister Margaret, Sarah, Nancy, Henry, Ned, Harriet, and all the rest of my dear little friends. Tell them I love them all dearly and will not forget them, and believe me, my dear mother, to be ever

Your dutiful and affectionate son,

LUCIUS CARY.

LUCIUS CARY TO HIS MOTHER.

SAINT PIERRE, *July* 14, 1799.

MY DEAR MADAM, — I am now at my brother's house. He arrived from Fort Royal yesterday, and I left Mr. Brady's this morning. I wished to thank Mr. and Mrs. B. for their attention and civility to me, but could not force myself to it (such is my excessive modesty). I have just dined, and am going this afternoon to invite Captain Ripley to dine with us to-morrow. My brother called me into his room this morning, and told me that one hundred and twenty pounds would be placed to the credit of my account at the end of twelve months, beginning from the day I arrived, as an allowance for clothes and pocket-money, which he said I should find quite and not more than sufficient. This is exactly what I wished. It appears to me at present, and will no doubt to you, that £120 ($267) is a great deal too much, but clothes here are very high; for the clothes I have had made here cost as follows: a coat (but a very handsome blue one, five and a half dollars a yard), sixteen dollars; two waistcoats, three shillings apiece; and overalls, three dollars. I am very well fitted now, I think, for six or eight months.

My brother goes to Barbadoes in about a week, and I am to remain during his absence with Mr. Badge at Fort Royal. I have seen Mr. B. several times. I like him very much. He is a common-sized man, rather thick and tolerably handsome; appears to be very agreeable and good-humored.

While I was at Mr. and Mrs. Brady's house, Mr. and Mrs. MacIntosh drank tea there. Mrs. B., without mentioning my name, observed that I was lately from Boston. Mr. MacI., after asking me what part of Boston I lived in, and being told Chelsea, inquired if I knew Mr. Cary there. I told him, yes, that he was my father. "Mr. Cary your father! Is it possible! Ah! You Mr. Cary's son! Ay, ay! indeed!" He then began a long account of his reception at Chelsea, and of his little friends there, and among them his sweetheart Nancy; declared that he should be very happy to see me at his house when I was at leisure, and should be glad to oblige any one belonging to a family from which he had received so many civilities. It seems he got very little by his Grammars here, for he put them at six dollars apiece, and no one would buy them. . . .

I am very sorry this is not written very well, but there is a Frenchman playing the fiddle in the house opposite, and I cannot help keeping time with him. Pray give my love to my dear sister Margaret, whom I shall do myself the pleasure of writing to soon, to my dear, good Sarah, and my sweet Nancy. It shall not be long before I write them. Give my best love to my dear boys, Henry, Ned, Tom, George, Robert, William, and to my good friend Harriet, not forgetting the little cottager, with his father and mother, who, I hope, both continue to enjoy health.

Believe me, my dear mother, to be, ever sincerely,

Your most affectionate and dutiful son,

LUCIUS CARY.

LUCIUS CARY TO HIS MOTHER.

FORT ROYAL, *October* 4, 1799.

Yesterday I had the great pleasure of receiving my dear mother's much esteemed favor of the 30th August, for which I return you my best thanks, and beg you to believe that I pay due attention to its contents in every respect. I observe what you say respecting my future prospects in life and my present situation. I assure you I know no one single occupation in which I could be more happy or more contented than in my present one; as for a physician, nothing would have been more foreign to my feelings. I cannot help thinking that there is always a fatality attends these things, and that all we are to do in the whole course of our lives is

determined long before we come into the world. Will you favor me with your opinion on this subject?

I am still with Mr. Badge here. As the quarter is at an end, we are all very busy making up accounts; but I believe we shall finish in a week, when my brother goes to Barbadoes and I take a trip to Grenada to see how my father's estate comes on there, and from whence I will write you. I promise myself much pleasure in reviewing the places where I spent so much of my early life. I fear I shall find them too much altered to be able to trace any of those scenes which once afforded me so much delight; where innocence, happiness, and good-humor all contributed to furnish us with a continual round of amusement and pleasure. Oh, I shall never forget it!

A most melancholy accident happened here lately, which has thrown a damp on my spirits that I have hardly been able to remove. There was here a young man with whom I became acquainted soon after my coming here. Our acquaintance soon grew into an intimacy. We shared all our amusements and pleasures, and thought but of pleasing each other. One day I missed him, and went to the house where he lived. He was sick with a fever, and despaired of. The next day I went. He was breathing his last, and in half an hour, died. I had not even the consolation of bidding him farewell. The first time I went he was asleep; the next, insensible. I had half a dollar belonging to him in my possession, with which I have bought a small penknife, which, with my mourning gloves, I will keep as a memorial of him, and, while I live, shall never forget the worthy Robert Payne.

Believe me ever, my dear mother,

Your very affectionate and dutiful son,

LUCIUS CARY.

LUCIUS CARY TO HIS MOTHER.

FORT ROYAL, *December* 3, 1799.

MY DEAR MADAM, . . . As I have not many subjects to write upon, I will just tell you how I pass my time. At five in the morning I rise, and walk till six; write until nine, when I breakfast; am exercising my pen until three, when I leave off to dress, which with dinner employ me till five; I then write again till sunset (six o'clock), at which time I leave off and shut up; six to eight, walk-

ing; eight to nine, contemplating; nine to five, sleeping; and thus passes the day. Mr. Badge has two young men besides me. One is the store-keeper, and the other an assistant to us both. I am book-keeper, and have lately been made cash-keeper, and received the key of the iron chest in due form (which, between you and me, I think shows a little confidence). My brother has been quite unsettled these several months, and is not yet quite fixed at St. Pierre; but as soon as he is, which I hope will be in a month, I shall return thither. St. Pierre is by far the largest and better place; besides, I shall have many more opportunities of making money than I ever should here. My brother is at present gone to Grenada, so that I am disappointed in my expected jaunt thither; however, I hope that pleasure is in reserve for me.

Give my very best love to my very dear boys, also to my dear girls, and believe me ever, my dear mother,

Your very dutiful and affectionate son,

L. H. Cary.

LUCIUS CARY TO HIS MOTHER.

Mount Pleasant, *May* 8, 1800.

My dear Mother, — Behold me at length in Grenada, after ten years' absence, visiting the place where I spent my earliest youth and so many happy days. I arrived in St. George's on Tuesday last, with introductory letters for Messrs. Orr, Campbell, Naghten, and Sandbach. Soon after my arrival I waited on Mrs. Horsford with a book from my brother. As I went up the hill to her house where she lives, I was thinking how I should introduce myself. However, I had scarcely opened the door, when the old lady came up to me and addressed me by name, and then introduced me to the two Misses Rose. I recollected them all quite perfectly, particularly Mrs. H. I received an invitation to come and visit them on my return to town, which I shall comply with.

You may easily imagine what I felt when I arrived on the plantation. I recollected everything, — the works, negro-houses, and gully; even the rock at the corner and bottom of the hill did not escape me. I could turn my eyes nowhere that I did not meet with some object which put me in mind of former times. The negroes came up one by one and introduced themselves. There

were, however, very few which I recollected. They were all surprised to see me, and particularly old Constance, the cook, who expressed much wonder at seeing me grown so tall. They all inquired after all the family very particularly, one by one, and desired me to remember them to you, Charlotte, and Fanny. The country, you may easily suppose, is very much altered since you were there. On every estate appear old walls, etc., and all the remains of former splendor. I am, at present, on the Resource estate with Mr. Sandbach. He lives in the little cooper's shop on the edge of the hill. He has a new house building where the old one formerly was, and intends to begin the garden again, which is at present a heap of rubbish.

It is now quite dark, and I have no more time. I will therefore take my leave until I arrive at St. George's.

ST. GEORGE'S, *May* 20.

I arrived here this morning from the Maran estate, where I had been spending a few days with Mr. Alexander Campbell by his particular invitation. I dined yesterday with Mrs. Horsford and family, and spent the day very pleasantly. She inquired after a great many people in America, and gave me a long history of the insurrection.

. . . . . .

I am much gratified with the confidence which you place in me with regard to the disposal of my time. Depend upon it, it shall always be my study to give you as well as myself pleasure by ever conducting myself in such a manner as never to give either you or my father the slightest cause to be displeased with my behavior. I beg my best love to all my dear boys and girls, and am ever,

My dear mother,

Your truly affectionate son,

L. H. CARY.

LUCIUS CARY TO HIS MOTHER.

FORT ROYAL, *July* 4, 1800.

MY DEAR MOTHER, . . . Soon after I arrived from Grenada, my brother and myself were preparing letters for Chelsea. My brother asked me if I intended sending anything to America. I

told him that I was undetermined, as I had found no captain as yet in whom I could confide. He then directed me to put up some old rum, sweetmeats, etc., and to send them to you, which I accordingly did, and shipped them on board the schooner John, Captain Allen, of Boston, to my father's address. He expressed himself in such ambiguous terms as induced me to suppose that he intended the present to be mine. I did not find out the mistake until it was too late to rectify it, the box being sent and I having mentioned it to you and my father as from me. You now see the ridiculous position in which I now am, and I hope my father and you will consider this explanation as a sufficient apology.

I am extremely happy to hear from you that the season is so favorable and so charming. We have no reason to complain on this island. The French, you know, take much more pains with their fruit-trees than the English, and we have always great abundance. I like the scheme very much that you have adopted of planting poplars near the house. I would recommend setting some of them in clusters, and also cutting the tops of those which are thus planted, which you know will make them more shady and thicker. I should think also a peach-tree here and there would be an improvement. I was pleased and gratified in hearing that Charles is so likely to do well for himself, and is situated so much to his satisfaction. . . . I will close this epistle firmly assured that you will never have any reason to believe me other than,

My dear mother,

Your very affectionate and dutiful son,

L. H. Cary.

LUCIUS CARY TO HIS MOTHER.

Martinique, *October* 22, 1800.

My dear Mother, — Yours of the 22d of July I have received, and have heard of an opportunity to answer it, but by the fleet which sails on Sunday. . . . I had the honor of conveying Miss Bridgewater of Grenada on board the packet-boat this morning; but she did not vouchsafe me a single look or word, although I am confident she knew me. I believe I am doomed to be unfortunate with the ladies, who never take any notice of me. I observe your mention of Henry, and your wish for his being settled. I assure

you I am quite interested for his future welfare, and sincerely wish that he may procure a good situation ; but I see no likelihood of his finding one here, though I should be much pleased at its taking place. We have had very few arrivals here lately from America, and not many from England.

General Knox stopped here not long ago on his way to Jamaica, of which he is appointed lieutenant-governor. The correspondence between England and these islands has been very much disturbed lately. No less than seven packets were taken successively during the last six months. Admiral Duckworth, of the Leviathan, on his way out, however, fell in with a small Spanish fleet, the principal part of which he captured ; and three large ships were sold here to speculators from St. Thomas.

The foregoing I put in for my father, to whom I shall write per next opportunity, and now send some papers and magazines. I beg to be always remembered to my father, and am always, my dear mother,

Your very affectionate and dutiful son,

L. H. Cary.

V

LETTERS FROM MRS. CARY, LUCIUS CARY, AND MISS OTIS

1800–1815

SAM CARY TO HIS MOTHER

MARTINIQUE, *February* 13, 1800.

MY DEAR MADAM, — I have received yours of the 17th November, and acknowledged the receipt of it once or twice, I believe, to my father. It is time I should personally acknowledge it to yourself. We can all bear our own misfortunes, I find, but not those of each other. Accuse not *me* of too much refinement. What are these misfortunes which fall so heavy upon us? Our family is all in harmony; its reputation is uninjured. The young children are in a fair way of being well educated, and the elder ones are contented with their lot. We have not so much money as we want. There is every prospect that at the end of this year Campbell's demand against us will be reduced to £2,000, and we shall be free of all other debt except that to my uncle. With all this the estate will probably, in the ensuing year, raise its head again. Oh, but you will say, this is not all the effect of your father's exertions. You say true; it is not an effect resulting immediately from his actual efforts, but it is the consequence of the conduct he has pursued and the character he has obtained in life. If my father had not been careful of my education, I could not have been the instrument used to convey assistance to him; and if Mr. Higgins had not a high respect for my father's character, he would have thought a much slighter provision sufficient for me, my present opportunities being considered by Mr. H. as the medium through which he may express his friend-

ship for my father. You think, I fancy, that amidst all the troubles of the family I am the only one beyond the reach of misfortune. Yes, Sam rises like a lark; his day is unclouded, and the evening closes upon him in peace! Suffer yourself to be undeceived. *Homo sum.* Envy me not, then, the consolation I have in thinking that I have been regarded worthy of being used as the means of comforting my father. Riches are a blessing.

Enough of morality. Let us be mortals like other people, and talk scandal a little. Doctor H., of Grenada, has married Mrs. C. *and* three children. I send some Grenada newspapers for your amusement. Mrs. R. is supposed to be about to be married to Mr. C., and Mrs. G. to Mr. A. These reports want confirmation. The ladies themselves, as usual, know for their part nothing about it. The latter match, if it be intended, must at all events be deferred in consequence of the death of old Mr. L., who three weeks ago ended all his troubles in this world. Another widow at Grenada. Who bids?

Yours affectionately,

SAM CARY.

MRS. CARY TO HER SON SAM.

June 17, 1800.

MY DEAR SAM, — I thank you for your kind, philosophical, moral, affectionate, and elegant letter of 14th of February. I like to begin a letter with an acknowledgment of one received. It never fails to put the reader into good-humor. . . . I am perfectly satisfied with your conduct, and I hope you are so with mine. The sentiments that fall from your and my pen are careless and unstudied, and never designed to give anything but pleasure.

The season is delightful. What pleasure would you not take in walking with us to the dyke, which is full of fine fish, and proves a new source of amusement to your father and his boys, who go out every morning, between four and five o'clock, and bring us in a plentiful supply for the table! This place has become my favorite walk. It greatly exceeds, in my opinion, in beauty and variety, any other view within our limits.

Farewell, my dear, dear Sam. Do not expect long letters, now that they are likely to be so much exposed.

We have not heard from Charles, who, I have often wrote you, is

gone to the East Indies. Henry is at home learning French. The young folks are all perfectly well. Your father and Marget are writing to you. Once more adieu, and believe me

Most affectionately yours,

SARAH CARY.

MRS. CARY TO HER SON SAM.

RETREAT, *October* 28, 1800.

Accept my sincere thanks for your kind letter 13th June. Had you been drawn by any other hand, I should have declared without hesitancy my dear Sam never sat for the picture. It seems to convince me of a truth suggested by Dr. Blair, that every man (and woman, I suppose) sustains in himself three characters: — the one he bears in the eyes of the world, in his own, and in those of the Supreme Being. As the last is undoubtedly most just, so it is also of most importance, and I have always had the greatest reason to believe that you make that your rule of conduct. Come, my love, be just to yourself. I am afraid, upon so close a scrutiny, we should all make a bad figure. For my part, I will not venture to make you my confessor, for had I your candor I should appear much worse. We are as we were made, and He who knows our imperfections will have compassion on us, and give to those who ask, that stability and aid so requisite to put in practice good and virtuous resolutions. How can I, how shall I, how ought I, express the feelings of my mind? It is to you I am indebted for the continuance of your father with his family, and for the peace of mind he enjoys; but affection and admiration have been ever the ruling principles in my mind towards you, and overrule even my gratitude; yet, if I could, I wish to make you sensible of the latter. I can only say that the former is greater, if possible, than ever.

I have nothing to tell you. The young folks are all writing, and I hope you will be able to pick up something amongst their letters that will entertain and please you. We have not heard yet of Charles. I hope he will succeed this time, — now or never, it may be said, — for his character will be, this voyage, too firmly fixed to alter. I tremble when I look abroad and see children of one family so totally opposite in their disposition and actions, as you know we frequently do, and ask myself what right I have to expect

that my nine sons should all turn out in life and sustain their parts equally well. The result is that I will endeavor most faithfully to inculcate those principles of religion and virtue in which I was myself instructed, and see no reason why I should depart from them, and leave them in the hands of that Being who has supported, comforted, and, I flatter myself, directed to the present time. There are some people that never know when nor where to leave off, and from a review of this letter I begin to think I shall appear to belong to the number.

A small present, containing the following articles, my dear Sam will do me the favor to accept of : —

2 large pots of quince-preserves.
1 small pot of marmalade.
2 " pots of peaches.
1 " pot of damsons.
1 large " honey.
1 " " peaches, pickled.
1 " " mixed mangoes, peppers, cucumbers, pickled.

One of the large pots of quince and the nuts be so good as to give to Lucius.

Farewell, my dear Sam. Success attend you, and all the happiness you wish yourself.

Yours most affectionately,

SARAH CARY.

MRS. CARY TO HER SON SAM.

RETREAT, CHELSEA, *November* 19, 1800.

MY DEAR SON, — I acknowledge your last favor of June 13th, and have no occasion, I believe, to repeat that I derive the greatest satisfaction from your letters. The time will arrive, I trust, when we shall have no further occasion to correspond by letter, — a substitute at best for the delights of conversation. At present I do not even flatter myself with a thought of seeing you, knowing as I do that the support of the family rests with you, and that it is through your exertions alone that your father is enabled to reside with me. I must therefore submit in silence, and hope for the best. I know in whatever corner of the world your business calls you, there it is most for your interest and ours you should be. I know also that there is no corner secreted from that Being who has

hitherto made you his care, and prospered you beyond my expectation. To Him, my love, I daily recommend you; and as you have a larger share of weight and anxiety upon your shoulders, so I most earnestly pray that you may have a larger proportion of his aid and influence upon your mind and actions than my other children.

I did not intend to have written thus far without making a proposition to you, — the chief object, indeed, I had in writing this letter: It is that you, my dear Sam, shall give me your picture, — a small size, oval, and in a neat ebony frame. I do not wish you to incur any great expense, only pray that it may be done by an *artist* in his profession, having seen some intolerable daubs of late in gilt frames. If you cannot have it well done in your island, I shall be content to wait some future day, when perhaps business may call you to England. There you will have a complete likeness taken. Methinks I hear you reply that you once asked the same favor of me and was refused. It is very true; but I was so circumstanced that I could not gratify you with propriety, and I assure you I felt great pain in the refusal, although at that time, from motives of prudence, I did not express it to you. Margaret is in charming spirits and high health, as are all the rest of the family, excepting your father and little William. Farewell, my dear, dear Sam, and believe me to be

Your truly affectionate mother,

SARAH CARY.

SAM CARY TO HIS MOTHER.

November 29, 1800.

What, Sam, just at the point of setting off for England, and we only now hear of such an intention, although you had it and communicated it four months ago! Indeed, madam, the fault is not mine, if you did not hear of it. I only desired my secret might not find its way out to this country yet awhile, and perhaps the person intrusted with it took what he thought the most effectual method to prevent it by keeping it to himself. A bad excuse and an impertinent one, dear Sam. But come, let us hear what is the meaning of this voyage. How happens it that when you are traveling about in this manner you do not contrive to pay us a visit here? I suppose we are considered as your nobodies. Indeed,

my dear madam, it is not for want of inclination that I do not go to see you, but business obliges me to absent myself; and you know I wrote two years ago that I could not hope to return to you while the war should continue.

Well, sir, we shall forgive you this time, but remember that, though you men pretend to be the only keepers of secrets, there are some females who are as good at it as you are for your lives. Approach and kiss our hands.

Well, now that my peace is made, I shall set off without asking leave of any one else, — sail for Barbadoes and then England, not forgetting a good supply of woolens and flannels to meet the northwesters I shall be greeted with in your latitudes. I shall take care to make myself comfortable as I go on, both in this and other respects. I grow too old to be cheated with the hope that the instant I put my foot ashore in England I shall be a happy man. Once nothing was wanting to make me completely happy but to get from the West Indies to America. Then, a visit to England seemed like a visit to a new world. After that I was at a loss to know what I wanted. Yesterday Doctor Johnson told me, —

> "Active in indolence, abroad I roam
> In quest of happiness which dwells at home.
> With vain pursuits fatigued, at length I find
> No place excludes it from an equal mind."

Now I am growing learned I shall be apt to puzzle you and myself, too; so, if you can make anything of my letter in its present state, you are welcome to it, for I shall not have time to write another.

Ever your most affectionate son,

S. C.

MRS. CARY TO HER SON SAM.

RETREAT, *January* 6, 1801.

Accept my thanks, my dear Sam, for your kind favor of October 22d.

. . . . . .

My dear Sam well knows it to be the wish of both father and mother to cultivate and inform, as much as possible, the minds of their children. Several of the eldest are of an age to learn geography, and for want of a small terrestrial globe make very slow

progress. Will you, therefore, send us one? Do not let it be large or expensive, and accompany it with a book entitled "Geographical Games," by Abbé Gautier, with counters. These have been lent us by Mr. Tudor, but they wished their return in so short a time that very little proficiency could be made. . . .

Of our domestic affairs I ought to say something. Since Low has taken the farm at halves, we are more satisfied than ever, and are freer from care. His growing family is the only objection. They have already two children, and one cannot feel the same indifference towards them as to strangers, and consequently cannot keep them at the same distance. All conveniences, they say, are attended with difficulties, so to this we must submit. Charlotte is a good woman, and perhaps she never served me more essentially than now, and in so doing she serves herself. Your father is relieved from the care of the men, and has no occasion, without he chooses it, to trouble himself with the farm, excepting only to have an eye to the produce as it is selling off; for, although he places great confidence in Low, and believes him to be strictly honest, that he may not have even the temptation to be otherwise, your father obliges him to settle accounts with him frequently and acquaint him with all his plans. When things go wrong (and where do they always go right?), you may believe it is a difficult matter to remain a silent observer. Nor does he altogether, but admonishes in private in the parlor. For my part, the back parlor is converted into a small kitchen, and I seldom visit the other part of the house; and we have a door that separates the two entries, when we choose to be alone. . . . Your father has exchanged a young horse (Diamond) for a horse (Puppet) for Marget, who is much pleased with the thoughts of again making use of the saddle, and promises herself much pleasure when the season of riding will permit. Is she not a fine woman? Her letters must afford you exquisite pleasure. I never can regret, my dear Sam, the disappointments, the almost innumerable vexations, that have led to such delicate refinement, such exalted worth, as she possesses. I wish you, my dear, my beloved Sam, every pleasure that has virtue for its basis. Remember us kindly to Mr. and Mrs. Marryat, and believe me,

Most affectionately,

SARAH CARY.

I am just going to write to Lucius. I tremble for his morals now that you have left him. How much does such a youth require the influence of good example, and how easily are they led to follow the bad!

MRS. CARY TO HER SON SAM.

RETREAT, *July*, 1801.

Accept my thanks, my ever dear Sam, for your letter from Martinique just before you sailed for England. After your letter to your father, dated at sea, which filled my whole soul with despondency, I can truly say I began to exert all my little stock of fortitude to prepare for your loss. My dear fellow, said I to myself, discouraged with a review of his affairs; involved, as he inevitably must be, by those of his beloved father, — what but the loss of him must be the result? Add to these afflictive thoughts the not hearing from you from January until July, and judge of my feelings, which I dare not disclose even to my best friend. Gloomy thoughts and forebodings are contagious, and those who cannot disperse the sorrows of those they love, ought at least to be silent. With evident signs of despair your father would wake at midnight and say, "Why do I not get a line from my dear son? Spare him, O my God! spare him, and let not that greatest of all misfortunes, the loss of one so dear, befall me;" and then again, with Christian piety, endeavor to submit to his fate. In June, Mr. T. Codman arrived from England, and, on inquiry, said he thought he had heard young Mr. Cary had arrived in England, although it was accompanied with a doubt and concealed some time from us, lest we should put too much confidence in it; yet, as soon as it reached us, it conveyed to my mind so strong an intimation of truth, that I shall always believe it to have been suggested by that kind, good Being who is not so far distant as we are apt to imagine, and more near in those agonizing moments when, without his aid, nothing human could save a feeling mind from total distraction. So, after all, my loved Sam, your letter arrived safe and removed those heavy clouds that seemed ready to overwhelm us. I thank God for this favor, and think myself supremely blessed in your safety. I will not again, I think, be anxious about what shall happen to me, and say with the Stoics everything that happens is best. If Providence sees fit to grant my desires they will be granted; if otherwise I am resolved to submit, and in a steady performance of my duty be

resigned to every event. Do my own religious opinions teach more? I shall now be contented and happy and resigned even in the hour of death.

Adieu! Keep up your spirits, my love, and believe Heaven has great good in store for you by and by. I am extremely disappointed, too, that you did not make us a visit at Chelsea, which I dared not even propose.

Yours most affectionately,

SARAH CARY.

MR. CARY TO HIS SON SAM.

CHELSEA, *October* 13, 1801.

. . . . . .

There is now before the General Court a petition for leave to build a bridge from Chelsea to Charlestown Point, and to make a turnpike road from Salem to it. I think it will be granted. One survey goes through the farm just before the dyke. They are now surveying Noddle's Island, and intend to ask for leave to build a bridge from that to Chelsea. It is proposed to lay that out in streets and house lots, and if it is done it will soon be the handsomest part of Boston. We are going to ordain a very fine young man the first Wednesday in November, so that Chelsea is now on rising ground. Many respectable people are looking out for land in this town. From Salem to Boston will be only twelve miles, and eight tenths of all their imports are sent to Boston. The gentlemen of Salem tell me they will come by land, as they are much damaged by water. It was proved that not less than three hundred people pass to and from Boston on business every day, and the eastern country is growing very fast.

19th or 17th you were twenty-eight. May Heaven long continue a life so inestimable to your family! . . .

I am, my very dear son, yours most affectionately,

SAMUEL CARY.

MRS. CARY TO HER SON SAM.

CHELSEA, *October*, 1801.

. . . . . .

A word now of Chelsea. To supply the place of our old pastor, we have had preaching for us Mr. Tuckerman, a young person of

pleasing address, and who has made himself so agreeable that the town has agreed to give him a call, to which he has consented, and is very soon to be ordained our minister. His age is twenty-three; and as it is customary to present something useful and acceptable to a new minister, and we being desirous of showing every mark of respect to our future pastor, the females of the community have resolved to present him with a silk gown; for which purpose Miss Hall and Miss Cary are actually now taking their rounds soliciting subscribers. Do you not think the young gentleman will be a little vain? He appears to me truly devout and disinterested, having taken up his profession upon a principle of piety and ardent desire to enforce, both by preaching and practice, the doctrines of our divine Master.

The globe is as elegant and handsome as possible, which, with the assistance of Abbé Gautier, will afford delightful amusement to some part of the family. The new play, called the "Family Budget," must be highly instructive to both old and young; will require much self-examination, and no small acquaintance with the sciences. How much, my dearest Sam, are we all indebted to you for these continual provisions of both mind and body, and for those unceasing solicitudes that you continually express for our welfare!

Charles sailed 18th August in the ship Vancouver; but you know already his destination. Dear fellow, he has seen much hardship, and looks quite old and weather-beaten. The worst I hope is now over, since he has got to be first mate, and the captain bears an excellent character. The letter you wrote him from England came just in time, and I could see that it was truly gratifying to his feelings. He wishes most ardently to meet you, and speaks in the most endearing terms of you when you are mentioned. His exterior is rough, but he is possessed of much sensibility and great love for his family; indeed, he is devoted to us, and has scarcely one acquaintance; and if anything can spur him on to value riches, it will be that he may assist you in the care and provision of those you love.

Yours most affectionately,

SARAH CARY.

MRS. CARY TO HER SON SAM.

Saturday, February 20, 1802.

I thank you, my dear Sam, for your letter of December. You do not I hope write in the spirit of irony when you say you expect to gain information among a society so scientific when you visit us. Although I allow that since the globe, geographical games, and "Family Budget" have arrived, my young folks have at last the opportunity of improvement, and I allow also that they possess inclination and capacities sufficiently enlarged to comprehend with tolerable facility what their kind instructress daily lays before them, yet they would shrink back with timidity and diffidence at the thought of being able to teach you. What Dean Swift says of a woman's learning is enough, I think, to suppress the greatest vanity: "After all, her boasted acquirements will, generally speaking, be found to possess less of what is called learning than a common schoolboy." The remark is just, although not so much so as at the period when he wrote; at least in this country, young ladies stand nearly as good a chance as the other sex. The only danger in the present mode is that in gaining mental knowledge they depart from the delicacy of manner so highly essential to female character, and which will always constitute one of its greatest charms. Mine are secure from that danger. Confined to domestic life, at a distance from the gay world, they have the finest opportunity imaginable for the cultivation of their minds; fixing religious principles, and fostering those virtues that will enable them to look forward to that life where to be applauded should be the highest ambition of every reasonable being.

Margaret, I see, is folding up innumerable pages. Do you not observe by her letters that she is in fine spirits? She has thrown off a number of romantic opinions that she once had, and is now as agreeable as possible.

Adieu, my dear Sam, and believe me to be

Your most affectionate mother,

SARAH CARY.

MRS. CARY TO HER SON SAM.

RETREAT, *March* 31, 1802.

Your wish, my dear, dear Sam, which concluded your letter, is accomplished, and we have got through the winter all in high health. The weather has been uncommonly mild; snow in such small quantities as to deny us the pleasure of making use of the sleigh. . . .

I know not if you recollect behind the barn, as you ascend the hill, there is a spring. The stream is small; it, however, affords sufficient water for the cattle, etc., and we thought it a great acquisition to the farm. Your father has lately discovered in the same direction, a little higher up, a much finer spring. He will not yet decide until the dry season, but thinks it probable that from thence water may be conveyed into the house. If so, I shall think my situation truly enviable, water being in my opinion one at least of the greatest blessings of life. As it is supposed, the road will go across the elm walk, and prevent the young folks from amusing themselves in the bottom of the garden.

Your father has had the holes dug, and is going to plant willows round the aforesaid spring, or near it, — I hardly know in what direction yet, — to allure the family to take tea there sometimes, and amuse their leisure hours. It will be a charming spot, from which there will be a good view of the road, etc. . . .

Farewell, my dear Sam. I have heard it said that parents do not pray with sufficient earnestness for their children. However imperfect my prayers are in other respects, I am sure they are earnest; nor do I ever address my Maker for one favor for myself until I have first petitioned for them.

Yours most affectionately,

SARAH CARY.

I am much gratified, as you will suppose, by the placing of Henry. He cannot fail I think of pleasing, — faithful, modest, and complaisant qualities, partly natural to him, but cherished and cultivated by his father at home.

MRS. CARY TO HER DAUGHTER ANN.

RETREAT, *June* 7, 1802.

That I am sensible of the filial affection of my dear Ann I believe I have no occasion to assure her. I never doubted it, having had daily proofs from early childhood of cheerful obedience to every command, and, I will add, anticipating too every wish of mine as soon as it was formed, in everything within the compass of her ability. . . .

You are sweetly situated, I think, with Mrs. Snow. I hope you will never by a single expression or any action of yours take advantage of her kind indulgence. She is entitled to all the respect and politeness that you are capable of bestowing. In the latter article, I am sorry to say, my dear girl is sometimes strangely deficient. This is so amply in your own power to rectify, by observation and a little presence of mind, that I am confident you will succeed on the first trial. Your dancing master will give you hints sufficient about your carriage and manners if you will pay a proper attention to them. Be as reserved as you think proper, but as your tutor he is entitled to civility, and ought to command your whole attention, or you will make no improvement under him. Inclosed are £21 9s. 6d., which I must request you to pay to Miss Lauman, my mantua-maker, as soon as possible; the rest will buy your slippers.

I am your most affectionate mother,

SARAH CARY.

MRS. CARY TO HER SON SAM.

CHELSEA, *October* 17, 1802.

This day twenty-nine years ago gave me a son and made me the happiest of women, if I except the absence of your father at that time, which was the only barrier. "Pure and unmixed felicity is not a draught for mortals." Everything else conspired to bless me, — surrounded with kind, indulgent friends, with liberty to draw on my brother for any sum that comfort or convenience required. I cherished you as an angel sent from heaven, and three months nursed you at my own breast, and God knows with what reluctance I left you to the care of my mother, the best of women, but so it was ordained. The first rudiments of your education were received

from her. The trial was severe. My affections were divided between a beloved husband and a lovely infant who deservedly possessed my tenderest regard. I tore myself from you, and for a time was as I thought completely wretched. You were insensible of your loss, and the idea of seeing your father brightened the prospect, and I resolved to be as happy as circumstances would allow. I arrived safe in Grenada. The war breaking out prevented so frequent a correspondence with America as we wished, which occasioned my often wishing that I had, although contrary to your father's opinion, taken my dear boy with me; and I know that he often wished so, too. In the meantime you improved apace, and became the favorite of your friends, until at ten years old we concluded to have you out to Grenada, and send you to England to complete your education. Thus you see, my dear Sam, that from step to step it has been ordered that you, the sweet little fellow I resigned to my mother, should become at last the protector of your family. My trial of quitting you and leaving you in Grenada under Postlethwaite was greater than any I had before experienced; yet it was the only means of making you competent to performing the actions that have made you estimable above what the affection and love we bore you would have made you to your family. Do you comprehend me, my love?

O my God! I bless thee for giving me a son who not only never occasioned me a moment's regret or pain, but who has supported and provided for his family when, to human appearance, they would have been deprived of every other resource, and who has from his infancy been a source of delight and honor to his father and mother.

Your birthday has led me into the train of reflection in the foregoing. I know not what reflections it will occasion to my dear Sam. Nothing unpleasing, I hope. I will now study for something at least more entertaining.

Your father is writing to you. I never saw him in finer health than at present. We are all well, and my dear, sensible Margaret, thanking you for your provision for her; she but acts as your almoner, always dispensing to her sisters a part of her own portion, instead of laying up against a period that may arrive (though I hope distant) when the resource will fail. This is not a suggestion of melancholy; you may marry, and then not have it in your power

to continue it so conveniently. Should that be the case, I will not say I hope it is distant, for it would be hard if you should think yourself obliged, for the sake of your family, to forego the pleasure of uniting yourself to a lady you love. But if that lady should be rich, Sam, riches you know are a good ingredient in marriage, and certainly no barrier to love. Well, be it as it may, if you are satisfied I shall be so. . . .

Margaret, I find, has given you some account of her sisters, and the interest Mr. Tuckerman takes in their improvement, which, with their own aid, will make them what we wish. I do not want them showy, nor to draw admiration. I wish them to shine in domestic life, in order to obtain which the cultivation of the mind is equally essential; and any effort that will bring its powers into action, either by writing or reflection or conversation, is truly desirable, and will indubitably make them more lovely in the eyes of those friends who are already partial to them, and also in the eyes of those who may become so. Should it make them vain and conceited, I should think their acquirements purchased too dearly. Nothing can compensate, in my opinion, for the want of modesty and humility. Harriet, now twelve years old, is growing a lovely girl. She has no other tuition, you know, but Margaret, and could not I think be better placed at present. We see little company, but are so totally abstracted from the world that we do not require it; nor does it seem requisite at all to our pleasures, and but that in retirement we contract a sort of rust, which gives young people an air of awkwardness, I would not ask them to quit home, where all is peace and tranquillity, harmony of love, and persuade myself that when they come abroad in the world and learn the practice of that dissimulation (which they inevitably will) with which they are now unacquainted, they will lose half their value. . . .

You will probably see a great many Americans in England. A young fellow is hardly out of his time before he projects a design of going there, and a great many married ladies go also.

We have had a fine summer and a good harvesting, plenty of everything. This is the last harvest while Mr. Low is here. He, poor fellow, quits us because his earnings are too small to maintain a growing family. Your father has engaged another family to come to the house and take the farm at the halves. I feel much for Charlotte; she has three children and is very poor. I know not

what Low plans for himself; nothing yet decided on, I believe. Farming is very laborious and very little profitable; the price of labor eats up the whole gain.

My loved Sam, may you and I, as well as those we love, live such lives as to secure to ourselves that enjoyment in the highest degree our natures are capable of!

Yours most affectionately,

SARAH CARY.

MR. CARY TO HIS SON SAM.

CHELSEA, *February* 20, 1803.

MY VERY DEAR SON, —

. . . . . .

St. Domingo is lost to France, and the Spaniards are made the cat's-paw by the French to sound the country. Should they disturb the peace of the country, it will cause a friendship between this country and England that will be lasting. The expectation of that keeps the French quiet. All sides seem determined to have the Mississippi free and an establishment at the mouth. Mr. Jefferson being thought a friend to the French, they are now determined to see how far they may go. I think it fortunate for this country that he is in at the time of trial.

Yours most affectionately,

SAMUEL CARY.

MARGARET CARY TO HER SISTER HARRIET.

PORTLAND, *September* 18, 1804.

MY DEAR HARRIET, — You would be quite pleased to hear little Hannah Robinson play on the pianoforte. She has only been learning six or eight weeks, and she plays three tunes very prettily. I mention this for your encouragement if at any future time you should have an opportunity of learning.

I have not seen much of Portland yet. The players are here from Boston. They have converted the assembly room into a theatre.

You have heard, I dare say, that Captain Robinson has a son who is blind. He is now sixteen years of age. I cannot look at him without feeling the greatest compassion; for though he is of a

mild, even disposition, yet he can get very little improvement, and must of course feel often at a loss how to employ his mind. He has a good many books read to him, but they are all novels. I offered to read history to him, and have begun an account of the late transactions in Switzerland, but a new novel has been introduced, and that, I am afraid, will be laid aside. You know, my dear Harriet, we must cultivate our taste for any valuable pursuit, or else we shall not be able to take pleasure in it; everything may be improved; no valuable attainment comes of itself. The more you read history, the fonder you are of it. Improve the present time, my dear girl; you know not how suddenly you may be deprived of one of your senses. Above all, let not indolence render them useless to you while you possess them.

You would have been quite amused to have seen me last Saturday evening. When I first came here, I learnt that there was a bathing-house building like the one in Boston. It is on the wharf, about as far as from our house to the bottom of the garden. Last Saturday evening six of us, with Mr. Ilsley as our guard, went to bathe. It was a sweet moonlight evening; and as we had long, loose gowns or pelisses on, with our heads bound in handkerchiefs, and candles in our hands, we looked, I thought, like nuns walking in a procession. It is a very nice bathing-house; six rooms, with each a large tub with two spouts, from which you can admit hot or cold water as you please.

I remain your very affectionate sister,

M. G. Cary.

TO SAM CARY FROM HIS SISTER SARAH (AFTERWARDS MRS. TUCKERMAN).

June 16, 1806.

My dear Brother Sam, — I have to-day witnessed a total eclipse of the sun, the most grand and awful sight that I or perhaps any one ever beheld. I cannot tell if you could have been sensible of it or not, but at any rate I think you may feel some curiosity to know how it appeared here. In the first place, it was a most beautiful day; not one cloud to prevent the observation, or encourage terror in the imagination of any one. At ten o'clock we were first sensible of the moon's appearance, and observed her by degrees obscure the whole sun, which happened at half after

eleven o'clock. And then, oh! I cannot find a word to express the grandeur and solemnity of the scene; the glorious sun was entirely covered by a black ball, which would indeed have been frightful but that from the whole circle of the *midnight* ball he gleamed forth his blessed rays of light as if to keep alive our hopes of his return. This lasted about four minutes and then, impatient of the gloom, he seemed to burst forth with greater splendor than ever, and in an hour entirely emerged from it. Our light at the time of greatest darkness was very like that the moon gives us when not at the brightest. We saw about six stars, and the air was cold and damp, like that of night. I wished that you were with us, and would have given anything to hear you say something about it.

We are all well, but have not heard from you for a great while. I am in a great hurry, as all the letters have gone already and the vessel sails to-morrow.

Your very affectionate sister,

S. C.

MRS. CARY TO HER SON LUCIUS.

RETREAT, *September* 2, 1807.

DEAREST LUCIUS, — The day after to-morrow brings you to twenty-five, so our years roll on; were you with us, it should be a sort of jubilee; we would make merry. As it is, it will be a kind of solitary remembrance, — a glass of wine, perhaps, to the health of our son and brother, sincere and affectionate wishes for his welfare, accompanied with the unavailing sigh of every individual of the family at the distance that separates one so deservedly dear. Charles left us the 31st ultimo, and sailed yesterday for Matanzas. He is in the employ of an old Quaker, a bachelor of eccentric character, in South Carolina. His coming here was unexpected and sudden. Meeting with a freight of sugars for Boston, and the voyage being within the limits of his directions, he embraced the opportunity of visiting us, and brought with him a very agreeable, gentleman-like man as passenger, who is gone on to Germany to meet friends whom he has not seen these seven years. He is in a ship and receives sixty dollars per month. I am truly thankful that he has an employ. I dread idleness as the worst evil, and a small income obtained by a man's own exertions will

make him happier than great riches attached to a life of indolence. Thomas is returned home from the academy, and has passed an examination at college, which he is to enter in one month. The bill you remitted will be appropriated to his use, and he is very grateful for it. We shall use all the economy possible.

Adieu, my dearest Lucius.

Your most affectionate mother,

SARAH CARY.

This group of letters are all written by Lucius Cary to his sister Anne, with whom he was specially intimate: —

DEMERARA, *September* 11, 1808.

MY DEAR NANCY, — Although you do not acknowledge my elegant epistle, which I wrote you some months ago, I suppose you have received it, but, being so much occupied with the thoughts of matrimony, have forgot to say anything about it. Well, I am glad to find that our friend Sarah has changed her plan, and leaves it to you to stand up for the old maids; but I have heard it said that one wedding generally creates another, and I suppose you too will find some inducement to follow her example.

I suppose there will be now more gossiping than ever at the parsonage house. Pray, is that spot improved? I think it used to look rather dreary without trees. I intend to build me a small box at the back of the orchard, just on the declivity of the hill, and call it Mount Pleasant. Then, when you come to see me, I will give you a roast fowl and a clean table-cloth, and tell you a story every day by way of dessert. In the meantime I am, dear Nancy,

Yours,

L. C.

DEAR NANCY, —I have to thank you for your welcome letter of May last, which I got a few days ago, and which gave me a great deal of pleasure. I am glad you like the plan of the house on the hill and anticipate so much pleasure from it. Margaret (kind soul) goes a step farther and sees it already filled with a domestic circle; that is, a wife and thirteen children. How fond women are of adding matrimony to every scheme a man lays down to enjoy himself in a quiet way! Is it because it is a favorite idea of their own

or do they think it a necessary ingredient to happiness? I trust the latter is a wrong conclusion, or a man in search of quiet and contentment would be sadly hampered.

On looking back I find five years have passed over our heads since they were last in the same room together. In five years more I hope, my dear Nancy, to be enjoying the fruits of my separation in your neighborhood, and if the passageway should be still unoccupied, and as much at my service as you kindly say it is now, I shall take possession. Believe me, my dear sister,

Your affectionate

L. CARY.

DEMERARA, *January* 3, 1810.

DEAREST ANNE, — I steal a few minutes from the weighty pursuit of business — weighty and important to my mind, though no doubt uninteresting and tiresome to the bystander — to answer your favors of August and September, which came hand in hand to amuse and delight me.

You will, I hope, one day retrace your journey to Windsor with me by your side, and give me ocular demonstration of the natural beauties which you have described to me in such a traveler-like style. I think a family party one day would be very agreeable that way. You and I would make a very good couple in my phaeton, Margaret and Charles in another carriage, and my father and mother in theirs. We would go one road and come back another, separate occasionally and meet again, have a parcel of letters to some good country-people, and now and then leave the road for an excursion on the water. Sometimes we would have the whole party packed in a coach, and sometimes walk a few hundred miles to shake off the effects of the confinement. Although you speak of nothing but the beauty of the natural scenery, I suppose art contributes to make the jaunt more agreeable. Fine turnpike roads and fine inns on the road. Good shooting, good fishing, good eating. Capital! Capital!

Now do be a good girl, and don't go and spoil all these fine schemes by getting married. I assure you these husbands are a very bad kind of people. They do a deal of mischief. No, no, don't marry, that 's a good Nancy! At this time, I suppose, you are freezing quite hard with one of those terrible winters that

infest the country. Plague take them! the very remembrance gives me an ague. Pray could not you send me some profiles of our good friends at the Retreat? You don't know how much pleasure they would give me. The sight of them would impart a sensation something like shaking hands for a moment. If you will undertake to send me the whole family upon paper, I dare say Henry will advance the necessary expense to procure them. So no more upon *that head.* Do you take? I am interrupted, so must bid you farewell, my dear Anne, and remain,

Always yours affectionately,

L. CARY.

BARBADOES, *November*, 1810.

MY DEAR NANCY, — You will be surprised to see my letter dated from this place. Indeed, I am myself a little surprised to find that I am not in Demerara, for, being so long accustomed to that place, I am absolutely lost whenever I see or hear of any object unconnected with it. I have been here eight or ten days, and principally occupied with amusing myself, making new acquaintances, eating good dinners and drinking good wines, etc. This is quite a different place from the one I have left. One principal difference is the more numerous society, the greater number of ladies, and the superior mode of living. I should like it well enough if it did not interfere with the plan I have laid down of realizing something to retire with. In Demerara most people live a secluded, toilsome life, with the expectation of reaping more enjoyment in another country. Here the good folks settle themselves for life, get married, etc., and collect all the comforts they can around them, without looking beyond the present time. Now, which would you prefer? But I know what your answer would be: — that I should work ever so hard for a few years, and then come and plant myself by your side. Well, you have now got Sam with you, and perhaps Charles. I suppose you are all quite exhilarated this winter, and well you may be. Pray write me a full account of everything.

My dear Nancy, I am getting some hair of mine set to send you, and intended, if I had gone into Martinique, to send my mother some of the French liquors; but I shall write to Robert to do so for me. Among other little comforts here, I found a dentist, by

whom I have had my teeth set to rights. Being a good deal irregular, he filed them to an equality. This was a process I had never heard of before, and began to object to it, talking the old story of the enamel being hurt; but he soon silenced me by pointing out one tooth from which a splinter had been broken off twenty years ago, and which was one of the best I had. He explained that teeth grow, like one's nails, and require the edges filed at least once a year.

Pray remember me kindly to everybody. Adieu, dearest Nancy. I am ever

Your affectionate brother,

L. Cary.

Dear Nancy, — I hope this will find you pretty well, and enjoying the fine season of the year quite comfortably, either with our good folks at Chelsea or with some of your worthy friends in town. Not long ago I received your two favors of February and March, accompanied by several others from my mother, Margaret, and Henry. I am coming on here tolerably well, not being so much confined to the desk as formerly. I have had some leisure to amuse myself in the country. Yesterday I returned from an excursion to a friend's estate, where I had never been before, and am highly gratified in finding a number of plants which I had not seen before, particularly a numerous collection of different species of the palm-tree, which is very luxuriant. We have a flower here, which I believe does not grow in cold countries, called the frangipane, which is very beautiful and very fragrant. It grows on a small tree, and resembles the tulip. We have also the Cape jessamine and the Otaheite gooseberry and cucumber in great perfection.

My mother writes me that you are attending lectures on botany, and I look for a great deal of amusement from you in that way when I see you. This being our shooting season, I have been making great havoc among the plover and other game. I killed fourteen parrots the other morning, beside a brace or two Curry Curry, a sort of curlew. They are properly called the "scarlet ibis," and, as they fly with an uncommon degree of regularity, make a most beautiful appearance in the air. Next week I go to our distant settlements to attack the ducks, and have great expectation of

good sport as well as of good cheer. So you see I am getting on, not losing sight of the "main chance" all the while, and laying schemes of happiness and comfort with you in my old days. Adieu, my dear Nancy. Affectionately yours,

L. CARY.

FROM MRS. CARY TO HER SON LUCIUS, AFTER THE DEATH OF HER ELDEST SON.

November 18, 1810.

MY DEAR LUCIUS, — No language can convey to you the surprise and shock I have undergone in the late melancholy news of the death of our dear Sam. Robert had written that he was unwell, and talked of going off the island for his recovery, yet this did not prepare me. I supposed that a little change would answer every purpose, and that he would by that means soon recruit. Still less did I contemplate an intention of coming to America. Think what was my agony when your father (in the tenderest manner too) informed me he had just read in the newspaper that our dear Sam had died on board a schooner (Bartlet) bound from Martinique to Marblehead! I had a letter from you late in August, where you mention particularly that he was quite well in June. In short, I was wholly unprepared for the event.

As soon as the tide of grief had a little abated, we began to think what was to be done, when your father received a letter from the captain, which had been written early enough, but the stage man had forgotten to deliver it or mislaid it until the day after. Charles, who is at present out of employment, was commissioned to go and receive the effects. He set off in the stage and our man in a horse cart, and next morning returned with the baggage, and, I make no doubt, everything that was his. The captain, whom we have not yet seen at the Retreat, told Charles that your brother had been calm and tranquil the whole of the voyage, and died a peaceful, quiet death, for the most part silent, but always willing to reply to any question asked of him. He went on board so extremely low that those who accompanied him told the captain they did not expect he would reach the shore. He was finally unable to ask for what he wanted, and wrote down with a pencil his directions for the medicine and little things he wished for in the night, and once said, even cheerfully, "When I get by my brother-in-law's fireside

I shall soon be well," and asked if the vessel kept her courses. Captain Bartlet had thirty-four days' passage from St. Pierre, and our dear sufferer died twenty-two days after they sailed, on the first day of November. This has been a dreadful blow to your father. I know not which predominates most in his mind: — gratitude to the Almighty for having given him so excellent a son and sparing him so long, or the pain and grief of parting with him. For my part, I desire and wish to submit to those decrees that I know are inevitable, yet find I want that consolation that I endeavor to bestow on him. What is this life, my dear Lucius, and all besides? Is it not vanity and folly in the extreme to forget that we are fast hastening on to another?

Farewell, my beloved Lucius; take care of your health; and if occasionally you will write to Robert and give him your advice, you will do him an essential service. I long to hear from you again, and am

Your most affectionate mother,

SARAH CARY.

The following is an extract from a letter of Henry Cary to his sister Anne, written after he had left home to settle himself in New York: —

NEW YORK, *January* 30, 1811.

. . . . . .

I wish I could pass one or two of those long storms with you that you talk of; we could then discuss this subject at full length, and by availing of each other's reading and observations I doubt not our opinions would approximate. Very different indeed are the occupations of "home" with me. Some time or other I will draw you a sketch of the characters who compose our fireside circle at my lodgings of a Sunday evening. Ah, my sweet girl, there are no household gods to sanctify the fireside of a boarding-house, and I sigh for a seat by your side upon the oaken settle, and look round for one of my mother's gratulatory smiles in vain. And sometimes, after having gone through a conversation with you and an argument with Tom, I picture to myself the bustle of going to bed, which, to be sure, always used to be carried on in great style at home. I remember first comes my father's "Well, child, it 's nine o'clock!" So, then, my mother starts some new

subject, which lasts until half after nine ; then the cap is sent for, and the head bound up, and a pin put in here and then another there. Then comes "toasting feet." Then the watch is duly handed to my father, which used to be my office. Then good-night to my father ; presently after to my mother ; then a knocking, not heard because Tom 's so furious in his argumentation, laying down the law with his left hand. Then it 's surmised that there has been a knocking ; *that's by Margaret.* Then the knocking is repeated. Harriet then makes a sort of half motion as if she would go and see what it was for, though (faith !) not a step before the expediency of the thing is proved. Then the bowl of tea, which was forgotten, is carried up (which is sure to be brought down next morning untouched, and drank by some unlucky wight). Then comes down aunt Hill, with an anxious face, for Blois has been quite naughty. Then follows a little discussion on education, and then I say good-night.

HENRY CARY.

"Aunt Hill," mentioned in this letter, was no relation, but a very intimate friend of aunt Margaret's, and connected with her by such strong interests that I shall again quote from the magazine articles where I first find the friendship mentioned : —

"In 1805 I was invited by Mrs. Hill — the widow of Mr. Hill, who introduced the works of Swedenborg to Harvard College, and of whom mention is made in the 'New Jerusalem Magazine' — to accompany her to Windsor, in Vermont, and visit her sister, Mrs. Henry. It was only a hundred miles from Boston, but was two days' ride in the stage. The beauty of the country surpassed anything I had seen in Massachusetts. The full moon rose, and when the stage stopped at the gate of a very pretty wooden building I felt as if something romantic was taking place. I was far from home, not much acquainted with the gentleman and lady I was about to visit, having only passed one day in company with them. But when I entered, being received with great cordiality by Mrs. Henry, I had time to look round and make observations. There were two beautiful little girls, three and five years of age, dressed in white frocks, low in the neck, on which there was a

locket with their uncle Hill's hair, and worked caps tied under the chin with blue ribbons. One had blue eyes, the other hazel. The lady herself dressed gracefully in a costume that seemed particularly to become her, without much attention to fashion. All the surroundings were in elegant style, though the house was simple. The table was prepared for tea, as we were waited for, with an urn for hot water, which, before I read Cowper's poetical mention of it, was always elegantly associated in my mind as I was accustomed to see it in my early days.

"Mr. Henry had gone to the tavern (it was called so then) to receive us, but as the stage drove directly to the house he missed it. He came in by the time we had taken off our bonnets and got seated in the parlor. His manners were those of a complete Irish gentleman, and I was made to feel quite at my ease, and as if I might give as well as receive pleasure. And there I passed the summer, and a most interesting one it was to me. Those beautiful children took fast hold of my heart, and always retained it. The eldest, Sophia, at her early age, was a fine reader. It was quite affecting to listen to her reading the Psalms, — a portion every day. Her voice was so plaintive that it seemed as if she understood and felt the sacred expressions. Dear little Blois (named for a lady in England) sat on my lap every morning to learn her letters."

I have heard that before Mrs. Henry's death she expressed a wish that her friend should take charge of her children; and though this was impossible from Mrs. Hill's prior claim to them, and aunt Margaret's position at home, still she always felt as much solicitude for the Henry sisters as if they had belonged to her. Indeed, the whole Cary family were very much attached to them, and their names constantly recur in the letters. They were still very young, perhaps eighteen and twenty, when their father decided to live in France; and his daughters joined him there, never to return to this country; but a constant intercourse by letter was continued with aunt Margaret to the day of her death very many years after. Sophia Henry married an Englishman named Greville, and died young. Elizabeth — "little Blois" — married a French officer, General de Chanal, who came to

this country during the late Civil War, commissioned by the emperor to inspect and report upon the artillery of the Northern army. Madame de Chanal's affection for the friends of her youth was continued into the next generation, and in a beautiful old chateau in the south of France she returned the hospitality she had received at Chelsea. She survived her husband by some years, and died August 22, 1890, leaving one daughter, — Beatrice, Baroness de Nyvenheim.

The next letters are from Lucius Cary, during a visit to England, when he renewed the close friendship of West Indian days between my grandparents and Mr. and Mrs. Marryat.

LONDON, *May* 20, 1812.

Well, my dear mother, here am I in London, transported from the land of mud, anxiety, and trouble to a fashionable first floor in the gay metropolis. "My happy stars have given me some money, and the conspiring winds have blown me hither to spend it." No, not to spend it, say you ; to *use* it, not to *abuse* it. Well, may we never differ more in opinion than we do upon this subject!

I did not find any letters from you, but since I got here I have had the pleasure to receive your kind favors of December and March, and to-morrow I shall get a packet dated in February. Believe me, what you say has my best attention. Your hints are those of a tender mother and an anxious friend, and I should have been disappointed if you had not favored me with them. You allow that I have some experience, and I assure you that, exclusive of the suggestions of propriety and virtue, I have an innate pride sufficient to preserve me from any conduct which can cause my friends to blush for me.

I have seen your friends Mr. and Mrs. Marryat. Was received in the most cordial manner, and promise myself great happiness and pleasure from their acquaintance. I was afraid that the lapse of time or some other cause would have lessened their friendship, but it appears to have increased it. Among other kind expressions Mrs. M. told me that the last circumstance that would fade from her memory would be the recollection of your kindness to her. It was happily said, and as you will suppose warmed my heart.

Mr. M. is highly respected and esteemed by every one. They have several children, but I have only seen the two eldest. The son is a sensible lad and Miss M. a very pretty girl. In a week or two I shall write you more fully about them, when I shall have seen more of them and my other acquaintance, who will I think be pretty extensive. At present I am quite employed in calling on them and filling up my list of invitations for the ensuing fortnight, after which I shall take a trip to some of the mineral springs.

Good-night, my dear mother. To-morrow I shall get another letter from you. Give my kindest love to all the family.

I am ever your affectionate son,

LUCIUS CARY.

CHELTENHAM, *June* 5, 1812.

ESTEEMED FRIEND, — I received thy letter dated in the third month, but I have lost it. Yea, verily, it hath escaped from me, and may serve to amuse the sons and daughters of vanity, instead of imparting unto my heart the thoughts of my beloved ; but I say unto thee I will answer it nevertheless.

Well, my dear Nancy, I am here, — come to Cheltenham for three weeks for two reasons : one is because it is a fashionable, agreeable place ; and the other from having been ordered by the physicians to drink a course of the waters, which are peculiarly beneficial to a constitution discomposed or debilitated by a warm climate. It is the resort not only of invalids but of the gay and idle, and has become of the most note next to Bath. I had long a curiosity to visit a place of this kind. In those spots where you and I have resided, the world has been occupied in both business and pleasure, and we have never seen the latter unconnected with the former. Now here we have no business ; we come to *enjoy ourselves*. Of course every attention is paid to the provision of comforts and amusements : — splendid hotels, public walks, baths, carriages and horses, are prepared in abundance, — nothing wanting to the visitor but a disposition to be happy. Now I, who reason philosophically and endeavor to guard against disappointment, like and praise all this ; but I know full well that the mind must be employed as well as amused, and that pleasure, when it becomes the sole pursuit, gains speed and leads us through a path strewed with discontent and *ennui*.

I could not help complimenting myself upon the sagacity of this remark on observing the effect such a life had upon a beautiful young creature who is here for the first time to spend the season and to *enjoy herself*. She burst into tears yesterday when describing her situation to me. Thinks I to myself, "What shall I say to comfort her?" "My dear Mrs. ——," says I, "you are young and wealthy, possess numerous friends who love you, an agreeable and affectionate husband who doats on you. Why then are you unhappy?" "Oh, Mr. Cary," says she, "all this is very true, but I am so low-spirited that I am ready to die, and what increases my dejection is that I don't know the reason of it."

Now, from what you know of me, you will believe that if I see a danger I will guard against it. I therefore vary my amusements in such a way as to make a business of them, and do not look for rapture or great delight from pleasures which must be only occasionally enjoyed to afford such feelings. The season began on the first of May, but has not yet reached its height. There is however much company here, and among them a good many titles. Yesterday we had a great public breakfast, with a grand gala in the evening, and to-night a ball, — much beauty afloat, as you may suppose. By the way, one of my fellow-lodgers is a fat old maid, who, by the successive decease of all her relations, has come to the possession of a fortune, called six thousand per annum. What do you say, Nancy, shall I make an attack? By the by, I must take the opportunity, Miss Nancy Cary, to observe to you that often, when engaged in scribbling the pages of nonsense which I sometimes address to you ladies at the Retreat, my pen has been arrested by the doubt of their being reserved for your own inspection. For all I can tell, some long-nosed metaphysician or metaphysicianess may be turning up his or her proboscis at the carelessness of my style, or the frivolous subjects upon which even such a style is employed. You know, for I think I heard you say so, that I am proud, tenacious, and *peppery*. So beware!

The scenery in the neighborhood of Cheltenham is extremely beautiful, particularly at this beautiful season of the year; but the weather is still cold for me, and I am now writing very comfortably with a fire in my apartment. Between twelve and two, however, I stroll among the fields, bask in the sun, pluck flowers, and think of you. How tender to the mind is the recollection of those years

of one's youth which were spent in the society of one's family, among those to whom nature as well as habit attached us! It brings with it a soft emotion correspondent to the fond and immature sensibility of the former age.

June 13th.

I have not had a line from any of you, my dear girl, since writing the above, so that I shall go on with my letter that I may bring you into my debt. My acquaintances here all remark the benefit I have derived from the waters, and I feel capitally. To-morrow I change my pump, and drink *steel* in place of *iron*. The country air and temperate habits of the place are, however, great causes of the improvement of one's health. I find nothing does one more good than little excursions of ten or twenty miles, which afford a small change of climate without causing much fatigue. Recollecting that I was near a place which I heard some years ago was the abode of my old acquaintance, the fair Dorothea, I scampered over there one fine morning, but I had not the pleasure to see her, being in London. I spent a day with her brother and his family, who are most amiable, good people, and I have engaged to visit them again before I leave the county. You recollect how fond I was of Dorothea.

Yesterday I made one of a party to Worcester, to accompany so far an agreeable family who are returning to Ireland, and to-morrow I visit Gloucester. On Wednesday next I quit this for the Bath races, and in the following week go to London. Two brother West Indians are here who sport their barouche, and they give me a seat in it to Bath. I have met a good many West Indians since I arrived. No people are more friendly to each other when they meet in other countries. I think I can venture to say without the imputation of vanity (and I can hazard the assertion to you) that in whatever part of the world I have been in I have had the good fortune to meet attention and civility from, and to make one of the most respectable part of, the community. People are often satisfied if they are included in the mass of respectable company; but there is in every place a select, a superior society, who, while they mingle with others, still preserve a distinction. Now it is my desire to be one of these, and to be so, not from introduction or recommendation, but because it naturally belongs to me to be so.

I will drop this at Bristol next week, if I find any American vessels going from there. Give my best love to all the family. Kind regards to my mother, and tell her that I have not missed church since I landed in the country. Now this is what I would not care to tell everybody. Good-by, my dear Nancy, my kind Ann, my old playfellow, good-by.

L. C.

FROM MISS HARRIET OTIS TO HARRIET CARY.

WASHINGTON, *May* 12, 1812.

Happy am I, my dear Harriet, that the point of etiquette, so often disputed between us, has not deprived me of your very lively and entertaining letter, which was handed to papa to-day as he sat at his desk in the Senate chamber, and which, with many sly looks at me, who sat opposite him in the ladies' gallery, he very deliberately opened. So watchful an eye did I keep on him, or so engaged was he in senatorial business, that he merely opened and then deposited it where I was just tantalized with the sight without the possibility of my reaching it. Thus situated, vainly did Mr. Pope inveigh against French aggressions, or Mr. Campbell charge him with being a turncoat and misrepresent everything he had said. The Senate at length, in pity to my impatience, adjourned, and suffered me to laugh at leisure over your description of catastrophes that might have been.

The reign of wonder is over in our great city. We have neither counts to excite alarm, nor musical amateurs whose susceptibility is well known, to feel it. Madame Bonaparte has gone home, but, as I heard from no less a source than his Britannic Majesty's Envoy Extraordinary's secretary, would be very glad to come back again if she was not fearful that improper motives would be ascribed to her. She is a terrible little tattler herself, and very naturally suspects all the world of tattling likewise. Another of our belles, a Miss Hay, granddaughter to the Secretary of State's lady, left here a short time since. She was met on the way by a Mrs. Duvall (nearly as great a curiosity as the far-famed madame of that name), and the last report of the fair damsel was that she was seen stretching out her hands to Mrs. D. and begging to be taken back again. I tell you all this to prove what a fascinating place this Washington is, and to prevent your surprise that Congress seems bound as by

a spell. Since I have mentioned Mrs. Duvall, I will tell you a little anecdote of her matrimonial career, — the commencement of it at least, — which amused me considerably: She was an ancient maiden named Jenny Gibbons. Her mother kept a boarding-house in Philadelphia. Judge D. was inquiring for lodgings and thought of going there. Some kind and considerate friend, knowing he was a still, mild man, begged him not to go, "for Miss Jenny would infallibly talk him to death." In spite of the warning the judge had the unhappy courage to venture; and whether she fairly talked away his senses and produced an intellectual death instead of the natural one threatened is not known, but matrimony soon after was the consequence. We have met her several times, and she talks, — ye powers, how she does talk!

A resolution passed the House yesterday empowering the Speaker to recall the absent members immediately. This looks indeed like war. An immediate declaration will probably follow. It is the duty of the Federal members to return and exert their strenuous though unavailing voices to save us from this evil.

We have a lady here who, if her courage does not evaporate in bravado, will certainly, with the first sound of the drum, throw off her female habiliments and adopt the helm and targe in their stead. She is a granddaughter of Mrs. Washington, called now Mrs. Custis, having resumed her maiden name on being divorced from her husband. She has entirely forsaken the principles of her illustrious relative and adopted French politics, manners, and friends. She talks so vehemently about war that she has been nicknamed General even by her democratic friends.

Now let me tell you how sincerely glad I am that your winter has passed away in such agreeable and elegant occupations, — reading, music, painting, and visiting your old and new friends. I wish you had heard a sweet little French lady sing "Begone, dull care," the other evening at a party given by Mrs. Sheffey. She sang without an instrument, and with a spirit and animation which gave additional effect to her charming voice. Her husband sang with her. I have not left myself róom to say a kind word to your dear mother and sisters. With true love and constancy, I am

Your affectionate friend,

HARRIET OTIS.

My grandfather died in August, 1812, after a not very long illness. It had been agreed between him and his wife that the funeral service for whoever died first should be of the simplest kind; and it was at eight o'clock on Sunday morning that the wife and children went to lay him in the family vault under the Chelsea church.

The following is an extract from a letter of Lucius Cary to his mother: —

"How happy you make me, my dear mother, by the expressions of resignation and comfort which your letters contain! The contemplation of the virtues of the dear friend we have lost is indeed a theme replete with sources of affection and consolation. In attachment and devotion to the welfare of his beloved family he was excelled by none. His whole life was a pattern of the duties of the man and Christian, and he has handed down to us the same proud sense of honor and integrity which inspired himself. The calm tranquillity of his death proceeded from the consciousness of a well-spent life, and is a trait which gives tenfold force to the maxims of virtue which he inculcated. One trait I have often admired in my dear father: and that is, the cheerful confidence with which he constantly spoke and acted on religious subjects. He disarmed them of those terrors which too often accompany the discussion of them, and tend to make one averse to their consideration. What your sufferings have been, my dear mother, I can in some degree judge by my own, but the pain of regret is mitigated by the recollection that I have left one parent equally entitled to my admiration and esteem, and who has, if possible, a more tender claim to my affection. Let us look to the future, therefore, and consider how rich we all still are in the possession of our remaining friends. Please give my best love to all with you. You really, my dear mother, are fortunate in having your dear girls on one side and your fine young men on the other."

I will insert here some extracts from the journal of one of the most intimate friends of the Chelsea household: Miss Harriet Otis. She was the daughter of Mrs. Samuel Otis, to whom the earliest of the letters in this collection were

written; and the intimacy, begun when Mrs. Otis and my grandmother were sisters-in-law, was continued in the next generation. I can remember the tone in which my aunts always spoke of her as "dear Harriet Otis," for she died when they were all young women. The letter from her to my aunt Harriet was written while her father was Senator at Washington.

MISS HARRIET OTIS'S RECOLLECTIONS OF CHELSEA.

June 1, 1809. — If my language ever did justice to the feelings of my heart, it should describe with all the glow of affection the days that have passed in the enjoyment of all that friendship, rural delights, and early associations can give. In the Retreat of this most estimable family I have found, year after year, a felicity connected with all the best feelings of my heart, — a felicity which, were I always to enjoy it, would tie my feeble, unaspiring heart too closely to a world which would seem innocent and pure as that of our first parents. I can hardly recollect the period when Chelsea did not seem to me the most delightful abode I could imagine. To other eyes it may seem less delightful, but there are no pleasures for me equal to a tranquil walk with the friend of my youthful affection, just as the gleams of the departing sun give a "yellow radiance" to the various landscapes which present themselves from the hill. To rest at its summit in unutterable delight, and when we have by turns gazed on the sublime spectacle which the ocean offers, or turned with mild delight to the sweet view of fields covered with verdure and hills with grain or woods, slowly to descend with hearts too full for speech, and enter the enclosure of poplars which surround the house, then to utter the language of gratitude and admiration which such scenes cannot fail to inspire in hearts beating in unison with each other's emotions, or to join in the evening hymn of gratitude which a united family breathe forth, — this, all this, is what has rendered Chelsea to me the seat of purest earthly felicity. There I seem to escape from the little vanities that attend the engagements of a town life, the struggles of the passions subside, my benevolence is enlarged, and my heart nearer God. I can imagine no scene so dreary as that the thought of days so passed cannot cheer. Grant that it may indeed cheer, not

cause the spirit of repining for the loss of them to overcast my mind. The "shadow of change" is even now passing over these abodes of peace and joy. In a very few years, the respectable, the beloved heads of this house must close their eyes on this world, and "the place which once knew them shall know them no more." Then adieu forever to this cherished spot; my sad heart shall sighing say, as I pass the mansion-house and catch a glimpse of its dark walls through the waving trees, "Where once ye dwelt your name is heard no more." My heart sinks within me at the melancholy picture my foreboding fancy has drawn.

August 3, 1812. — The third year from that on which this fond effusion was penned has been marked by the commencement of the sad prophecy which was contained in the last lines. The venerable father sleeps unconsciously at this moment, encircled by the devoted wife and the doating, the respectful children, who, if they had not an all-powerful Parent who never sleeps watching over them, would sink under this sudden, this dreadful blow. I saw him for the last time on Tuesday night. I walked to Chelsea. Methought, as I approached the house, every object looked still and mournful; my heart did not bound with rapture as it used to do when I entered those dear enclosures. I am glad it did not; the contrast with what was about to take place would have been too dreadful. It was all fancy at the time, for within all was well, and when I embraced Mrs. Cary, and received the welcoming hand of him who always treated me with the affection of a parent, I felt a wonted glow of pleasure. The evening passed cheerfully, not gayly; all was still and tranquil, as if the exchange of time for eternity would not be forced, shocking, or unthought of. Mr. Cary asked me many questions relative to the past winter; said he had passed a remarkably pleasant one. There was something peculiarly gentle and impressive in his manner of saying so. At nine he said, "Good-night, children," as he usually did, and little did I think that I saw and heard him for the last time. I am happy that I passed that night there. Ann begged me not to defer or change the day, though far was she from thinking that any fatal event would defeat our plans. I saw in an amiable point of view a man who, with great strength of passions, yet commanded my respect, excited my interest, and even my affection. His mind was a gigantic one. There was contained in it an ardor, a depth

HARRIET CARY, PINX.

A SKETCH FROM THE GARDEN

of affection which could not easily be penetrated, and which was repressed and concealed by a proud firmness and self-command which were unequaled. He was pious, and had long fixed his thoughts out of this world. To his wife he was — what shall I say? He adored her, he existed only in her sight, and yet the world thought him harsh. "The world," Margaret says, "did not know my father; did not give him credit for the virtues he possessed." It is true; but the tears of his children, the silent anguish of his widow, bear ample testimony to them.

August 26, 1814. — Yesterday I visited Chelsea, the first time since my return from Washington. All, all was changed. I am fatherless, and my father's friend, the venerable head of this house, had slept in dust for two long years. Let me remember how it used to look as we sat in the west parlor. Mrs. Cary seated in her armchair, sweetly smiling on her children; Margaret beside her, her hand on her mother's, looking as if the strength of earthly feelings had long yielded their power to heavenly ones; Harriet at the harpsichord, accompanied by the flutes of her brothers; Mrs. Hill, leaning upon the instrument, eagerly catching every sound that could break the perpetual silence to which she was condemned; Nancy and I sitting in the window-seat, watching the moonbeams that quivered through the poplars, or amusing ourselves with the playful sallies of the dear little Henrys; Mr. Cary, lost in deep thought, arrayed in his flannel coat and white linen cap, pacing the room with that peculiar majesty which always distinguished him. Yesterday Mrs. Cary took my hand. "My dear girl, you know not how solitary I feel sometimes, my family is so diminished. I sit down in my corner quite alone; often with only my two girls about me, for the three are rarely at home together."

My uncle Henry left home a year or two before his father's death to go into business in New York, where he married and continued to live until he went abroad after his second marriage. He died in Florence in 1857. His correspondence with his mother was very constant, and I give several of her letters and extracts from others written during the two years after her husband's death: —

RETREAT, *July* 7, 1813.

. . . . . .

Lucius speaks of his return as a thing fixed for the next year. How much reason have we all to deprecate this war! Without peace there can be no business for Lucius, and he says he must not come here to be idle. We are all well here. Ann, who is at present at the parsonage, has derived new pleasure from her information on botany, and to a mind like hers every new acquisition adds to her happiness and that of her friends that surround her. The company and conversation of my dear girls are my chief source of pleasure; they each of them have a select few that they visit and are visited by, and have that source within which is sufficient to "gild the hour" when alone. For my part, I have one friend in Mrs. Otis, with whom I shall like sometimes to associate. I have kind messages from many among the good and worthy, but never shall I, my beloved Henry, return again to the world, nor enlarge my acquaintance. Please God, I will go down the vale of life in my tranquil, peaceful spot, the Retreat, and endeavor to endure those days of existence Heaven shall please to add to me, with humility, and hope of a reunion in another life with your dear father, still the dearest, and more dear, if possible, than before. I hope I shall not throw a sombre cast over my letter; I assure you I contemplate that subject with increased delight, and in my most happy moments. He is the subject of my thoughts; I love to contemplate his virtues, and trace the likeness in my dear children. Some tender expression recollected, some solicitude for me or for his family, some important hint for my conduct, will perhaps suggest itself to me, that shall insure a calm and cheerful day, or quiet repose for the night. He must be supremely happy, for he had brought his mind to that state of complete resignation and love to his Redeemer recommended in the gospel, willing to leave all that was dear on earth and follow Christ; and I recollect with great pleasure, the day before his illness, he called me into the west parlor; the sun was just setting, and I never saw a more beautiful scene. "See, Sally," said he, "my dear girl, how beautiful this is, and I assure you I am fully sensible of the happiness we enjoy; yet I am perfectly willing to die." But perhaps I have mentioned this to you before. Well, adieu, my dear Henry! This short life will soon be over; let us live so as to secure an inheritance in the promises of our blessed Saviour, and be superior to its trials.

September 27, 1813.

I know it will give my beloved Henry pleasure to hear that Robert[1] stood his examination well, and entered Harvard College last Saturday, and was particularly correct in mathematics. The president congratulated Tom for his assiduity, and said he thought he must feel vast satisfaction. The boys are now in train to act their part on the great theatre of life. Heaven grant they may act it well! I pray there may be no reason to repent their choice, and that you and Lucius may be fully compensated by their good behavior. I frequently recur to your sentiments on education, but of those more anon. I am writing in great haste to send my letter by Tom, who is now at the breakfast table.

You were most kind, my dear fellow, in your offers of assistance to their entering college, in a letter to Tom, but I think there will be no occasion, as he told me he had wrote you; should there be, I cannot hesitate to apply to you. I shall expect to clothe him out of your allowance, as I have now pretty well fitted him. In all emergencies, under God, my dear son, I shall come to you. Your kind offers can never be mistaken by me, who know so well their sincerity. I feel an amazing relief of mind, having been apprehensive one or perhaps both might have been turned by, not having had the *éclat* of having been fitted by a professed tutor, and should perhaps have felt indignant towards those who would have refused them, if I had not accused them of injustice, knowing as I did how indefatigably industrious the three had been for the last twelvemonth. The last night of study, or rather the night previous to Robert's presenting, he sat till two o'clock. So I think they deserve their reward. All Tom's friends congratulate him. Adieu, dearest Henry.

Your most affectionate mother,

S. CARY.

RETREAT, *April* 20, 1814.

Thanks to my beloved Henry for the last kind favor of 9th instant. George returned highly gratified by your reception and accompanying him to Philadelphia. I am gratified by your opinion of him, and do not hesitate to say I think he will justify it.

[1] Robert and William were fitted for college by Thomas, the oldest of the four Chelsea children.

Of Charles you have a right impression, although you had formed it so early in life. He does, indeed, "unite great worth with great modesty," and proves the accuracy of your discernment. You cannot think how well he looks. He often walks from Medford, seven miles I think, when the horse has had hard duty in the week, and he thinks needs rest.

Do you want to know how I occupy my time? I rise early; my dear girl, whose week it may be, rings the breakfast bell at half past six. We read prayers immediately, take our seats at table, and, after passing half an hour together, rise and separate. I work or read till ten; settle the economy of the dinner table, and other domestic affairs; mix ten grains of soda in half a pint of fair water, and take a ride. We dine constantly at one, and, as we do not trouble ourselves with luxurious living, nor sitting long at the table, we have a whole afternoon for reading, working, and walking, seldom annoyed by company; take tea or coffee at six, after which we have music, and retire each to our different occupations, which are generally reading and working; Tom and George, with each a book, and for myself, I come to my chamber, where I pass two hours in retirement; join my dear girls again, go to prayers, and retire for the night at ten. Now to you this would be rather insipid, but to us, who are accustomed so to live, it is happiness, and I assure you no one goes from home without reluctance. For my part, I sit down and take a retrospect of my past life, and am grateful to the Almighty for carrying me so far on my journey, and am entirely resigned to my situation, and comfort myself with the delightful prospect of meeting again your beloved father, who will himself, perhaps, introduce me to his own residence, whenever it shall please Heaven to order it; and, although removed out of sight, I am sensible he is near me, and am solicitous to do everything that would formerly give him pleasure, even in the article of my dress, for he told me he should be my guardian angel. This persuasion on my mind makes me happy, leads me to contemplate God and the happiness that awaits us in those mansions where there shall be no separation. I read the Bible more than ever, in which I take great delight, endeavoring to remember always those words of the blessed Saviour, "Search the Scriptures;" . . . "and they are they which testify of me." I have been reading also the eloquent sermons of Buckminster and Newton on the Prophecies; also

"Charles the Fifth of Germany," by Robertson, with which I am charmed. I dare say you have read it.

Your kindness and that of Lucius, my beloved Henry, in the provision for the boys, and especially your remunerating me for what I have advanced, endears you to me. I did not expect it, and I may say not desire it, having arranged my affairs so as to do very well without it. I will not however refuse it, and shall repair my chaise.

Yours ever,
S. C.

Tuesday Morning, 9 o'clock.

If my beloved Henry is safe and his calculation correct, he is now in New York; but as the roads must be bad, I will allow two more hours, and at eleven he will reach the end of his journey. In the meantime I will write. What shall I write? Out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh those thoughts that first present. Pain and pleasure, how closely art thou allied! A gleam of the latter broke in upon me during your charming visit, and for a while I forgot my sorrow; but, alas! since your departure the mind turns again upon itself, and nourishes the grief that reason and religion disapprove. My plan of happiness is forever destroyed, and after the loss of my dear and honored husband business and pleasure are equally irksome or insipid. What shall I do? How endure the remnant of a life that for forty years has been devoted to one object who possessed my best affections, my whole of happiness, and all my time? Even the daily domestic duties that necessarily devolved on me were considered an interruption, and consequently despatched as early in the day as possible, the remainder in walking, reading, riding, and conversation. We did not wish for society, and company was intrusion. These reflections are involuntary, and are the natural result of such a separation; the hope of reunion alone can support me. I must try to endure life as the Almighty sees fit, but erelong I shall follow. Is that the case, I say to myself? Then why not wait patiently the summons? In a little while, according to nature's course, and perhaps before, you shall be introduced into a society where sorrow never comes, where there shall be no more separation, where every tear shall be wiped away, and you shall *together* worship Him who

sitteth on the throne, and be like the angels that are in heaven. This is the consolation, my dear Henry, that offers itself to me in my darkest and most gloomy hours. Heaven and heavenly things must now occupy my time and thoughts, and with a new heart, new affections, and a new object I commence my preparation. The creature has engrossed hitherto those affections that belonged to the Creator. It is not too late I hope to transfer them to the right object.

11 o'clock.

My dear Henry will not thank me I fear for the above. I have occupied my time, however, tranquilized my mind, and pleased myself with the thought that you are safe arrived at New York. When I unbosom myself, on paper or in conversation, to a friend I love, it renovates me and I am better for it. Do not therefore notice in your letter anything relating to *the first page;* neither would I have you think those sentiments the ebullition of the moment. I can never change.

Adieu, my dearest Henry, and believe me, in every situation,

Yours most affectionately,

SARAH CARY.

RETREAT, *September* 7, 1814.

Thanks to you, my beloved Henry, for yours of 25th ult., inclosing one from Lucius. How gladly would I repay the obligation in the way you propose, and think myself most happy! Well, when we meet again. Ah! who can say when that will be! Things unknown, unthought of, at the present moment, may lengthen the term of separation — But I have no desire to anticipate. The war may last, but still I shall have the pleasure of communication with New York. While parental and filial love such as ours exists, my dear son, neither time nor distance can efface either; and should Death, who "calls for millions at a meal," arrest us, let the survivor find consolation in the thought that those virtues strengthen beyond the grave, and ties strongly bound here are still more strongly bound in heaven. I am growing serious, but who can help being so within so short a distance as I am from Charlestown, and particularly as it is contemplated by many people whose judgment is rarely wrong, that the English will land on Chelsea Beach? I try

to keep my mind perfectly calm, and at the same time am very sensible that I am not a woman of courage, and willingly confess that an approaching enemy would induce me to run away without thinking of property; therefore, as it seems the part of prudence, I think of packing up those articles that are most valuable, and securing to myself the use of a team upon emergency. Is not that right, my dear Henry? Our good governor, who has his uniform prepared and means to take the command upon himself in person, will, I hope, with fifteen thousand brave fellows, repel our enemies. They will have, to speak vulgarly, another guess reception than they had at the capital. There is nothing said or scarcely talked of but this invasion. Both sexes, all ages, think themselves competent to decide on the way and manner which will be pursued at the terrific moment of landing in Charlestown; and I suppose no old beggar-woman — lest perhaps she should be found an impostor and spy in disguise — will be suffered to pass without a strict examination and cross-questioning. It was reported the other day, and by many believed, that a spy, a British officer, had been introduced and passed the evening at Commodore Bainbridge's as a stranger from the country. Many families are removing from Charlestown, with all their furniture. Our greatest want, I fear, will be money. None but Boston bills will pass now; all others are styled foreign. We shall all come under the denomination of croakers erelong, I believe, as well as those you mention with you, who go to bed prepared for an alarm. Tom tries to persuade us females that we shall certainly have at least ten hours' notice of the approach of the enemy. What are you doing, dear H.? Certainly you expect to do military duty, do you not? I wish you might escape. Here is our young cadet, who arrived at twenty-three years of age yesterday, in high spirits; and because he knows nothing, fears nothing, talks and laughs as if his company were invulnerable. Ah, my dear fellow, let us pray for peace; lasting, honorable peace. What high-sounding words are these, but such as we once had a right to claim! How fallen, how degraded, is this poor country! Let us hope, at least, not so low as *never* to rise again.

Yes, I have fought battles with Suvarof lately, and passed much time with great men who were always my admiration, and now more than ever. Have you read "Patronage"? I never met anywhere so admirable a display of character. George has this mo-

ment entered the parlor after an absence of a fortnight to Stafford Springs, where he has bathed and drunk the waters. Adieu, dearest.

S. C.

RETREAT, *Monday Morning, October* 10, 1814.

MY BELOVED HENRY, — I added a few lines on the last page of Nancy's letter to you, and concluded with saying I should write you as soon as my Plymouth jaunt was over. We set out on Tuesday last (M., A., and H.), at eight o'clock in the morning, from Beacon Street, with an easy coach, a pair of steady horses, and careful driver. Without much incident arrived at Plymouth, and I was seated by my old friend at six in the evening, who had been waiting her tea for a whole hour. Eighty-six years of age, and the faculties of her mind unimpaired! Conversing with the same vivacity and pleasing address as she did the last time she and I met, twenty-one years ago. Her son James is all-important to her, as I believe Margaret, in a former letter to you, described. He is, and so are they all high Democrats. We took care on both sides to avoid the subject of war, although they have about two thousand men under arms, expecting the British will attack them erelong, who, for amusement perhaps, have peeped at them more than once, and occasioned great alarm. I sat up till ten that night without feeling the least fatigue, but the next morning I was scarcely able or willing to rise, which made me resolve to keep still the whole day, that I might be able to set out the day after on my journey homewards. I kept my resolution, suffering the rest of the company to visit the different manufactories — cotton, iron, etc. — without me, while I sat in a low rocking-chair beside my venerable old friend, listening to her tale of sorrow (for who at her years and long before has not one to tell?), and imparting as well as I was able that consolation, that sovereign balm, which points to futurity. She was seated in an old-fashioned easy-chair with a crimson damask covering, dressed in a gown of black satin, a mob cap tied under the chin, and a small, snug black bonnet, with a little green curtain to shade her eyes, which have failed her very much of late years, so that she cannot discern objects at a distance, nor either read or write. Her little hands, which are still fair and almost transparent, were adorned with rings, chiefly mourning ones; but one which she has lately

received from the former President Adams, with his and his wife's hair, she seems to value most highly. Her form is as thin as you can conceive, and, were it not that she takes snuff, more interesting than you can imagine. She will soon, I think, take her flight upwards. She converses on death with the deepest reverence and humility, so becoming, my dear Henry, in poor mortals, the best of whom have nothing to boast, and may say, with the excellent Peter: "To whom shall we go? thou hast the words of eternal life." We had a charming visit, passing two nights and one day with my friend, who appeared to be highly gratified; and we parted with the hope that if the next interview was not here, it would be in a better world. My dear girls were all spirit, and as much gratified as myself. They alternately sang and rhymed, and in "converse sweet" tried to remove any gloom that might remain upon my mind after taking leave of a valued friend that I should not probably meet any more; and at quarter past five, after a most pleasant journey, we reached Beacon Street, where I may say we were received with the warmest friendship. Tom was the first to receive us, and after an account of our journey, of Madam Warren, etc., to Mrs. Otis and Harriet, we got fresh horses and proceeded immediately to Chelsea.

And now, my dear Henry, I felicitate myself hourly, and I may say, for the first twenty-four hours, raised my heart and hands to Heaven in token of my gratitude for so sweet a situation as the Retreat affords us. I would not, I think, if I had the power of choosing, live in Plymouth were the whole county (and it is divided into fifteen townships) presented me as a gift. Barren, rocky, sandy. I am not either one of those who, according to Sterne, travel from Dan to Beersheba and cry, "All is barren!" but out of my friend's home it seems to me there is nothing comely, nothing delightful.

How are you, my dear fellow? Thank Heaven, as yet there is no invasion of the enemy, and while there are only imaginary beings to cope with, who 's afraid! *I* am more afraid of the exposure of the health of my sons than of the dangers of real service this season, now that it is so far advanced. Do, pray do, take care of yourself. A military life is so dangerous to the morals, so often a life of dissipation, that, while an individual may be serving his country, he may also be undermining a fine constitution. With this view of things, believe me, my dear H., your happiness, your honor and

reputation, are so interwoven in my very existence that I feel as if I were standing on the precipice against which I would warn you. God bless you, my dear son, and, if possible, still dearer friend.

Yours most affectionately,

SARAH CARY.

December 17, 1814.

. . . . . .

How near we are approaching Christmas Day! I wish you could be with us. I dare not hope to see Lucius at this time, although he speaks strongly of coming; nor indeed do I know of anything that is likely to add to my happiness, save one which I ought not to conceal from you. Our young attorney will become, on that ever memorable and to all Christians delightful day, a member of Christ's Church. He was propounded by Mr. Tuckerman the Sunday before last. Charles, too, joined our little community three months since. Ought I not to consider myself a happy mother that out of seven sons, four of them have voluntarily and publicly given themselves to Him who said, "Do this in remembrance of me"? We have been a happy family hitherto; may we all be reunited hereafter!

I have nothing new to tell you, my dear fellow. Everything goes on quietly at home. I rarely stir abroad. If I do, it is just to see my dear Sarah for half an hour and back again to my sofa. My little parlor is now very handsome with the new floor-cloth you presented me, and to me will always be the pleasantest room in the house. It is the remembrance of past pleasures in the society of your dear and honored father that makes it delightful. In this place I say to myself: I sat reading such or such a book to him; in this, seated by his side, we conversed on such or such a topic, and here, close at his side, I used to breakfast. These are associations that soothe and tranquilize the mind, and often raise the depressed spirits, with the hope that a more perfect and complete enjoyment is in store for us. Take care of yourself, and believe me,

Your sincerely affectionate mother, S. CARY.

RETREAT, *February* 16, 1815.

It is a truth, my beloved Henry, that just as I had seated myself at my desk to write to you, Tom entered and presented me

with your kind favor of the 13th inst., inclosing one from Lucius. Do you not remember that your dear father used to say: "There is a little cord that binds us together, and prevents our minds from separating, although our bodies may be far distant from each other"? It must be so, and he is our guardian angel, as I have been sensible many times of late. A Sunday or two ago (a bleak, cold day) it seemed that he offered me his hand, as he was wont to do, and said, "My love, do not go out to-day." I did not go. Is this enthusiasm? By many so it would be construed. It may be so, but I will cherish these feelings as I go down the vale of life, and he shall still guide and counsel me. Whether it be real or imaginary, it will afford me pleasure, and soften the rough descent that may be before me.

I feel truly grateful for this intelligence. I find by your letter that he has written nearly the same to you, and adds: "This is Saturday, 5th December, and this is the hour you are all collected to dine together. Would that I could spend the day with you! However, I hope we shall have many more Saturdays in which we shall have much enjoyment together. I often amuse myself with retracing, in 'my mind's eye,' all the little circumstances relating to your retreat, in 'living o'er again' the scenes I have taken a share in there, and in executing the projects of amusement and alteration which we have talked of so often and so earnestly."

Last evening I received yours of 11th inst. You never need despair of entertaining me. If you should have dearth of matter that would be agreeable to you to write, say something of yourself, your opinions, your habits, — all important at all times, — and as I think you an excellent moralist, there too you have a subject. Everything seems to combine together just now to make me complacent, and, since I see that you have made a shipment of articles to Charles, I know of nothing that I ought to be very anxious about. My children are all in health and all virtuous. I have a sweet little granddaughter, born on Sunday last; my dear Sarah doing finely, and myself humble indeed, but submissive and thankful. These things make me remember a sentence of Sir William Temple in a letter to Lady Essex: "If you look about you, and consider the lives of others as well as your own; if you think how few are born with honor, and how many die without name or children; how little beauty we see, and how few friends we hear of;

how many diseases and how much poverty there is in this world, — you will fall down upon your knees, and instead of repining at one affliction, will admire so many blessings which you have received from the hand of God."

Adieu, dear Henry! I hope we shall see you at the Retreat in March. I left the parsonage yesterday, where I have been staying six weeks.

Your most affectionate mother,
SARAH CARY.

FROM LUCIUS CARY TO HIS MOTHER.

BERMUDA, *January* 10, 1815.

MY DEAR MOTHER, — It was on the ever memorable 5th of November that, having brought all my affairs to a close, and bid good-by to about a dozen old friends, whose lives and a congeniality of habits and minds had endeared them to me, I put myself aboard the fleet, and with a fair wind made sail, I hope for the last time, from Demerara. A few days brought us to Grenada, where we had to call for the homeward-bound ships, and where, very unexpectedly and to my great satisfaction, the admiral had sent an order delaying their sailing for a fortnight. I was much afraid I should not have been able to go on shore, but this circumstance enabled me to make a tour of the island, make several new acquaintances, and renew a number of old ones. Let me give you an account of those who will interest you. Just before I left Demerara I saw Isaac Horsford, who, after much hard labor and trouble, has gone up there to better his fortune in the planting line. We had a great deal of conversation respecting his family, so that when I arrived at St. George's I knew where to look for them. Kitty, I believe you know, married a second time, and is now Mrs. Rowley, with six children, besides George Rose. I called on her immediately, was very kindly received, and attended the celebration of her wedding day.

Soon after, I went out to Grand Roy and spent two days with Walter Cockburn, a son of the doctor, a fine young fellow, who is married to Alicia Horsford. Both these sisters are very well married, Mr. Rowley being secretary of the island, besides holding several other lucrative situations, and Walter the sole heir apparent to his father, who has become very rich. The old gentleman I

need not describe to you. He looks just as he did when you saw him last, and would be quite as active but for a fall which has made him very lame.

You may be sure I did not miss the opportunity of reviewing the spot where I was born and spent my boyish days. I found Mr. and Mrs. Horsford at Silver Arm, a small provision estate which they have lately bought and retired to, to spend the remainder of their lives. It is on the side of the hill above Mount Horne, and commands a view of the whole valley, — Paraclete, Simon, etc. They were highly pleased to see me. We went back, in comparing notes, to the year 1770; traveled over the whole history of the connection between our two families from its commencement to the present time. It would be in vain for me, my dear mother, to attempt to describe to you the tender and affectionate sensibility which they showed while listening to my communications. I have a thousand kind messages to you from them both. They spoke with a degree of exultation of the intimacy which had existed between my dear parents and them, and begged that it might continue to exist with their children. Alicia showed me a teacup, the only remaining one of a set you formerly gave her mother, and which is kept with great care to feed baby.

Dr. Cockburn desired me to give his kindest regards to you and all the family. He was very glad to see me, and gave me a very handsome letter of introduction to his relation, Sir James Cockburn, who is governor of this island. I brought also a letter of the same kind from Mr. Horsford to General H., who is the lieutenant-governor, and no other than George Horsford, nephew to Mr. H., whose red coat I recollect at Simon very well when a boy.

I saw several of the old negroes, — Joe, who went with you to America in 1784, and Glasgow, both well and glad to see me. I spent my time on the island very well, and, after feasting to my heart's content on turtle fins and old wine, embarked in the fleet for St. Thomas, which is the general rendezvous. There I left my ship and got on board one bound for this island, and here I have just arrived after suffering all the misery attending a dirty cabin, short commons, a long passage, and a gale of wind.

January 31. — Here I am, still. Since writing the foregoing, I have been hard at work to get over, without success. I have made an application for a passage on the Narcissus (frigate), which

sails for the coast to-morrow, with Commodore Decatur and his officers, but I am much afraid I shall not obtain one. There is, however, a Spanish brig going in eight or ten days to Amelia Island, in Florida, and that is my only chance. I have had the pleasure to receive your letter of the 29th August, *viâ* Demerara, and by some prisoners to hear of Henry being well in Charleston about six months ago.

Adieu, my dear mother! Give my best love to all round the dear circle at your fireside. Say that I hope soon to join them, and then for a bowl of punch and a song.

I am yours most affectionately,

L. C.

FROM MRS. CARY TO HER SON HENRY.

CHELSEA, RETREAT, *March* 23, 1815.

MY DEAREST HENRY, — I have the pleasure to inform you that Lucius arrived between one and two o'clock yesterday. As Charles, Harriet, and I sat at dinner, conversing very pleasantly of former days, our attention was drawn towards the east window by a gentleman looking in upon us, which I thought extraordinary. A fur cap and large greatcoat had so completely transformed my dear Lucius that I did not immediately recognize him. As soon as I did, you will easily believe that I sprang from my chair and the emotions that followed among us. I can hardly express the sentiments of gratitude I feel to the Author of all good, and repeat often with delight Addison's hymn, "Oh, how shall words with equal warmth," etc. We want nothing but you, my dear fellow, to fill up the measure of our happiness. He is in fine health, and desires his best and kindest remembrances, as do all our circle.

Yours most affectionately,

S. C.

P. S. — Ann was with our cousins, the Carys; Margaret with Mrs. Lee (charmed with Mary Ann); but we collected together at tea, and sat down ten.

VI

LETTERS FROM MISS CARY, MRS. CARY, AND WILLIAM CARY, 1815–1819

I GIVE the next three letters in full, minute as they are, because they describe what must have been a great event, not only to aunt Margaret, but to those who remained in Chelsea. Mr. Hogan, who is mentioned, was a business partner with her brother Henry, who had, at the time she wrote, established himself in New York. He died many years before my uncle, but the intimacy was continued with his family; and when my uncle Henry died in 1857, he left in his will an annuity to Mr. Hogan's daughter. The Atkinsons, with whom aunt Margaret stayed, were connected with the Chelsea Carys by the marriage of Miss Mary Ann Atkinson to Samuel Cary, their cousin, and son of the Rev. Thomas Cary, of Newburyport. Samuel Cary was the colleague of Dr. James Freeman, at King's Chapel. He died of consumption, leaving one son, who died when he was fourteen. Mrs. Cary afterward married Colonel Samuel May.

NEW YORK, *April* 20, 1815.

Well, my beloved Ann, you will have heard, long perhaps before you receive this, that I have arrived safely at this city, and received a kind reception from the Atkinson family. Shall I go into particulars and detail to you the various incidents and feelings which the journey has given rise to, or leave you to conjecture *the all* within a general outline? Indolence, in part, and the reluctance which human beings more or less feel at withdrawing the curtain

from the heart check my pen and make me hesitate. Yet, as this long preamble has probably excited your curiosity, affection must prevail and break down every barrier. The first day's ride through a dreary country was enlivened by the pleasures of expectation and the certainty of having left all well behind. We dined at Framingham, supped at Worcester, and got into the stage there, refreshed by a good cup of tea, full of grateful sentiments for the happiness of my situation in life, without any inclination to sleep, and rather pleased to observe that the front of the carriage was entirely open. The moon shone bright. I put on additional covering, and, heedless for a while of the roughness of the road, indulged in those sublime aspirations which raise the soul to a higher state of existence, and cause it to forget its near connection to an earthly nature which is ever aiming at dominion, and too often engrosses the faculties of the mind. I sat on the back seat with Lucius, who attempted to sleep. A young man on the middle seat laid his head on the mail, a huge leather case. The coachman before and the horses beyond made a long line, which, precipitating with great rapidity down very steep hills, at first agreeably excited my spirits, but the moon became clouded, the jolting terrible. I thought of Henry's dreadful fall from a similar situation to that of the man before me, and though I did not repent of having set out, the contrast of the comfortable home I had left made my situation totally cheerless. However, I do trust, my dear Ann, to a careful Providence, who I knew would not suffer any accident to happen which would not eventually be for my good. We stopped at Hartford to breakfast. I called for a basin of water, and made some adjustments in my dress, for which I felt heartily glad, when, returning to the room, where I hoped to have a comfortable refreshment with Lucius and our fellow-traveler, I found several gentlemen, boarders of the house, and after sitting a quarter of an hour exposed to the curious looks of the loungers who kept dropping in, among whom were two or three bold-looking officers, we went into a long room to the breakfast table, which was filled by at least forty persons, myself the only female. I made my escape as soon as possible, really considering that a delicate woman had better not go from her own home at all than meet with such company. You know our dear Lucius's gentle, unassuming manners. It is new to him to have the care of a female, but he might have avoided a

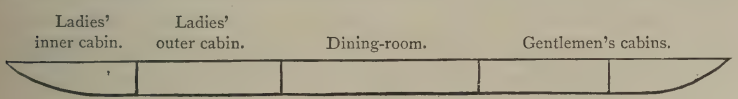
situation painful probably to both by desiring a room to ourselves. I write freely, because I think it will give subjects of discussion at the breakfast table at home.

At this town, Hartford, we took in three passengers, — one a sensible, loquacious lawyer; one a true Connecticut wit; and a bold, independent, free-spoken young fellow, a brother of Captain Lawrence, who appeared perfectly conscious of a very handsome face and person. We were in a coach so that we sat three and three, facing each other, dear Lucius in the middle of the back seat, which left me a corner. But he was so overcome by the fatigue of the journey that he slept all the time; and having no place to rest his head, it waved about all round; and in spite of my utmost efforts I could not help smiling at last at the significant looks and observations of the young lawyer, and for the only time during the ride broke silence by observing that he had rode all night, and the roads were very rough. I suppose many ladies would have enjoyed a pleasant conversation with these three gentlemen, for they were all sensible; but I have no courage when it comes to such a test, and it always appears to me proper to keep within the limits of the person who takes, or should take, the lead. If Lucius had conversed I might occasionally have ventured a remark, and as these were all passengers in the steamboat we might by that time have laid claim to some acquaintance. Well, we arrived at New Haven at two o'clock. Not a wink of sleep had I had, though the carriage, being well filled, was more steady, and the road not so rough; but in reality it was more dangerous, for it was a narrow, new-made turnpike. I hardly knew how to get out of the stage from fatigue. We went into the hotel, found that the court was sitting, and the rooms all occupied; — to another, heard the same story, and were directed to a tavern two or three streets off. There we were admitted, had a dinner provided in a little while, and we were desirous of being shown to our chambers. A black woman who waited on us — and I had not then seen any other — said she would see if we might go upstairs, then showed us into a chamber with two beds; however, we found another with four, and, leaving that to Lucius, I prepared to take some rest, having settled with him that he should deliver the letter to Mrs. Johnson, and meet me in the parlor between five and six o'clock to go to tea with Miss Hill-house. I took a good nap, dressed myself fresh, and, on going

into the parlor, learned from a young woman of the house that Mrs. Johnson had called while I was asleep. Lucius soon joined me. We went, though at a considerable distance, to return Mrs. J.'s call, who had received Lucius very kindly, and offered to go with us to see Miss Hillhouse. With Mrs. J. we took tea. She is a charming, open-hearted, sensible woman. She is living at N. H., that her son may attend the college, and takes in boarders to maintain him and herself. She gave me a very interesting account of the collegians. There has been a great reform produced among many of them lately, — those, too, who were the most dissipated. Many of them became religiously impressed with a sense of their danger from sin, which brought upon them the ridicule of others. Dr. Dwight took up the subject very seriously, and, in addressing himself to those who indulged in ridicule, entreated them, if they did not wish for salvation themselves, not to prevent those who did from obtaining it. This had a great effect; there is now no laughter on the subject. About thirty young men appear to be totally converted, and more than seventy are very religiously disposed; four were taken into the church last Sunday. We had a very cordial reception from Miss Hillhouse.

At the house where we lodged were two ladies from New York, whom I did not see till Wednesday morning; but two young women of the house told me of them Tuesday evening, observing that one of them had come from New York on the steamboat last Friday, expecting to meet her husband; that he had not yet arrived, and she had just got a letter from him ordering her to return home. This they magnified to my imagination by observing that the ladies were very fond of the company of gentlemen whom they were then entertaining in the front parlor, which had occasioned my passing by the door and going into a back room, where I found these two charitable sisters sitting. Next morning at six o'clock the carriage came round to collect passengers for the steamboat, and we got in with the two New York ladies, who appeared to me very ordinary and forward. I of course, from what I had heard, was on the reserve. Of the steamboat I can never say too much. It is indeed an admirable contrivance, going on steadily against a strong tide and wind, and having every possible accommodation; the rooms fitted up very handsomely, and the entertainment of the best kind: *but* there was a great swell of water

in going through the Sound, which continued for the first two hours, and I was obliged to hold my head very steadily and keep quite still to prevent seasickness. I found assembled a great many passengers, upwards of eighty, sixteen of whom were ladies. I hoped to exchange civilities with some of the latter, but while most of them were at their ease, I felt restrained in my movements. One lady came forward to me, and I was much pleased with her countenance and manner; but who should it prove to be but the very one in quest of her husband? Having taken off her coat and bonnet, I did not at first know her. One matronly lady excited my admiration by her good appearance and ease of manner. She was doing a piece of work for one of her family; but, having no scissors, I lent her mine, with great pleasure at her request. However, that was soon over. One poor woman was sick, and very pale. I advised her to go into the air, and sat with her in an outer cabin, but she was soon obliged to retire altogether. Eight o'clock was the breakfasting hour. The boat is long and narrow, and arranged in this way below stairs. The ladies have a sepa-



rate table, if they choose, but the intention is for all to meet in the long dining-room. It was this day contrived by the matron, her sisters, and all who appeared to belong to her party, that a table should be laid for the ladies in their cabin, and just as we were seating ourselves *they* moved off to the gentlemen, and left a party of *six*, among whom I was one, to entertain ourselves. The breakfast was, I dare say, in every respect as good, but who likes to be deserted? Those who remained were evidently of a lower class; two of them were, to me at least, of a suspicious character; and I confess I felt mortified, and could not help thinking Lucius ought to have come forward and given me a higher stand. Those who were left, except myself, who at least appeared serene, were loud in their exclamations, and the married lady from New York quite indignant, but very attentive to me, and took the head of the table. My dear Lucius came to the door to see how I was accommodated. By that time I had made up my mind, and thought I would not make myself enemies by removing; so I just bowed to

him, though the New York lady wanted me to invite him to breakfast with us. On the whole, I certainly was more at my ease than if I had gone into the long room. The ladies were soon re-assembled in their inner cabin, to which the *encroaching sex* found their way. The weather prevented us females from going on deck. There were five hours to be disposed of before dinner. The dice, the drafts, the cards, were all produced, and one way or other the time was spent. I had my knitting, which I took out, and sitting by myself worked steadily; but never did I feel myself so lonely as in this idly busy scene, for only one besides me had any work; no one spoke to me. I *felt* I was a stranger. At twelve o'clock Lucius came to visit me. This was the first time I had appeared to the great people to have any one on board who cared for me. We conversed half an hour together; he had been taking a nap, and having a conversation with his friend Jeffrey, whom he met on deck, to his great pleasure. At dinner time the same ladies contrived to make the same separation of parties, and at this time it was more mortifying than before, for the ladies' table was not covered, and the New York lady, whom I have mentioned so often, declared the reason was because we were to take the gentlemen's leavings. But perhaps, my dear Ann, I am tedious, and what is interesting at the moment passes so soon away that it is not worth recalling. We had a very good dinner in a little while, and it was served up immediately from the kitchen. I begin to be quite ashamed of all I have written, and am more than half disposed to tear the paper and begin anew. I beseech you not to think that our dear Lucius was at all inattentive to me; it was merely the necessary course of things that made me appear lonely, and left me to my own resources. The sun shone out for a little while in the afternoon. All who had friends among the gentlemen went on deck; Lucius came for me, and we walked about together. The rain soon drove us into the cabin. My knitting, as it progressed, had caught the attention of the company, and the matronly lady I mentioned came and sat by me, and learned how it was done. We had a good deal of conversation about wool, etc. She took me for a notable New Haven housewife, and wanted me to recommend to her some person there who could spin merino. Well, evening came at last, and the boat arrived at seven o'clock at the wharf. Lucius came to tell me he had seen Henry standing on the

wharf, and they had nodded to each other. Through the day I had comforted myself with the delightful expectation of meeting him. All this you can imagine. I watched the door, expecting every moment to see my two brothers enter. There was another entrance to the room, and presently I heard Henry's voice on the other side of me.

"*Ah, Margaret, how do you do?*" Oh, my Ann, what is there in some members of our family that can thus repel affection, — in those, too, who seem to feel it at times the strongest? A thousand thoughts crowded to my mind. Why had I left home? How wrong I was to be impatient to come with Lucius! All was delightful hurry around me, — brothers and sisters meeting with warm embraces; a father and daughter delightedly saluting each other, though they appeared to have parted but a few days before. Henry drew a seat directly before me and sat down. "Well, Margaret, where are you going?" (Can I tell you, Ann, the desolate feeling of this moment?) "If we had not met you here, Lucius meant, I believe, to take me to a hotel." "Well, my friends are all very desirous of welcoming you. I have promised Mrs. Atkinson, if you go anywhere but to a hotel, you will go to her." "I don't know what I had best do," for at this moment I only wished to be quite alone in the world, or, if possible, to be out of it. I ventured to ask how Mrs. Hogan's family did. "All well, and will be very happy to see you. But Mrs. Hogan has been lamenting, ever since she heard of your coming, that you had not come a fortnight sooner, or a fortnight later; for they have given up their house, sold everything, and can't get into another decent one for some time. They are in a very small place now, and could not possibly accommodate you, and they regret it very much indeed."

My dear Ann has heard of *a voice within*, and probably ridiculed it. I have heard of it, and believed it credible, but never courageously avowed my belief. Now I will do it, for in laying my heart open to you, I must unfold its secret recesses. I declare to you that at this moment I perceived distinctly pronounced within me: "*Go* to Mrs. Atkinson's, make yourself *agreeable* to the family, and be *grateful* to them for receiving you." You may call this, if you will, the decision of my judgment, but that is only adding cause to cause. In a moment of such perplexity and doubt, what regulated my judgment? You may call it imagination, my dear girl. I

will not contest the point. The effect was immediate. The hurry of my spirit was calmed. I declared my intention to Henry, asked if he had seen Lucius, and expressed my fear that he might be anxiously looking for him on deck. This was the case. They soon returned to me together, and got me on shore through the rain and mud. Here too we met George Atkinson, whom his mother had kindly sent to assist in getting us ashore, and to repeat her request that I would come immediately to her. When we were in the carriage, Henry shook hands with me and bade me *very cordially* "welcome to New York," inquired most affectionately after every one at home, and with his usual veneration and love of our beloved mother. "Well, Margaret, you 'll find a party at Mrs. Atkinson's. She regretted having company, on your account, but could not help it. You had better go at once to your chamber and dress." I assented.

Now, my dear Ann, if I had time I should be glad to launch out in praise of that affectionate hospitality with which I was welcomed by the whole of this excellent family. Mrs. Atkinson met me in the entry with the embrace of a tender mother. Emma and Eliza followed. They all accompanied me into the back parlor, regretted having company, but hoped I should not mind it much. I only begged leave to go into my chamber to dress. You know, Ann, how little I care for that beyond cleanliness, but I was determined not to mortify Henry by my appearance. However, I passed through an examination. Henry walked round me. "Why, Margaret, I think you look very well." So that business was settled. The evening passed pleasantly. There is nothing so wholesome to the mind, my sweet Ann, as little mortifications of the nature I had met that day. My spirit had been chastised, and I was ready to meet with cordiality every advance of affection. And here I have been treated with the greatest kindness ever since my arrival, and am made quite at home. Mrs. Atkinson desires to be very affectionately remembered to our dear mother. She says that when Emma returned from Boston and was giving an account of her visit there, she exclaimed to Henry, "Oh, Mr. Cary, next to my mother I love yours."

Mrs. Stout sent word that she would come to tea, as she wished to see me, but was very busy in the morning packing up. She is going out of town to a beautiful place in the neighborhood, where

I have promised to pass a day or two on my return. She is a delightful woman. Mrs. Hogan and Fanny called yesterday morning. They were exactly what I had expected to find them, from all the accounts which we had heard. Fanny's appearance, owing to dress, etc., was elegant. I had not a good view of her face, but she was *very intent* upon mine, as was Mrs. Hogan. I fancy their curiosity to know us is as great as ours. I gave my mother's regards to her, and told her how deeply we all felt her kind attentions to Henry, particularly during his last illness. Mrs. Renwick is to take tea here this afternoon. Lucius is to wait on Miss Kemble here at twelve o'clock to-day. Miss K. means to invite me to the theatre (Henry says) this evening to see a young actor of a good family in the part of Shylock. You see Henry's sister is kindly received by his friends.

I don't know what inferences you will draw from what I have written. Do you think I am "enjoying myself," as we say, or not? There are two sorts of happiness of which my mind is susceptible. One the world offers as a lure, then withdraws it the moment I find satisfaction in it. Another, which increases by enjoyment, is known only to my own soul, and proceeds immediately from that source in which I "live, move, and have my being." Some minds are so well ordered as to enjoy both without injury. To them, the good things of this world, far from being baneful, are blessings. Adieu, dearest, dear girl. Kiss my dear mother and Harriet and Sarah for me. Remember me affectionately to Mr. Tuckerman, Charles, Tom, George, Robert, and William, and all the dear little ones.

Your affectionate sister,

M. G. CARY.

PHILADELPHIA, *April* 28, 1815.

Here I am, my beloved Ann, as warm as I wish to be the 27th July, — all nature kindling with the ardent beams of the sun, and an atmosphere of love around me. I should really write to you more, my beloved Ann, if I had not so much to say, but subjects accumulate so fast that I am bewildered among the variety. However, I will hope for a private opportunity. My last letter, I think, left off when I was expecting Miss Kemble. She came, accompanied by Miss Howard, an amiable girl, her brother Gouverneur,

and our *two*. I was unexpectedly delighted by her appearance and manners. Instead of the pensive, downcast girl I had thought her, she was all spirit and animation, making a party for the theatre and making arrangements as if she were accustomed to take the lead. I declined going with her, as Mrs. Renwick was to take tea and pass the evening with us. Next came Mr. Hogan to call on me. Oh, what a man! more interesting far than I had conceived it possible, even from Henry's partial description. His face is the expression of patient endurance, his manners those of a complete gentleman, his conversation intelligent and thoughtful. I gave my mother's compliments to him when he inquired after her, and thanked him for all his kind attentions to Henry, particularly during his last illness. Turning up his eyes, and pressing his hands in the most emphatic manner, he exclaimed: "Oh, Miss Cary, your brother is not a man to *receive* attentions. When he is sick we let him alone, and he goes his own way. At all other times he is bestowing attentions." Every one at New York speaks of Henry in the same warm manner; whenever I expressed the satisfaction I felt at finding him surrounded by such kind friends, I was told *he was an uncommon friend*, that *no one* could do too much *for him*. I had a good deal of interesting conversation with Henry occasionally, for he was with me every day, and very attentive and affectionate.

Wednesday morning, a fine, clear day, we set off in the steamboat, and reached Brunswick at three o'clock, after dining. The company amused me much. I found myself more at ease than before, but the accommodations were not so good. We took care to find plenty of fault with the dinner, which consisted principally of hashes, except an excellent ham, and a very fine round of beef. For my part, I put up with some turtle soup. The landing at Brunswick presented an interesting scene. The stages were waiting for us. We had become in a manner acquainted with each other, and formed parties agreeably to our inclinations. We filled four carriages. The road was very bad, roots of trees having been dug out and the holes left. We reached Trenton between eight and nine; supped, made a great fuss to show our consequence about lodging; and after a variety of manœuvring, in which there was no little selfishness displayed, all got to bed. At seven o'clock we got on board a steamer, glided down the Delaware, saw the

house at Trenton where General Moreau lived, came into view of this fine city by twelve o'clock, and found Charles Thunn waiting for us on the wharf. Landed, walked up to 181 Fifth, between Pine and Spruce streets, and in two hours more was quite settled in a large upper chamber prepared for my accommodation. I received cards for the Peace Ball; and, urged to go, dressed and accompanied Mrs. Hopkinson. All very splendid. Laid a weary head on a soft pillow a little before three in the morning. Ever since, been receiving and making visits.

A thousand thanks, my sweet Ann, for your charming letter. I told Mrs. Stout, when she was expressing with all appearance of sincerity the most cordial and kind affection towards me, that I had a *sister Ann*, whom she would love a great deal better if she ever knew her. This must be despatched at once. Adieu to all.

Yours ever,

M. G. C.

PHILADELPHIA, *May* 5, 1815.

I despatched a letter to you yesterday, my beloved Ann, and promised to begin another. Yours is still an unfailing source of pleasure to me. I never read a letter as often before. When it occurs to me how far I am from home, that some weeks must elapse before I sit down between you and my dear mother in quiet enjoyment, the natural inertness of my disposition — for I can think it nothing else — raises a fog around me which only your letter can dispel.

I have not yet said a word to you about Mr. and Mrs. Thunn, and they deserve the kindest mention from me. Mrs. Thunn is an interesting, sweet woman, extremely well educated. She has told me that in Germany it is customary, after a young lady has been taught all the sciences, music, painting, etc., to put her for two years under the care of a clergyman, who forms her religious principles, and obliges her to give in writing the conversations they have together. She speaks with the highest reverence of her instructor, who must have been a man of very liberal and pious sentiments. She is a very good proficient in music and painting, very well read, expresses herself with great propriety in our language, is very pleasing in her manners, and — which you know is a strong recommendation to me — a zealous reader of Swedenborg. Mr. Thunn,

much older than his wife, is zealous in his religion, hospitable, kind, but democratic. It would have done your heart good to have witnessed the affectionate manner in which Mrs. Hollingsworth received me. She cherishes the most respectful remembrance of our dear Sam, who was, you know, very intimate at her father's. We are to pass the day with her to-morrow. This evening we pass at Bishop White's; his daughter, Mrs. McPherson, who lives with him, has given the invitation. Adieu.

May 16th.

I often wish for you, my sweet Ann, and often for my dear Harriet. Last Saturday I particularly wished for the latter, when I visited the Woodlands, a beautiful country-seat on the Schuylkill, three miles from the city. It belongs to the Hamilton family. The present generation consists of two Miss Hamiltons, two brothers, and Mr. Lisle, a widower with two daughters. These all live here during the summer. At present, the family have not moved out. Mrs. Hill had often been invited by the ladies. As she wished to show me the place, it was indifferent whether they were there or not. It is a compliment, you know, to go and admire. The McCalls were so polite as to send their carriage. We entered a handsome gate; on each side was a porter's lodge; passed over a fine gravel road between clumps of forest trees, and arrived at an elegant building. Mrs. Hill asked if any of the family were there. "No, nobody." Mrs. Hill wished to see the place, and would alight for a little while. We went in, and a lady came forward with great ease to receive us, — *Miss Hamilton.* She is about fifty. Something about her made me think of my dear mother. She was about her size, had much the same features, but where was the expression? I could not find it, though I fancied that, if her affections had been called forth in the same manner, it might have existed. But Molly Hamilton — I will say it though I should have the whole sisterhood at my ears — is a complete *old maid.* She is, however, a very energetic character. After the death of a married sister, she took upon herself the entire care of her nieces, who are now, I am told, fine girls.[1] She is the principal directress of the Woodlands, keeps several men constantly at

[1] One of these nieces, Ellen Lisle, married Hartman Kuhn, of Philadelphia; and her son Hartman was the husband of William F. Cary's daughter, Grace Morris.

work, and is making great improvements. Her uncle, the last owner, had improved the place very much; had been in Europe, and made collections of beautiful paintings, which are arranged and taken care of by this lady. Everything within doors is elegant. The piazza at the back looks upon the Schuylkill, which makes many windings and passes away at a distance; over it is a bridge of one arch, on which there is a good deal of traveling. We went into the gardens, which were in fine order, and through the hot-house, which contains the greatest collection of plants in the United States. When we had at Cambridge one flowering cereus, they had about the same time *twenty*. Last winter Miss H. supplied the sick with five or six hundred lemons from her own trees. She was very civil, and pressed me to come again. She goes out every morning and stays till three o'clock, walks about without any regard to the weather, and presents as plain an appearance as one of us going into the garden to pick peas. It rained all the time we were there, but she used no umbrella and seemed to defy the weather. Do you think we brought home any of the beautiful flowers which were growing in great abundance? Not a leaf.[1]

May 24th. — Well, dearly beloved, I have received the precious packet from Chelsea brought by Mrs. Otis; have read it twice over; have conned every expression in every letter, and conclude that all is well. Mrs. Otis is well. Mrs. Thorndike gone out to buy a bonnet, which, Mrs. O. observed, "was the first thing Bostonians had to do when they arrived at this city." I bowed mine at her, and felt pleased to think I had left off my little black one.

I have not met with the least check to my pleasure since I left home, and I think it has all been of a rational kind; perhaps I should say with any *disappointment*, for I have visited some mournful scenes. My friend was determined I should see everything, and the prisoner and the maniac have both shared my attention. Oh, my beloved Ann, I have heard the song of madness, and seen a frenzied female shake her chain, exulting in misery. I have seen one hundred and twenty women, some young and beautiful, convicted of various crimes, kept hard at work, besides six in solitary cells, and can I ever forget so much misery so far as to murmur at the slight inconveniences and the light sorrows which occur in my happy life?

[1] This estate is now the Woodlands Cemetery.

My beloved mother asks if Mrs. Hill is gratified by my visit. I believe I ought to answer, without any affectation, that she is beyond expression gratified by it. I can hardly help laughing at both of us, for she carries me just where she pleases. The dear girls are indeed lovely, fonder of me than ever, full of affectionate inquiries about the Retreat. Next Monday morning, my beloved Ann, I shall set out on my return in the steamboat. At Brunswick Lucius will take a gig and carry me to Mrs. Stout's, who is, he says, importunate that I should pass a week with her. Mrs. Renwick, too, is expecting the fulfillment of my promise, and the Atkinsons say I have made them no visit as yet. The Hogans, too, are in their house, and expecting a visit from me. I go on sipping pleasure and receiving the kindness of my fellow-creatures. Love to our blessed mother and to all the family. To your dear self, the disposal of the heart of

M. G. Cary.

W. F. CARY TO HIS SISTER ANN M. CARY.

New York, *July* 5, 1816.

My dearest Ann, . . . Yesterday was celebrated the anniversary of our independence, and all was a scene of noise and confusion in the city, and to avoid it I took a ramble into the country with Kemble. We crossed the river to Jersey at Hoboken, and walked from thence to Hamilton's Monument, about three miles and a half up the river, and after running over the rocks at the edge of the river for the last half mile, we arrived at the lamentable spot where such numbers have fallen. It is situated about a rod from the edge of the water, on the side of a range of high hills which run along behind it, thickly covered with trees and evergreens. It struck me, as I sat there, that the monument had better have been erected in any other place than here, because I think it encourages many to follow his example, and to deem it an *honor* to die in the manner and on the very spot where so celebrated a character as Hamilton had breathed his last. The grass is not suffered to grow on those unfortunate spots where Hamilton and his opponent stood, from the frequent use that is made of them. But a few weeks ago they were stained with the blood of a misguided officer.

We passed the monument and went round the hills, which were

almost inaccessible, and came to an immense precipice about one hundred and fifty feet perpendicular. It was situated forty or fifty rods from the river. We went round the back of it, and succeeded in climbing up the craggy rocks by the assistance of the branches of the young trees which cover them, and came to its summit, where we sat on the edge as near as was safe, and more than admired the enchanting view.

There was a beautiful little valley at the foot, — just enough trees and bushes to make it perfect. Here a mound of earth covered with moss, there a spot of grass to be seen, which afforded an opportunity of seeing perched on the boughs the thrush, the blue-jay, the wood robin; and every little songster of the grove seemed tuning his voice to give us a cordial welcome, and hopped from branch to branch as if conscious of his own security. And whilst we heard the soft, melodious notes of these little chanters, the rooks, who sat in the tops of the tall, waving pines, as if inspired by the same motive as their neighbors to amuse us, raised their hoarse, croaking voices, and joined their bass to this little band of musicians. On the opposite side of the river we saw country-seats interspersed along its banks, with clumps and clusters of tall trees, and indeed every natural beauty which could amuse the fancy and please the imagination seemed presented to the sight; and whilst gazing around me with delight, wished that you were by my side to partake of my exquisite pleasure. After feasting our eyes upon these lovely prospects as long as our time would permit, we turned with reluctance towards home.

I suppose the care of the little family will devolve on you, but I hope it will not prevent the customary exercise of your pen.

Yours affectionately,

W. F. CARY.

Ask H. if she has once thought of my purse or picture. Best love to all. Thank T. for his letter, and R. also. I wish the latter would write a little more fully, to give me at least one page.

WILLIAM F. CARY TO HIS MOTHER.

NEW YORK, *August* 9, 1817.

MY DEAREST MOTHER, — I received your affectionate letter last Sunday morning while on a visit to Captain Philips, in the High-

lands, where I went the preceding Tuesday for the purpose of giving liberty for a few days both to body and mind, which, after confinement of fifteen months, really required some more capacious range than the stifling streets of the city. It is a delightful spot, situated fifty miles above the city, directly opposite West Point, and commands a fine view of the river in many parts for the distance of about ten miles on either course, and many noble mountains from eight to twelve hundred feet in height. On my arrival I found Mr. Kemble, the Misses Kemble, and two or three of their good aunts, etc., whose company you may well imagine added greatly to the pleasure of my visit. We rode every day twelve or twenty miles, the ladies in the carriage, myself on horseback, and sometimes, to vary the scene, took a sail or a row upon the river. The captain is a fine, sociable Englishman, of about fifty; possesses a large tract of land, which he inherited; is, besides, very rich, and lives in the style of a Persian prince, the lord of the land. W. Kemble came up on Saturday, and we returned on Monday night at twelve o'clock in the steamboat from Albany. I arrived on Tuesday morning at seven, greatly renovated in health and spirits by my country excursion. I was welcomed with the joyous news of the arrival of "our dear Tom" in the city.

I have passed this week most happily, having been with Tom every evening, and had much pleasant and interesting conversation. He is greatly improved, and one of the finest fellows I ever knew, and, although the time of his visit has been very limited, I feel that I have derived infinite advantage from it. It is impossible for any one to live with him and not experience the beneficial effects of his society, not only in strengthening and exalting the mind, but also in acquiring that happy and contented disposition, and that wish to add to the enjoyment of others, which excites the good feelings of his fellow-beings towards him, as well as affords himself the most agreeable satisfaction. The one who possesses this noble disposition, takes a delight and makes it his study to disseminate it among his companions and friends, is most truly happy; he must and deserves to be so.

Of our situation and local circumstances I need say nothing, as Tom, having had ocular demonstration, will describe to you everything worth knowing respecting the Southern limb of the family, and give all the minutiæ which you wish me to write. It is a long

time since I have seen you, my dear mother, but I must keep it in anticipation and hope for the best. T.'s visit has compensated, in some small degree, for my not sporting my face at the Retreat. Lucius requests George will forward his gun per sloop Manilla on her next voyage. I have spent my leisure time with T.; therefore my good friends, to whom I am in debt, must have patience. It is late, and my pen is rather indifferent. Please excuse the hand.

Your most affectionate son,

W. F. CARY.

The three following letters are from William Cary to his brother Tom, who was just engaged to Miss Mary Perkins; and in the second letter he speaks of his brother George's attachment to Miss Helen Aylwin, whom he afterwards married.

CHELSEA, *February* 3, 1818.

MY DEAR TOM, — You may probably have heard before this of my visit to the Retreat. I arrived here on the Sunday before last, and found my mother and the family perfectly well. She, I think, appears to be in as fine health as possible, and as active and light and young as when I paid the last visit two years ago. I assure you this visit is most delightful to me; feeling full of spirits as I do, with a *lighter* heart than a lover's, I have it all, with its entire contents and good feeling, to offer to my friends.

Many slight changes have taken place in the characters of the members of the family, but particularly George and Robert. The former has undoubtedly improved in every respect in mind, manners, and estate; and the latter is certainly following in his track, but seems to want a few stout muscles about his joints to brace up his unwieldy limbs. He has gone this evening to a dance in Charlestown, which assuredly will have a great effect in knitting his bones. Just as I had finished the preceding page, George came in from town in fine spirits, having received the gracious smiles of his fair Dulcinea.

4*th.* — You will, I suppose, wish to know a little of my movements since my visit commenced. On the day after my arrival, I went to call on Miss Perkins. She received me in the most cordial and affectionate manner, and gave me a general invitation to

call and see her often. This was Monday, and on Wednesday I went with George and Robert to a tea party at Mr. Samuel Cabot's, where I met her again, and heard her sing several songs, among which was "Blue-eyed Mary," the favorite that you mentioned to me when in New York. I can't tell you how charmed I was with her voice (which is really divine), with her conversation, with her manners, — indeed, I thought her possessed of every quality which man could possibly wish for in woman. Then her little laugh is killing, absolutely. On Thursday evening I went to the ball at the Exchange, where I again met her with her sister and father. George here introduced me to Mr. Perkins, who gave me his hand in a handsome and easy manner, and at several times during the evening made occasional observations to me, which entirely eradicated from my mind the idea which I had always entertained of his extreme coldness and reserve. In the course of the evening I had some pleasant conversation with Miss Perkins, and handed her to the carriage. Yesterday I called in Pearl Street at twelve, and sat with the ladies until past one. I saw Mrs. Perkins for the first time, and thought her an amiable and agreeable matron. After this, as I was walking up Beacon Street, I met the colonel, who turned round after I had passed him and called to me, and very cordially invited me to dine with him, which I accepted, of course. It was a little formal at dinner, but the colonel appeared in good spirits, and I had some conversation with him after the ladies had retired, upon mercantile subjects, etc. After this he left me to go to the legislature, requesting at the same time that I would join the ladies. So you will perceive that he has shown me every possible attention I could wish, and infinitely more than I had reason to expect. Mary was animated in conversation, sat opposite me, and did everything with a great deal of loveliness, to make the entertainment as agreeable as possible to me. I am going to a famous ball to be given at the colonel's tomorrow night, and the day after set off for New York.

Yours most affectionately,

WILLIAM F. CARY.

NEW YORK, *February* 14, 1818.

MY DEAR TOM, — I arrived here last Sunday morning, direct from the Retreat, where I have been making a most agreeable

and happy visit of a fortnight. I wrote on Wednesday evening, on Thursday was Mary's ball, and on Friday I intended moving towards New York. Well, on Thursday, George, the doctor, and myself set off from your office in State Street, at the fashionable hour; drove to Mrs. Otis's, where we took in Harriet and the Misses Otis; called upon Miss Abby Joy, and escorted them all to Pearl Street (not, however, in *one* carriage). Here, after the ladies had disposed of their paraphernalia, and taken a parting farewell at the mirror, we met them in the entry and handed them into the drawing-room, where we were received most cordially by M., the colonel, and all the family. We found the whole party tripping it in very fine style, — heart, soul, and foot. I, you may well suppose, was ready for the sport, and required no manager to set me kicking. I danced with many pleasing young ladies, and amongst them with G.'s Dulcinea, Miss A., who is a sweet, interesting girl, and will, I have no doubt, make him (if he obtains her) very happy; but, to all appearances, I should not suppose her more than fourteen years of age, and her parents are pursuing the most proper plan unquestionably in coming gradually to the engagement. His attachment is very strong, and there is not the least doubt in my mind, judging from what I have seen and heard, that hers will be equally so in time. But he must and will often sigh and think of Troy before the day of victory. The truth is, my dear Tom, that when I arrived at Boston and beheld G.'s pale face, which portrayed so much suffering and anxiety, and heard so many dismal stories of your *now* florid but former pickle visage, and of the dreadful tornadoes and whirlwinds which both your minds had encountered, I shuddered when I thought of my own unsheltered heart, and trembled lest I should be forced into the same way of taking leave, though for a short time, of my own "seventeen" senses. I did not change my opinion until after I became acquainted with Mary, and could not help often saying to myself, a man never could have suffered too much pain and anxiety when his reward was to possess the affections of so amiable and lovely a woman.

Miss Caroline is a lively, animated girl, and I admire her soft blue eyes and long eyelashes, but she talks at too great speed for me.

On Friday I set off in the mail coach with a whole neck and sane

head. We called in Pearl Street for Colonel Perkins, who, being in the legislature detained by some important business, we were forced to leave; but he soon overtook the stage in Brookline, and came on to New York. He was in very pleasant humor and good spirits, and spoke to me in an easy and familiar manner. He paid my stage fare at one tavern, and I his at another, so you see that even yourself could not have been on more unconstrained terms than I was.

Most affectionately yours,

William F. Cary.

New York, *March* 23, 1818.

Dear Tom, — This morning I had the gratification of receiving your letter of the 9th. I recur to my visit at Boston very often. It requires no effort of my thoughts to recall to my mind what passed there, and the very name of Mary is sufficient to place her in the eye of my imagination as distinctly as if I had seen her yesterday, and replaces in my mind every circumstance which occurred. At my first call on Mary after my arrival, I was received with great ease and cordiality, no constraint whatever, but at once a friend. I went with George about twelve o'clock, and, on entering, found Miss S. Perkins alone. After being seated a few moments upon the sofa, which you know is concealed from the door by a screen, Miss C. P. came in, in great spirits, and George, who by my particular desire sat in sight of the door, mentioned her name, that I might not mistake. Presently Mary came in, dressed in a red Canton crape, without any ornaments, and gave me her hand with great kindness. I could see a sweet, graceful little smile half concealed at the corner of her mouth, which seemed to say, I 'm glad to see you and give you a hearty welcome. That dress I thought became her more than any she wore while I was there. We sat there an hour, during which there was no cessation of conversation, Miss Caroline keeping us all merry with a little deluge of words. I afterwards met Mary at Mrs. S. Cabot's, where she sang several delightful songs, one of which was "Blue-eyed Mary," which was most melodious, and touching to every man who possesses in some degree that tender chord within him which says, "What is life, wanting love?" She was dressed in white satin. This was the only opportunity I had of hearing her

sing. I met her at the Exchange Assembly, but had not the pleasure of dancing with her. I enjoyed myself at the supper, having a seat near her, and next Miss Elliot and Miss Caroline, who were both very agreeable ; and I saw her safely into the carriage. I last saw her at the ball given by herself, where she walked among her friends, imparting pleasure and gayety to all the young, and cheerfulness to those of the "matured." The next morning I called to say "Adieu, jusqu'au revoir!" I had but a few minutes to spare. She came down dressed in a red crape, with a handkerchief round her neck ; looked all goodness and benignity as usual ; gave me her hand, and I took leave, saying to myself, What a happy fellow is this brother of mine!

I received a letter from George a few days since, and am sorry to find that his "fates" are unpropitious, for he says that the heart he so ardently loved is acquainted only with sisterly affection. "All now is hush." I long to take you by the hand and tell you many things which my paper and time will not now admit.

Your ever affectionate

WILLIAM F. CARY.

FROM MRS. CARY TO HER SON HENRY.

RETREAT, *July* 27, 1818.

MY DEAREST HENRY, — Sitting very near the door in the entry, it being uncommonly warm, ready dressed for church, bonnet and gloves on, quite alone, I saw a young person, dressed in white pantaloons, riding a fine horse. Immediately it struck me it must be you. I was disappointed when he disappeared. We are brought strangely into view of one another sometimes when absent. Is it pleasure or pain? It ought not to be the latter. I would not indulge the thought, but rather that you were in the full enjoyment of health and pleasure, and that little vision I shall consider a good omen. I had thought of you before. Perhaps you talk of coming ; you promised, you know, that it should not be so long again.

The superstitious now would think it forebodes no good. I think the contrary, and shall hope at least that our thoughts were in unison that morning.

We have a long time thought of writing Miss Hannah Adams to pass a week here. I knew it would gratify Margaret highly, and

last Tuesday afternoon M. set off to bring her. She is really original. Figure to yourself a little (very short) woman, rather fleshy when in health, very plain, with bright, animated eyes when conversing, but extremely abstracted in general; sitting at knitting, and not *affecting* to notice anything that passes in conversation unless particularly addressed; every now and then rising up, and, with a little, quick step, going upstairs for something she has forgotten, or to take up a book to read, — and she reads with surprising rapidity. She returns back with the same hasty movement, pursues her knitting, and, if any one takes any pains, she converses extremely well, but with a little shrill voice, not perfectly distinct, so that you would be obliged to say, "What did you say, ma'am?" This little modest person, with her hands placed before her whenever she courtesies, like a little miss in a new frock, is the correspondent of literary men, and said to understand languages.

How do you really do, my beloved Henry? I have "hungered and thirsted" after a letter, as in one of your letters you say you do to travel through Europe. That sentence I laid up to dwell on while I sit at the needle or walk towards the west gate. Your reasons for not setting out at present I cannot but admire. Some future time may be more eligible. Thank William for his letter, which, I must say, I waited for. It will not do, I find, to answer you gentlemen of business too hastily; the obligation to reply is too important, and you have not leisure. He writes me in a sweet state of mind, tranquil and happy. His letter contained much just sentiment, and also a great deal of entertainment.

I have received letters as late as the 12th from our travelers. My dear Anne is not one of those who travel from "Dan to Beersheba" and find no pleasure. She is delighted with everything that deserves praise, and her remarks are very entertaining. I did not know before that the Mr. T. who met them at Albany is the gentleman you described to us. She says of him, "My first impression is that he is a very neat little gentleman; looks animated and intelligent." In her last she says: "You will wish to know what this person is on a nearer acquaintance. He might be very agreeable but for a national self-importance, and a minute attention to his language and personal appearance, which carries an affectation that is quite amusing sometimes. We have some pleasant conversations in the carriage, but there is no effort on my

part to keep it up. The army is his favorite topic; so when he becomes abstracted and I think he is deploying a right wing, and when the smiles round Lucius's mouth show that he has a fund of amusement within, I take out my little 'Minstrel.'"

Lucius has been most kind and attentive to her, and I suppose is by this time on his return to New York. I felt happy at the thought of his residing in that city, and when that was at an end, could not help hoping he would reside in Boston. He thinks otherwise *at present*, and he is right to follow his inclinations. It is best for every man to mark out for himself that line of life and those principles of action that, on mature deliberation, seem best *on the whole* for him to adopt. He says I shall hear as often as ever from him, and I persuade myself so excellent a son will never desert me. Adieu, my dear Henry.

Yours most affectionately,

SARAH CARY.

The following letter from my grandmother to her son Henry was written shortly after his marriage to Miss Margaret Pyne. Her parents were Irish, and at the time of her marriage were living in Charleston, South Carolina. I can recollect Mrs. Cary, whose charm of voice and manner impressed me even as a child. There was a pretty little peculiarity in her accent to which my aunt alludes in a later letter.

RETREAT, *March* 9, 1819.

First, my dear Henry, let me thank you for your letter 12th ultimo, and the charming description of your present situation, furniture of the happy mansion in Chambers Street, and, to crown all, your dear wife by your side, alternately amusing you with a tune upon her harp or her sweet conversation, while William, whose mind is possessed of sentiment and his heart of feeling, sits I dare say an admiring and affectionate spectator. I admire the furniture, its taste, which I perceive is Margaret's, and the economy, which is your own. Thus, my dear, my valued friends, may you ever aid each other in the affairs of life!

I am much pleased with the thought of your sister Margaret's visiting you, and willingly resign her for a short time, that she

may gain so much pleasure and so much health, which I cannot doubt she is evidently recovering. Yet I cannot think she will be able this month to quit home. The journey, though so much shortened by the advantage and facility of the steamboat, is still a journey for an invalid.

It gives me great pleasure to find you and your dear wife inclined to bestow some of her time in practicing upon the harp, although I dare say she played extremely well before. In music, you know, even masters make proficiency by practice, and, fond of the art as you are, she will have a double incitement. I believe you have heard me regret my want of opportunity after marriage to improve in music. It was all in vain. A voyage to the West Indies in winter, and sailing from Portsmouth — Boston harbor being blocked with ice — obliged me to leave my harpsichord behind; when, the following month, the revolution broke out, and then all intercourse was stopped between us.

We have had a remarkable winter here; the ground has never, for a single day, been so covered with snow as to admit of runners. Last Monday, the 8th (when we talked of Mrs. Brevoort's ball), it snowed violently for some hours, and excepting in our own avenue there is not snow enough for a sleigh. I can say with you, "The weather has been such as I never knew before, so mild, so cheering and transparent."

Our friend Stewart has still his last touch to give to the picture, notwithstanding the handsome and polite messages you have sent him, which have not however been lost upon him. He has great sensibility, and appreciates very highly the opinion of people of discernment; but, poor man, he has been afflicted with both asthma and gout, and, what is even worse, procrastination. I have delayed writing to you, in the hope that I could give you some information from T. Cary about his plate, but I am waiting for an answer to my letter. I shall be very happy to succeed in this commission, because I see you have an ardent wish to possess it, and I have used all my address to persuade him to let you become a purchaser of his father's and also his grandfather's, — all, indeed, with the swan on them. For my part, I consider the family plate in my possession a sacred deposit during my life. Afterwards, my dear fellow, a division must undoubtedly take place, although I am sure no one would value it more highly than yourself.

So you have given your first dinner-party. I know your dear Margaret presided charmingly, so as to charm her guests and delight her husband. Tell us as much as you can about *her* and about *yourself.* Everything is interesting that relates to you. I have not had a line from Lucius since October 15th. Margaret has had one short one dated November. His letters have a sombre aspect, I think. How lonely and comfortless is the life of a bachelor! A single lady has far more resources. Do not you think so?

Thank my dear M. for her letter.

Yours most affectionately,

S. C.

These letters from aunt Margaret were written during a visit of some months spent with her brother Henry in the first year of his marriage. William Cary was at that time a member of his brother's household, and the Henry sisters were also staying there. Mr. Henry had gone to France, where his daughters joined him later, but in the meanwhile they divided their time between their own relations in Philadelphia and the Cary households at Chelsea and New York. My aunt's interest in Swedenborgianism had become a fixed belief.

No. 69 Chambers Street, *April* 24, 1819.

My dearest Ann, — I begin a letter to you in hopes I may hear of an opportunity before long. I despatched a letter to my dear mother yesterday giving an account of my journey, and will keep on with my narrative. Yesterday afternoon I walked with sister, Sophia and Elizabeth, to the Battery, which was really far beyond my expectations, for I only saw it for a few minutes of a dull day when I was here before. We then went to Mill Street, where I had not expected an invitation, and it was truly pleasant to see the young men in their business room. Henry then accompanied us round by the Jewish synagogue, to see two stone stores of his which he rents for a thousand dollars a year. The service had just commenced at the synagogue. I heard the singing and saw the lights burning at the altar, and could not say whether I wished most to go into or from the building. There is something attractive in every kind of devotion where the great Creator is

addressed, but the associations with Jewish doctrines are too painful for indulgence. We passed on.

My first visitor this morning was Mrs. Russell. She is a very pleasant, intelligent woman, and I hope to see her occasionally. Her brother wrote her word that if she could collect a congregation in her room he would preach to-morrow afternoon, and Mrs. Hurd, who knew I was in the city, advised her to invite me. It was a little awkward to decline. My natural timidity and my acquired principles are continually brought into opposition. Heaven help me! Then Mr. Brevoort came with Henry to pay his respects. He appeared to me much altered in five years. Thin, older, interesting, his dark face has a very peculiar expression. After shaking hands and making kind inquiries, he turned immediately to the portrait, and you would have thought it was his own mother that he was talking of.

This dear sister of ours you want to know about. She is very prudent; asks no questions; never talks to Mr. *Car-ry* on any subject that she thinks is painful to him. She is a dear soul. God bless her and you, and all of us, my dear Ann, and conduct us speedily to that blessed world where I wish we all were! How strange to write this to you! I think I shall not send it, but begin on another sheet Monday. Adieu. The sun is declining and they will all be at home presently.

Monday. — On the whole, I think I had better keep on writing, and advise you to burn my letters. It is much the best way, and then I can write with freedom. I went to church all day yesterday, William showing me the way and leaving me at the hall door. Upwards of one hundred persons were present. I was pleased with the services. Nobody knew me, but I had a book handed to me both times.

A good deal of regularity prevails in the family. At half past six Henry rings a bell, and at that time I am always up and generally reading. We breakfast at seven on tea, dry toast, butter, eggs, or hominy made with corn from Carolina, all in very nice style. Juba brings in the kettle boiling, with a pan of coals on which it is set, and he remains in the room, very attentively handing the cups, etc. We are a very pleasant party, all disposed to talk; Sophia and Elizabeth very agreeable and quite at their ease; William not saying much, but attentive and joining in occasionally.

Sister says he looks quite happy since I came, and that it certainly makes him feel more at home. She seems very fond of him, and Henry treats him with the greatest attention. Yesterday morning Henry and Margaret ran downstairs together. She declared that she was dressed first, but that seeing her going out of the chamber he put his back against the door and kept her there till he was ready. There is the best possible understanding between them. He can't help fondling her a little, but to me that is quite excusable. Then the gentlemen go off to the store, and we sit down to work. This morning we began Schlegel's lectures on the dramatic art, and read one with great pleasure. The music master comes twice or three times a week. Margaret appears to me to play with great execution. She had a very difficult piece to play this morning, but she told the master she had not been able to practice it. He was surprised at her playing it so well. She told him she had thought of it a great deal and dreamt of it. "Ah, that is just like me!" exclaimed Mons. Ferrand. At two, Henry called to accompany Margaret to wait on Mrs. French, who brought letters of introduction from Charleston, and they will give her a dinner or a tea. We dine at three o'clock; always soup at the head, generally fish at the bottom, and a hot dish of brants or roast meat brought in when the soup is removed; very fine potatoes from Scotland, and mashed turnips. Every one takes a little wine after the soup; then Henry recommends some fine ale; nuts and apples after the cloth is brushed and removed; everything very excellent of its kind, served on China. Henry goes to market himself. They have a good plain cook, but dear Margaret is a good deal troubled with not knowing anything about cooking herself, and they are obliged to hire when they have company. In the afternoon a walk is generally proposed, and they are now all gone out. At seven we have tea made by Margaret, and handed round with a plate of toast; then we take our work, and Henry reads aloud. Last evening he finished the life of Bayard in French. At ten o'clock exactly Henry rings for the three flat candlesticks, and we all separate. Have I been particular enough, my beloved Ann?

Margaret is to me all I ought to wish, but it takes time to form intimacies, and perhaps I could much easier feel intimate with her than she with me. I read letters to her, and talk to her of my friends. It is not often that I have an opportunity of sitting alone

with sister and having a little confidential communication, but we had an hour before dinner, and she was very kind in telling me about her situation, plans, etc. She is exactly the wife for Henry, and he is delightful in his family. He takes great pains with the Henrys and expresses a father's solicitude; and she has given them a most kind and cordial invitation to make this their home. Best love to my dear mother. Ever yours,

M. G. CARY.

No. 69 CHAMBERS STREET, *May* 10, 1819.

I feel quite culpable in not having written you a line since the receipt of your long, kind letter, my dear Ann, which has been read by me at least six times. It is now nearly dark and I meant to have devoted most of the afternoon to you, but just as we left the dinner table, the wine and nuts still standing on it, William gone, sister taking up a book, and I with my work (half a dozen cambric cravats for Henry), Henry having gone into the drawing-room with a young lad from Carolina, who is at school up the North River, Sophia and Elizabeth both lolling on the sofa, and thinking of going upstairs for work, the door-bell rang and a young man came in. We four all looked towards him, and as soon as he could get over his embarrassment enough to speak he said, "General Clay's son." He was immediately received with great cordiality. I told him my brother had mentioned him in his letters. Henry soon returned to the parlor, took a glass of wine with him, and entertained him with anecdotes. He stayed till half past six, and is going to the theatre to hear Phillips in "The Devil's Bridge." Quite dark. Adieu, beloved.

My meeting with Mrs. Stout was, as you may suppose, very affectionate. She would have come in as soon as she heard of my arrival, but they had met with a sad disaster at Belleville, and it was only from her great desire to see me and her hope that I would return with her, that she made an effort to come then. You know the rain which we had on Saturday and Sunday previous to my departure; it began here on Friday and rained very heavily. Saturday morning Mrs. Stout was engaged at work, but could not feel easy; every now and then she went to the window to observe how high the water was in the raceway. She feared that the dam might be carried away. At twelve o'clock she went to Mr. Stout

and begged him to have all the flood-gates opened. He told her there was not the least danger; there had been a new dam made last summer; however, he went round everywhere, ordering every passage to be opened and every precaution to be taken that was possible. In consequence of this they dined late, and at three o'clock, while they sat at table, they heard a great outcry. The dam had given way, owing to the weakness of one belonging to a neighbor some way above theirs, and all the meadows and low-lands around them were afloat. Large blocks of mahogany and great stones were brought down by the current, roads broken up and spoilt, and an incalculable deal of mischief done. You may judge a little of the depredation when I tell you that that evening Matthew Stout, the eldest son, was returning from the city, and could not have reached home except by getting into a boat and rowing with another man over a road which a few days before was as good as any country road near us.

Now I am going to tell you a story: William H—— has been warmly attached to Miss C—— for some time past, though, from all I can hear, he is much her superior. Her father would not give his consent to the match. He is an old curmudgeon, they say, and loves his money better than anything else. But the mother gave hers, and the brother. William H—— wrote a letter to the father to say he intended to marry his daughter at such a time. He went to Mrs. Stout, who is at all times a warm friend, and told her of his intended marriage, hoping, as he confessed afterwards, that she would give him an invitation to bring his bride from the church to her house. No one, I believe, was ever yet deceived in her kindness. She immediately proposed it, though she had never yet seen the lady, and engaged to keep the affair secret from all but her husband.

Saturday, the stormy day, was the time appointed, but he sent word to Mrs. Stout that on account of the weather the marriage was put off. Well, Sunday afternoon they went to church. After the service, in the afternoon, there were twenty-five children catechised, and then the ceremony was performed in presence of the mother and brother, — the latter of whom gave the bride away, — bridesmaids, bridesmen, etc. All that way that Matthew passed over in a boat they had to walk, clinging to the fence, for, though the waters had very much assuaged, it was too soft to admit of wheels.

Mrs. Stout had no expectation of them, and was putting on her night-cap when she heard voices downstairs, and soon learned from Caroline (whom I wish you knew) that her guests were come. The servants were called up, and supper got. The bride was dressed in a riding habit. The next morning Mrs. Stout proposed to send for any of their friends they would like to have from the city; and their brides men and maids went and passed two days with them. Mr. H—— the elder don't like the match; his wife does. Mrs. Stout says she had rather William H——, with one shoe on his foot, would marry a friend of hers than any young man, ever so rich, she knows of.

Well, to this hospitable and kind and busy mansion I went, and, as I wrote Harriet, found myself walking in the garden early Monday morning, where the air was perfumed with hyacinths, narcissus, orancinas, and several others, — a fine gravel walk through the centre of the garden, and beyond it through a field of clover, luxuriantly green; apple, cherry, and peach trees all in blossom. There is much in this world, my dearest Ann, that partakes of Paradise, and we, who have no claim whatever on the goodness of God, must often be overwhelmed with a sense of his mercy. Every day we walked to the dam that was making, to watch its progress. Thirty men were at work; the most indifferent workmen had a dollar a day. The expense will be very great.

A visit from Mrs. Schuyler interrupted me. She is to write to fix on the time for my going to Rhinebeck. Adieu, dearest Ann.

Ever yours,

M. G. Cary.

Chambers Street, *June* 10, 1819.

And so, dear Ann, "All for want of a horseshoe nail a man's life was lost," which you know ancient records testify, and I really believe for want of a point of a pen you lose many choice pages which you might otherwise have from me. I beg of you to let all the young ladies you have a hand in educating be taught to point a pen, and then, perhaps, in due time they may point an epigram. Another reason why I write to you so little is because I have so much to say. Before I begin a subject I think, If I write this to her I shall not have time to write that, and so this and that are both lost. I am determined that I will set out this time with

telling you what I have invariably forgotten every time I have sat down to write: Your friend, Mr. Jennison, is very quietly living in the city, without any idea of going to England. He is considered here a *dandy*, but not of the common sort, from all I can learn, and is attentive to trifles for want of something of importance to occupy his mind. He dresses in the morning in an elegantly embroidered frock coat, with nice soft slippers; comes down to the parlor with his porte-feuille in his hand, which, after having eaten his breakfast, he opens to write a letter, or a conundrum, or a riddle, or sonnet, at all which he is very expert, or to draw from it the last new publication (which, by the way, happens just now to be Lord Byron's tale of "The Vampyre," a horrible thing); and at eleven o'clock, when the world is well aired, he completes his toilet, and walks to the reading-room, etc. I have seen him in the street, and he has called here several times lately when we have been out, and left a card. Henry wonders why that man leaves so many cards here. I can't help fancying he has some wish to see Miss Cary's sister, but I have not the vanity to say so to any one but you.

On the 11th, Mrs. Brevoort's carriage drove up to the door. Mrs. Cary and I, being dressed, hastily descended, and got into it. We beguiled the way, six miles up the Bloomingdale Road, with pleasant conversation, Mrs. C. relating anecdotes of last summer. It was exactly one year since she went out to Mrs. Brevoort's for the first time. Mr. C. went out too. He had seen her the day before in the street. "There was one day when he gave me a great alarm; it was just six weeks after our first acquaintance. All the party were going to Long Branch, and he went about to get books for Miss Lightwood, and indeed all of us, to read in our absence; but he told me there was a manuscript which he should commit to my particular care, and requested might not be opened till I got to the beach. I was very much agitated. I went up to Mrs. Hutchinson. She saw immediately that something was the matter with me, and desired to know what it was. This man, who they all torment me about, — everybody perceives his attentions, — he is going to send a manuscript, he says, to my particular care. If he is going to pay his addresses to me at this early period of our acquaintance he will sink very much in my estimation. He is downstairs, and I know not how to behave to him." Mrs. H. ad-

vised her not to let him see any change in her manners; perhaps he would not send it; at any rate, it was time enough to decide when he made proposals. "Well, the next morning the books came in a basket. I opened it; there was a large roll for me. I slipped it carefully out and into my handkerchief. I went up to Mary; I threw it on the bed. I was very much agitated, and exclaimed, 'And I must wait so many days till I see the contents!' 'But I shall not,' said Mary. 'I must know directly,'—and she opened the package. 'Oh, don't, Mary!' 'I must; I would not be in this state of suspense, or let you be so, on any account.' And then we found that it was only some fine specimens of style in Mr. Campbell's handwriting. Oh, it was a great relief to me; I was in such glee, such spirits, all the rest of the day, I could think of nothing but sport."

I cannot give you her manner and emphasis, my dear Ann, but this lovely woman far exceeds any idea you could have formed of her from merely seeing her last summer. I don't know how to attempt to describe her to you as she appears to me, the more I know her.

We got to Mr. Brevoort's between one and two, and were followed by the gentlemen in a gig. We soon went into the library, which is truly delightful, full of valuable books, and looking on the Hudson, between which and the house there are tall trees which leave a sufficient opening to let you know where you are. We did not dine till four, and in the meanwhile I looked over the books and read an exquisite little poem, "Cupid and Psyche," translated by Roscoe; then we walked, seated ourselves on the bank, and conversed at ease till half past six; took coffee out of the most exquisite china I ever saw (I know Tom thinks that 's what Margaret likes), heard some music on the harp and piano, then returned home in the carriage.

RHINEBECK, *June* 16, 1819.

When I think you have received my last letter, my beloved Ann, I generally begin to write to you again. I suppose by this time my dear mother has received a proposal from sister that I should stay with her till October. What does she think of it? I long to know, for I cannot feel satisfied with a simple assent.

Here I am, dearest, at Rhinebeck. We got to the boat just in time Saturday afternoon, five o'clock. There we joined Mr. W., Miss Mary Kemble, two Miss Gouverneurs, and Miss Patterson.

The clouds had dispersed, and all was pleasant for a time, though not promising for the night. There was to be no moon till late; a cloudy night prevented the stars from shining bright, and the air grew damp and chilly. I remained on deck conversing with William Kemble, a fine young man, while William talked with Mary, close by, till ten o'clock, when I thought it most prudent to retire and try to sleep. The gentlemen escorted us to the cabin door, and promised to call us betimes in the morning. Two of our party had already gone to bed, and the third was devouring a novel, the last new one, "A Year and a Day." My berth was comfortable and I got some sleep, but two ladies sat up all night, to be romantic. There was one child who cried out, as if in pain, for some time, and, of the twenty females who were in the different berths, I believe fifteen called out to propose remedies: "Give it spirit." "A little gin is the best." "I dare say you can get brandy." "Is n't there any peppermint?" "Paregoric 's better." "Oh, laudanum 's the best of all." Bursts of laughter came occasionally from the cabin below, where the gentlemen slept, and the noise at the different landing-places continually broke in upon our quiet. Once I got up in the night, and gently slipped up on deck in hopes of seeing the Highlands. It was dark and gloomy. I could distinguish the outlines of the banks on each side the river, but they were not at that time high enough to be very striking. We were called at half past four, and landed at five. After debating whether we should be set down at "Lewis Landing" or "the landing at Lewis," we kept to the letter of Mrs. Schuyler's directions, and stopped at the former place with our party. Mrs. Schuyler's carriage had not arrived. As it sprinkled, and there was only a shed to stand under, we accepted Mr. Kemble's invitation to go with them to Miss Seth's. We went, but declined Miss Seth's invitation to breakfast, requesting her to let us have the carriage to convey us to Mrs. Schuyler's, but on the way we met Robert Schuyler, and got into the wagon with him. Arrived at seven; received a most kind reception from Mrs. Schuyler, and a very hospitable one from her husband. Now, dearest, comes the trouble. There must be occasional dark shades, you know. My portmanteau, with all my clothes, books, letters, work, were all exchanged, by a sad mistake, for the portmanteau of some other traveler, and here have I been Sunday, Monday, Tuesday,

Wednesday, in the same dress. It happened fortunately that I put on everything fresh Saturday noon, and fortunately, too, wore my Canton crape, which is the best dress for such an occasion; but here have I been without a stitch of work, and little choice of books besides novels. However, I ought not to complain. A personal accident would have been worse, and if I can get my things by evening I shall do well. Just going to walk with Mrs. Schuyler. More pleased with her than I even expected to be.

June 18*th*. — I come to you, my beloved Ann, refreshed by reading a few chapters in my little Bible, and a few pages of exposition by Swedenborg. Let none rest satisfied with only the resources of their own minds, however faithful memory may be, and its use is of the utmost importance. We want fresh supplies to carry us forward in the path we have chosen. It is the daily bread which nourishes. You see I have recovered my portmanteau. The one we took belonged to an Englishman who was on board. I dare say he was angry enough, if the face I noticed on the steamboat belonged to him.

The country here is different from what I had expected. I had thought of a large, low house on a lawn, tall trees, a deep, flowing river, and mountains. The house stands high, surrounded by trees, a turnpike on one side, and a small river, or rather babbling brook, on the other; all is convenient and handsome. The country about is very verdant, and a succession of hill and dale. The fields of wheat and rye are beautiful; the village, two miles off, not in sight. Far off are the great Catskill Mountains, which strongly mark the horizon, though they are twenty miles distant. My chamber is towards the river, and my slumbers lulled by its fall over a ledge of rocks. The stream is made useful to turn mills, and very near the house is a small bathing-house, which receives the water into a long tub from the race, which, being raised above the ground, receives great heat from the sun, and by the time it reaches the tub is quite tepid.

Mrs. Schuyler is just the woman I hoped to find her at home. In a dress of gingham, with a nice white ruffled tippet, and her hair combed back from her face, she looks fresh and blooming. She is very domestic, always animated and cheerful, busy in her family, and very capable in all her arrangements. I love to see people move about with spirit, and take an interest in everything.

I sit in my chamber a good deal, which gives me the feeling of home, and when Mrs. S. is at leisure she comes and sits with me, and we have those long talks which only friends enjoy, and which knit souls together. She has just been into the chamber, and, finding me at my pen, has gone again. "Writing to Ann? Give a great deal of love to them all for me. Tell them how happy I am to have you here. I have been longing for it so many years, I can hardly believe I have got you; I really chuckle within. I told Mr. Schuyler last night I had a great mind to get up and go into your chamber to be sure that you were there." Excuse me, my dear Ann, for repeating all this, but I thought it would give you an idea how pleasant my visit is. Love to all my dear friends, and my best love to my mother.

Ever yours,

M. G. C.

CHAMBERS STREET, *July* 18, 1819.

How delightful, my dear Ann, are the interchanges of affection! I received your letter this morning, and, when I have let you see a little into the transactions of the last few days, you will be able to judge how apropos it came.

Thursday night, when I came down from William a little after ten, I found that Henry and Margaret had not come up. Going in search of them, I found them in deep consultation about a dinner party for Saturday. He had invited the Marshes to eat salt fish (he has lately got some very fine ling-fish, which is dressed New England fashion, and he makes presents to his friends); but not contented with treating them with one dish and a few et ceteras, he had made out a large bill of fare. We have a very good little plain cook, a good little woman who does her best, but wants a good deal of direction if she goes out of her usual course. Soup, top and bottom, removed for fish and lamb; chickens, ham, sweetbreads, wild fowl, *stewed lobster*, *calf's head*, and vegetables. Dear Margaret had been poorly all day. She was trying to persuade Henry to have less; he was very desirous of the whole. Both appealed to me when I came in. There were to be fourteen persons, and it was concluded to have the whole, as you may suppose, and I was to be answerable for the last two named. I had little sleep through the night. How many times I said to myself:

What would I give if I were a good cook! and felt mortified at all my deficiencies. The hot weather, and all together, seemed to present insurmountable obstacles in my path. Friday morning I heard that dear Margaret was not able to leave her chamber. I made breakfast, and went to sit with her. My old headache came on. I was mending silk stockings, could not possibly see, and so afraid of having Margaret find out I was unwell, for her dependence for the next day was on me, little knowing how ignorant I considered myself. In the afternoon we sent for the doctor, and by a day of fasting and his directions, towards evening the dear soul began to revive. And my spirits too had risen, for to you I may say I had made it an exercise of devotion to pray that I might be enabled to perform my part, and that all things might go well the next day. Those who are in the habit of relying on Providence know — yes, they know of a certainty — that the most minute events are directed by spiritual influence, and I felt that it sustained me in that hour. I went to bed encouraged, had a good night, and rose with a spirit determined to meet with vigor the duties of the day. I am inclined to stop every moment lest this particular account should be thought too trifling; but if so you must keep it to yourself. There are many little circumstances which, if I were talking, would better show you why I felt so much. Besides the dishes mentioned was a course of cherry pie, custard, almond pies, Sunderland puddings. All these, my dear Ann, were to be made by my own hands, and what was worse, I was accountable for all, and must be present let them be ever so bad; and, besides, I must not look fatigued, but show at least that I tried to be agreeable. Most happily the day was cool, every article succeeded well, and, as Henry observed to me in the evening, every dish was well cooked. And the best of it was he got me — *poor me* — to give him a receipt, which he penned down from my mouth, of the stewed calf's head. I have thought, my dear girl, all along, that I would hold myself up to you for a warning, but perhaps it may even be an encouragement to you, on some such occasion, to think that you will come off as well. I was most fortunate in bringing on a little receipt-book, which I thought might be useful; and it has proved, in several instances, highly so. The Sunderlands were much admired by a gentleman at table, who asked for a receipt. Is all this worth telling you? Yet it

shows you how I am occasionally occupied, and how I get along. Henry's kindness and Margaret's affection make me solicitous to do everything for them, and this little transaction is really an era in my life, for, for the future I shall be encouraged to exert myself, having realized how much that appears difficult may be gone through.

How little of what is in my mind can I tell you! This morning was looked forward to with delight, for my Sabbaths are exceedingly delightful to me, and I had but one care on my mind; but that one pursued me through the week, and still continued. No letter from home. My blessed mother is sick, but not enough so, they think, to let me know. This uneasiness was also to be removed. Your letter came, and my heart overflowed with gratitude to the dear Author of all our felicity. I went to church with a happy heart. Best love to my dear mother and all the family.

Ever, dearest, your faithful and affectionate

M. G. C.

CHAMBERS STREET, *August* 3, 1819.

How difficult it is, my dear Ann, to do at the right moment what is to be done! When I rose this morning, refreshed by a good night's rest, I said I will write to Ann to-day, and immediately my thoughts arranged themselves in such a train as I thought would be most pleasing to you. I hastened from my chamber, as usual of late, to find a cool seat in the front parlor, with the folding-doors thrown open to make a draught through. There I sat and worked on my little frock, Sophia and Elizabeth reading the newspapers of the day till called to breakfast; then I returned to my work, to give Flora time to arrange my chamber. S. and E. went out shopping; sister took a seat by me. The clock struck half past eight (an elegant little one on the mantel-piece). I will sit till nine, thought I. At nine, sister was narrating something to me, and I could not draw myself away. A little while after, Miss Pyne came in to say that Thomas had been brought home ill from school. Sister went back with her. There will be no reading of Lorenzo dei Medici this morning. I shall take my own time to write, particularly as my letter is already formed in my brain, and there will be nothing to do but pen it.

The clock struck ten, and the girls returned. "Oh, do come up-

stairs and see the purchases!" Up I went, as it was just time for me to move and engage in writing. "Very pretty, very neat, very cheap, indeed! What is this? Rogers's 'Poem on Human Life.'" S. "I bought it to send to Caroline Morris, but we can all read it first. E. "Do sit down here and read it, while I cut out my gown." Well, I went through it, and just at the close sister returned. "Thomas behaves very well, takes all the medicines Dr. Hosack gives him, the fever has lessened, and I hope he will soon be better."

Now it is one o'clock, and, though an hour and a half remains before I need dress for dinner, the spirit of the morning has fled; the melody of sentiment has seduced my fancy, and its soft breathings taken captive my heart. "Auld Lang Syne" rises in a thousand shapes before me, and though I am forcibly impelled to the Retreat, and wander through its apartments, and passing through the orchard mount on Powder-horn Hill, return by the Willows, and seat myself at the east window, yet I can only meditate. I *feel* that I live, and *forget* that I am an intellectual creature. This will not do. I will dress myself, and then sit down to write. The wrinkles, dearest, the wrinkles are certainly coming upon me. Now I'll give you a touch of Mrs. Hamilton, still hoping you have not got the book. She supposes herself presented with a mirror, in which she is permitted to contemplate her friends as they should appear when changed and modified by the lapse of thirty years; and then —

"With expectation beating high,
Myself I now desire to spy,
And straight I in the glass survey'd
An antique maiden much decay'd,
Whose languid eye and pallid cheek
The conquering power of time bespeak.
But though depriv'd of youthful bloom,
Free was my brow from peevish gloom.
A cap, though not of modern grace,
Hid my gray hair and deck'd my face.
No more I fashion's livery wear,
But cleanly neatness all my care.
Whoe'er had seen me must have said,
'There goes one cheerful, pleased old maid.'"

It is a long time since I wrote to you. I had determined to do so before I went to Belleville, but at ten o'clock came home the

currants for jelly, and I did not leave the kitchen till three. Then I dressed from head to foot as expeditiously as possible and ran down to dinner, Mr. and Mrs. Stout dining with us; left the table when the dessert came on to pack up, and at five we set off. Pleasant ride, kind welcome, good supper; took possession of my chamber on the ground floor, and blessed the stars that showed the day was done. Sunday morning went to church; joined as much as I could in the worship, but could not say I believed in the resurrection of the body, or in a still grosser error. Saw a man and his six children christened, — the father and the infant named alike. Could not believe the assertion that these persons were *now regenerated*, but hoped they would be. The week passed pleasantly. I carried out the "Life of Mrs. Hamilton" to read to Mrs. S. and Miss Morris, with which they were much pleased. Worked on my frock as much as the heat would permit. Became acquainted with Mrs. Courtlandt, of Newark, a very pleasant literary lady, who talks very well, and liked me because I was a good listener. Resisted all sorts of kind entreaties to pass another week, though not from want of love, and returned on Saturday. Seized with a violent headache, supposed to be from riding in the sun. Henry prescribed, sister nursed, William went out to buy a bottle of cologne water, Sophia fanned, and Elizabeth folded my clothes. Had a good night, got up well in the morning, and went to church. The thermometer is now ninety in the shade. I meant to have given you a particular account of Mr. Brevoort's dining here, and Miss Bronson taking sister and me to see the balloon, and my extreme anxiety at having our dear Margaret in such a crowd, etc., etc., but the pleasure and pain are fast fading from my remembrance. I shall have letters ready to go by Mrs. March. Best love to all.

Ever yours,
M. G. CARY.

FROM MRS. CARY TO HER SON HENRY.

RETREAT, *August* 11, 1819.

Your kind letter, my dear Henry, of the 9th ultimo has given me the greatest pleasure. What a picture do you and your dear sister Margaret draw of the domestic felicity and orderly establishment of your home in Chambers Street! I am charmed with it. I

want nothing but to increase my gratitude to Him from whom all our blessings flow. I know not if I shall ever be an eye-witness of your happiness; but whether I do or not, I shall derive more satisfaction from the reflection than I can ever express to you or to any one else, and in my solitary musings of pain and pleasure this last event of your life shall be my sweet solace.

We are all well here, and yesterday afternoon Anne and Harriet and Mr. and Mrs. Tuckerman, leaving me with aunt Sally Russell, went to the inauguration of Mr. Ticknor and Mr. Norton, the former professor of French and Spanish languages and *belles-lettres*, a fund for which was provided by the late "Bill Smith," *alias* "Cheap Smith!"

I was going to tell you more of yesterday, when an interruption of visitors gave me another train of thought, — Colonel Perkins and Mary. How well I remember his kind visit soon after you were settled in New York, through snow I do not remember how many feet deep, purposely to inform us of your health and agreeable prospects! It was on Sunday, and Anne and I were at home. Your dear father soon returned, and after laying down his hat, whip, and gloves, as you know was his custom, with all that grace and elegance belonging, *in my eyes*, only to *his dear self*, received Colonel Perkins most graciously and hospitably, aided by the grateful feelings he felt for the delightful information of so dear a son, and for whom he felt so much solicitude. Excuse me, my dear H., for all this, but this visit has brought these circumstances so vividly to my recollection that my pen refused its office on any other subject immediately.

I said to Colonel P., "You were at Cambridge yesterday, sir?" "Yes, madam. I was highly gratified, indeed; there were a great number of young people there, and although Mr. Norton spoke an hour and a quarter, no one was weary. I was charmed too with Ticknor, his elocution, his action. The President first addressed them in Latin from the pulpit, to which they replied; but my Latin is gone by now, and I could not catch more than one sentence out of ten. It was all very fine, however."

Love to all of you, my two Margarets, William, and the Henrys.

Ever yours,

S. Cary.

VII

MISS ANNE M. CARY'S CANADA JOURNAL. MISS OTIS'S SARATOGA JOURNAL

1819

THIS journal of my aunt Anne's was written while on a journey which, it seems to me, must have been *the* great pleasure of her life. She always enjoyed talking about it, and there was as great happiness in the way it came to pass as in the journey itself. The favorite brother Lucius had come home for a visit, and after his suggestion had been made of her going to Canada with him doubts had arisen of the possibility of the plan; and, as she used to tell the story, there was an agitating interval when all hope seemed over, till her brother George came forward, and the ways and means were all made clear for her to go with one brother and return with the other.

FROM ANNE M. CARY TO HER MOTHER, MRS. SAMUEL CARY.

ALBANY, *July* 7, 1818.

Just arrived at a commodious boarding-house, changed my dress, and refreshed by a good cup of tea, which Lucius and myself enjoyed highly. For the first time we have taken a meal alone. I sit down to write in my chamber to my dear, dear mother, while he goes out to see some acquaintance and the newspaper. How I have thought of you since we parted, sleeping and waking; and every friend I have has passed in succession through my mind and associated with every pleasure I enjoyed! My ride to Northampton received a new zest when I remembered they were the same woods and hills my dear Sarah had so often described

to me, and wished I could enjoy with her. I wanted to sketch the beautiful scenery for Harriet, offer to Abby and Sarah the fragrant lilies that were reposing on the surface of the still waters, and catch for my darling Cary the little rabbit that ran through the wood. Not one was forgotten. But it is time to tell you what I have seen, not what I have felt.

First, because I know it is important to you, let me say I am quite well, though exposed to morning damps and noonday heat, to the winds of the mountain and the dust of the valley. My cough is gone. Lucius, too, is perfectly well. Desires his love to you and each of the family, and will write to-morrow to George.

Our ride from Boston to Framingham was a very sleepy one, but I longed to let the friendly party in Beacon Street know how strengthened we were by our breakfast; how good it was! The approach to Worcester was very fine. There, while the horses were watered, we stepped in to see Eliza Wyer, and had a pleasant little visit with her. She was well. We dined at Brookfield, a very pretty town. The scenery, for twenty miles beyond, presented a greater variety: villages placed in valleys, churches prettily situated, and beautiful streams and ponds rising unexpectedly to view, and of a transparency worthy of paradise; noble woods of oak and ash, which changed, as the soil grew sandy, to every description of pine. Sarah, do you remember the pretty little village of Western? The only thing to be regretted of yesterday is, that we could not enter Northampton till nine at night; but I strained my eyes to see all that was visible, and have a general impression of how beautiful it is. Then, too, I meant to have written to my dear mother, but I thought she would say, "You have done enough for to-day, my dear; go to bed." And so I did; and directly after, as it seemed, sounded the alarum at my door at half past two to get up. I did so; soon fell asleep in the carriage, from which a jerk awaked me just at daybreak to a glorious scene, the top of the mountain presenting an extensive view. I thought for a moment I had returned to the Atlantic, and all the islands lay before me. A thick fog covered all the valleys, and the hills rising beyond produced this temporary enchantment. We breakfasted twenty miles farther, and how I do wish I could in any manner give you an idea of the view we enjoyed after it! Ascending Chesterfield, the mountains were sublime, the rivers more deep

and full; the white fog rising gracefully over the tops of the mountains and silently vanishing away; the thick woods which covered the hills, and the ascent from one to the other; till, having reached a prodigious height, I looked down on the magnificent scene, and felt nothing but adoration of the Creator. I cannot describe it to you at all. I wish George would inquire for Mount Holyoke and Mount Tom at Northampton. While the horses are watering at the top of Penn, step into the church, as we did, and go up to the steeple. Look at Mount Hopeck on the right, just discernible like a noble cloud skirting the horizon. Ask for Mount Catskill, if it is clear; and when at the top of the Hancock ridge, look back on part of the world below.

I have just received a summons for my letter. The stage starts at three in the morning, but this is the first moment I could write. Those who travel by the job, as we do, must not think of journals. I have a great deal to say, but it would all be pleasant. I realize all I expect. Lucius and I have some pleasant little times together. I must mention that in the midst of a dusty road, when we had been told we must ride seven miles farther to dinner (then two o'clock), I opened my little box, and my blessed mother's handwriting appeared like a breeze in spring. Not another word but blessings on all that I love. The second knock that hurried me to a conclusion proved to be Lucius, come to tell me the mail had closed at six o'clock, and that my letter should go by the Hudson at ten to-morrow. I hope it will reach Chelsea soon, but we did not get here till eight, so I could not help the detention. I fear you will think I ought to give a more particular account of the towns, but traveling a hundred miles each day confuses the recollection not a little. The barracks at Greenbush make a very handsome appearance as you approach this town. They were used during the last war to receive the wounded and all the prisoners taken on the lakes. The Hudson flows immediately before this city, and I did not like very well to cross the ferry after seeing Fisher's carriage scene, but I was agreeably surprised by a horse-boat. Now, my dear mother, do you know what a horse-boat is? If not, may I tell you? You ride immediately off an almost level bank to what seems a large wooden platform, with a railing round it. On the platform before you is a large covered box, the size of our parlor, in which are horses going round as in a mill, and

moving a wheel which affects the water like oars, and this boat is gently disengaged from one side of the river and carried to the other without any motion, while all appears standing perfectly still. I think Tom will laugh at this description; if so, he must give a clearer. For our fellow-travelers, I will just say they have neither incommoded nor interested us. From the female part I got a good deal of information.

Wednesday morning. — There I laid aside my pen from very weariness. Lucius occupied a chamber, by my request, as close to mine as possible, and I was to lie till he called me. But I have risen refreshed at sunrise, enjoying the fine prospect from my window of the opposite shore, the barracks, the wooded hills, and the peaceful river. The tinkling of the cowbells and here and there a girl milking a cow in the street remind me of Portland; while the handsome brick houses, the shops, and appearance of business, carry me back to Boston. The city is said not to flourish. It is the principal city of the State, too, and here the legislature assemble. Think how fortunate we are. It has rained through the night, and now, the dust laid and clouds dispersing, the bright sun is coming forth to cheer us on our way. I hope, my dear mother, you will suffer no anxiety about us. You know how long I have wished to see a little more of the grandeur and beauty of this noble world. Now I am enjoying this happiness with one of the most attentive and kindest friends I could have chosen. Everything worth having requires some sacrifices and some exertion, which I am willing to bear for pleasures which are not merely temporary. Can we gaze at the magnificence of creation and not exclaim: "These are thy glorious works, Parent of Good, Almighty! Thine this universal frame!" And is not the heart made better by the acknowledgment?

I cannot reconcile myself to the velocity with which the stages descend these prodigious hills, though the horses appear well-trained, and it is said to be the safest mode of descent. But happily human weakness can trust in the guardian care of Him who heedeth the sparrow in its fall. The horse and his rider may fail, but the eye of Omnipresence never.

To-day we ride out to Mrs. Hogan's, fifteen miles, and this afternoon to Schenectady, to prepare for to-morrow's stage to Utica; by that means we shall have more rest in the morning. At Worth-

ington I recollected Mrs. Howe, Eliza Cabot's friend, and while the horses watered, we stepped across the way to a very handsome house ; were cordially received by Mr. and Mrs. Howe, and saw one of the prettiest family groups you can imagine. She is a very lovely woman, — lovely from the apparent union of delightful affections and perfect simplicity of manner. Lucius has just called me to walk. If Harriet Otis is with you, will you let her see this letter? She has strewed too many roses in my path to refuse her anything that will give her a moment's pleasure, but I thought my details would be too simple. Her lines were beautiful. Lucius says, " Bring your letter with you." So once more farewell, dearest mother. I hope sister M. got home well ; it was a great comfort to me to have her with me. Excuse my letter ; I have not time to read it over.

Just returned from a charming walk. Been on board two steamboats. How I wish, mamma, you could see how comfortably we shall go over the lake ! Did a little shopping. Went to the Museum. Mr. Schuyler is here ; going to breakfast with us. Mr. Jennison arrived this morning. The first impression is, that he is a very neat little gentleman ; looks animated and intelligent. Brought me a letter from Henry, and Lucius one from William.

FROM ANNE M. CARY TO HER SISTER MARGARET.

SCHENECTADY, *July* 8, 1818.

MY DEAR SISTER, — We breakfasted at Albany this morning, — Mr. Schuyler, Mr. Jennison, a stranger, and ourselves. The topic discussed was the removal of the remains of General Montgomery, which passed the river to-day in a steamboat, while a dirge was performed. It was the opinion of our party they had better have been left undisturbed, particularly as there was no means of proving they were his.

Immediately after breakfast, Mr. J. (who proves an intelligent and agreeable man), Lucius, and myself took a carriage and rode ten miles to Waterford. Mr. Hogan was at Utica.

Waterford, Saturday evening, 11th. — I have enjoyed a chapter in the little Bible for the first time this evening. I have committed all I love to the care of a merciful Father, and while I trust they are reposing in peace, I sit down to continue my narrative, which would have been done at noon had not the bed beguiled me of the

hour I intended for you. If you have a map before you, you will be surprised to see where we are. But I must not anticipate. Mrs. Hogan received us, I cannot say cordially, for that is not her manner, but she grew so. I expected to see something majestic about her, so in that I was disappointed; but I found she grew on my regard the longer I was with her. We invited her and the young ladies (Miss Fanny was in Philadelphia) to get into our carriage and accompany us to Coos Falls, which they did. The beauty of that scene, I doubt not, Mrs. Minot has described; at any rate, her sketch has done it ample justice, except that the river was probably fuller when she saw it, for with us the fall was more broken by a projection of the rock, which increased the variety and beauty of the view by causing the water to flow in little streams of white foam over it. The spray and light foam which rose in mist was exquisite; the rainbow was complete. A party of Quakers sitting under a tree eating their dinner made the scene more picturesque. I was very glad Mrs. Hogan went with us, for she had never been higher than the bridge before; we went up to the falls, a mile beyond. I was much pleased with the Misses Hogan. The youngest said little, but there was an expression of modesty about her I thought quite beautiful. We were kindly urged to dinner, but obliged to return to Albany. Mrs. Hogan invited me to pass a few days with her on my return. George must see the Coos Falls.

After dinner we set off in a *full* stage for Schenectady, to be ready for the stage next morning. The roads heavy; a beautiful sun-setting. A thunder shower that night made the following day as beautiful as possible. Indeed, we required all the clear and cool air we could obtain to endure the jolting of the carriage. The roads were just as they are with us early in the spring. We rode by the Mohawk all day, a fast-flowing, fine river, but always turbid from the rapidity of its motion. Oh that you could see the Little Falls, and go up Tripes Hill, and stop, as we did, at Herkimer at eight, — a pretty little village, — where our two stages made preparation for the night with lamps, etc., as we had then twenty-five miles to ride! On account of the roads we did not reach Utica till twelve, jolted, jaded, tired to death, — but all that was nothing to me. We did not proceed the next day, but stayed to recruit, and Lucius formed a new plan. He had proposed the

day before that we should change our mode of traveling: — take an open boat, proceed on the river, pass over the little lakes, and let the steamboat take us in near the falls. It suited my taste exactly, and I advocated the plan, but, alas! it was not practicable, and Lucius immediately determined we should take a carriage by ourselves and go to Sackett's Harbor. After breakfast we walked out to see Mrs. Breeze, and what was intended only for half an hour's call proved a dinner. We were very kindly received, and they insisted on my remaining and the gentlemen returning to dinner.

Mrs. B. is a lovely woman; very much like Mrs. Apthorp, with much more sweetness and playfulness. She asked at once if I was Mrs. Stout's friend, and spoke of the regard her sister had for you. I have not time to detail this day, but it was one of the pleasantest I have had. When I expressed my regret at not having seen Mr. Hogan, Mr. B. said he was in Utica, and I should see him directly. He went out and soon brought him in. And what a delightful countenance he has! that chastened, enduring expression, how beautiful! He was very affectionate. I said, "You have suffered much from the gout lately, sir?" "Ma'am, I am always a sufferer," he replied.

Miss Van Rensselaer, the Utica belle, came in to see me, — a beautiful girl, — and she, with the rest of the party, said how much beauty we should lose by changing our route. "Miss Cary, I 'll be sorry if you go to Sackett's Harbor," says Mr. Hogan. Dear old gentleman! and so was I; but the plan was laid, and L. thought not of altering it. So farewell to the little lakes, the pretty villages, the noble Mohawk, the Indian towns, and the Oneida chief. I shall probably now never see them, but have to retrace the same dull road from Sackett's Harbor back again to Utica. I hope this does not look like a complaint, for I would not make one; I only wish to state the case. Well, at two the carriage came for Mr. J., L., and myself. We set off with kind wishes from the friends we had that day made, and congratulations to each other that we were out of the stage. We rode twenty-five miles, met with nothing but one little cascade to interest us, but the roads better, and at eleven reached Boonville, where we found a quilting party finishing the employments of the day with a dance. I assure you it was a very pretty scene. Some of the lasses had their white

gowns dressed with evergreens from the woods, and the beaux danced with all their might. We had a comfortable night's lodging, set off the next day at five, and reached here at eight, through a dreary country, without any view of water except fifty feet of the Black River.

SACKETT'S HARBOR, *Sunday morning.* — We set off very early, and rode thirteen miles to breakfast here, and here we are on the borders of Lake Ontario. My breast is filled with gratitude to the preserving Hand which has brought us so far on our perilous way, free from every danger, and granted us a thousand blessings. We have had rain in the night, clear and refreshing, winds in the day, as little incommoded by dust and heat as possible. Always good accommodations, and at the close of the 330 miles in better health than I began it. Bless the Lord, O my soul, and all that is within me bless his holy name!

The steamboat sets off at three, and reaches the falls Tuesday morning at ten. It is a fine day. We stay at Niagara two days, and then off for Kingston.

My little treasure-book has, as Susan Cabot sweetly expresses it, "proved like a fairy's tent to cover all the solitary ground." I think I know our dear Mary's hand in a beautiful extract from Alison, I believe. My best love to the dear girl, and to two friends I am indebted to, whose writing I cannot recognize, but I admire their taste. The little paper L. gave me at setting out, I opened with the first gleam of daybreak. I thought it more beautiful than I ever did before, and if your affection, my dear sister, induced an application of it to my departure, I returned it amply. This will be a different Sabbath from any I ever passed before, but I hope it may be well employed even here. The gentlemen have walked out with a letter for Mr. Sands, who married Mr. Breeze's daughter, and I suppose I shall hear something from the lady.

My love to my dear mother and every one of the two families. I do not particularize, because I suppose you will be best pleased if I write about myself.

ANNE M. CARY TO HER SISTER MRS. TUCKERMAN.

LAKE ONTARIO, *July* 13, 1818.

You have read my former letters, my dear Sarah, to mamma and sister Margaret, I suppose, so I will continue my narrative to you

while we are fast gliding over the surface of this noble lake. A thousand tender recollections press on my mind while addressing you, but I try to remember I am writing for others and not for myself when I take up my pen. I heard in Sackett's Harbor that the death of old Mr. Tuckerman had been seen in the paper. In that case I can imagine how you have been occupied since I left you, and hope my brother will now recruit the strength he has devoted to the service of his dying father. My letter to sister M. mentioned the change of plan in our course which brought us to Sackett's Harbor, and in consequence we have endured far less fatigue than if we had continued in the stage. Just as I was folding my letter to her Lucius entered the room to announce Commodore Wolsey and Miss Breeze, and Mr. Sands her brother-in-law, to wait on us to church. I descended. The commodore, a fine, portly gentleman of about fifty; Miss B., a plump, fair little lady of sixteen (with whom I was much pleased for her perfect open-heartedness on a nearer acquaintance, and I fancied she resembled your favorite, Miss Francis); Mr. S. very polite. I had not time to change my habit, and went off with them immediately. Mr. S., to whom we had a letter from Mr. Breeze, invited us to call upon his wife as we passed, and very politely requested us to dine with them. We found her a fat, pretty little woman, very amiable, with a beautiful little girl of nine months. Were introduced to a sister of Mr. Sands, a fashionable young lady from New York, forming a striking contrast to the simple, unadorned appearance of Miss Breeze. We all set off together for church, while the commodore gave us a very pleasant account of the state of society there, consisting entirely of officers and their wives, who were generally elegant women, and great cordiality subsisted between them. He regretted that the indisposition of Mrs. W. would prevent her paying us any attention, but seemed determined nothing should be wanting on his part. It was a neat, pretty little village, which he said had only been settled ten years, but was growing very fast. Miss Breeze told me I should find their church very different from anything in Boston. It was smaller, to be sure, than anything I had seen, but perfectly neat. Some of the ladies were very pretty; many dressed very simply in ginghams, but all genteel, sitting on benches on one side of the church, while the men were placed on the other. As for the minister, would that I could do justice to him;

but I fear it will be a very feeble portrait I can give of the original. He was a stranger from Canada. His name was Cooke. His appearance uncommonly handsome, and the tones of his voice were fine. I expected a great deal, but soon found that novelty was to be the sole pleasure of the morning. He began with a prayer I thought a singular one, then a hymn which he intended to read with great pathos, varying his tones according to the sentiment, and stopping to express to his dear hearers his ardent wish that they did indeed delight to spend their days in the courts of the Lord. But the chapter, the twelfth of the Acts of the Apostles, was the climax of his powers of acting. It was truly a burlesque; aiding his voice with various gestures, such as rising with a gentle motion several times on his heel, winding his white handkerchief round his forefinger and extending it to the audience, while a brilliant ring ornamented the little finger. When he had finished reading he looked at the watch beside him and said he would briefly illustrate that chapter. Keeping the Bible open, he began by informing us that the Acts of the Apostles meant their actions and deeds; gave a sketch of the different characters of the Apostles; and from the release of Peter presented the advantages of prayer. "His friends did not sit down, crying, 'Oh dear, dear! what shall we do for Peter!' but prayed without ceasing. In consequence of it, while Peter was in a deep sleep, not in a little nap from which any one might awaken him, the Angel of the Lord descended, and, pushing him by the side, cried out with a loud voice" (and here he made the church ring with his own), "'Come, Peter, come! get up, put on your sandals (that is, your shoes), bind your scarf round your waist, and come after me.'" He then attempted to describe Peter's astonishment, saying, "'Am I really awake or not?'" his going to a friend's house and knocking (here he rapped on the side of the pulpit with his knuckles). "Then came the little maid, putting her ear close to the gate, and with joy running back, crying out, 'Peter 's come! Peter 's come!'" (here he imitated a child's voice so naturally that several of the children laughed); "but the people would not believe her, saying, 'Oh no, my dear little girl, it is n't so; it can't be; you 're mad.'"

The conduct and death of Herod led to some political remarks; and after taking a wide circuit he closed, and in the concluding prayer hoped his hearers had been not merely gratified for a short

time, but would go home and be benefited by it. Now you will think I have been indulging a love of ridicule in this account, but I assure you I repeat his own words, and cannot give you a just idea of the preacher either, because you have not heard his voice, varying from grave to gay, from serious to severe, but when expressing tenderness as ludicrous as possible. After church, the commodore carried us over the immense ship which is building here, of 190 feet. It is inclosed in a house, and will probably not be completed till war is declared again. We were rowed from it in a little boat, and at one returned to Mrs. Sands', where we were very hospitably entertained. The young ladies would have accompanied us to the falls could they have been insured a protector back again, which Mr. Jennison and Lucius have been lamenting ever since they could not do. At three the horn blew, and, escorted by the young ladies and Mr. Sands, we came on board the steamboat. They gave us their good wishes, and with the usual bustling of quitting port we launched forth on the mighty Ontario. You, my dear Sarah, would indulge your imagination and produce something worthy of the scene. I have none to sport with, but my feelings were new and not to be described. When I sat down with Lucius alone at one end of the boat, and we retraced the last day we had passed at our peaceful home, we could hardly realize but one week had elapsed in carrying us so far from it. "It must be a month," says L.

My attention was soon absorbed by a poor woman who was drowned in tears at parting from two daughters, and going to live at Detroit. She did not know the course she was to take. Lucius opened his map for her, and soon won her heart by his soothing attentions and pointing out her course. She went with us to examine the different parts of the boat, and told us she felt "some better." It is now morning. We are still gliding by the American shore; the Canadian, sixty miles off, is not in sight. The length of the lake is two hundred miles. We shall not reach the falls till to-morrow, but to-day stop at Rochester, where are falls which are said to equal those of Niagara in beauty. I know, my beloved Sarah, you share in the happiness I am enjoying. It has equaled all my expectations. It would be doubled if some of my friends could partake it with me; but this cannot be, and I determined when I left home to wish for nothing more than I possessed, and,

committing all the friends I left behind to our Father in Heaven, not to let one anxious thought damp my pleasure. So far I have succeeded. Whether I have power of mind to pursue it when this constant excitement is over, and I sit quietly down at Kingston, remains to be proved. I must reserve the rest of my sheet for Rochester Falls, and go to my friend L. on deck. So adieu for the present.

July 15th. — Well, at one yesterday we entered the Genesee River. Leaving the ample lake, we passed on, high and beautiful banks inclosing us on each side and the water as smooth as possible. At Hartford, four miles up the river, the boat stops for freight for some hours. We landed, ascended a high circuitous path through a thick wood. At the top of the hill, one quarter mile from the foot, is the inn. Dinner was ready, but as our time was limited we preferred losing it to the falls, and set off (each with a cracker and refreshed with some lemonade) in a carriage which is kept for strangers. After riding four miles through a wood, passing by the little village of Carthage, we entered Rochester, a very thriving place, which five years since had but one house in it, but being at the head of navigation has grown wonderfully. An acre of land sold last week for $6,000 which was purchased for $30 in 1812. Exhilarated by a temporary release from the steamboat, the romance of the scenery, and the object we were going to contemplate, we reached the falls in good spirits. The river flows tranquilly through the wood till, the rock growing uneven, it becomes agitated in its course, and reaching the declivity it dashes over a perpendicular fall of ninety-two feet. The river had fallen very much, and much of the rock was bare. Viewed at a little distance in front, the water fell in streams over it like columns of snow, and the spray rose in the finest mist you can imagine, encircled as usual with a complete rainbow. Standing at the top of the fall and looking down, it assumes a different shape, the force with which it rushes on appearing to separate the water into beautiful crystals. Within twenty feet are two other streams, not so large but of equal beauty. The sides of the river viewed some distance from the falls are equally abrupt and lofty, covered with fine woods. After passing half an hour where it would have been a luxury to stand a week, we were compelled to quit the place and return hastily without seeing the lower falls, which are said to be nearly

as fine, and near which a bridge of one hundred and twenty feet in height is building. We reached the inn at half past three, and after taking a pleasant repast we descended the winding hill, gathering flowers; and finding at the foot that the little boat was not ready for us, I joined a poor female English emigrant, who with a husband and two children had come out in hopes of finding the means of living here. We waited here an hour. I lamented that we had been so deceived in point of time. But when we set out in a row-boat to overtake the steamboat, two miles off, I cannot give you any idea of the scene, — the river as smooth and transparent as glass, every object reflected as perfectly as possible, from the largest tree to the smallest blade of grass; the immense height of the banks of the river, excluding the declining sun, covered with beautiful trees; and not a sound to interrupt the tranquillity except a little gurgling rill falling down the banks, the dashing of the oars, or the motion of a bird perched on a branch bending over the river. Could I help wishing for you and some others there? I forgot to mention the sound of the bugle-horn reverberating from bank to bank. We reached the steamboat with regret; waited two hours to take in a quantity of wood. At last the wheels were set in motion, the ropes untied, and we passed rapidly on by the light of the moon till, reaching the entrance of the lake, I bade farewell to this enchanting river and this happy day. My dear Sarah, if I have given you a confused description, you must ascribe it to a naughty child, who is receiving a whipping from her mother close beside me, and which I should regret if I did not expect to share in the benefit to be derived from it for the next two hours. I have been fortunate in having but two cabin passengers, but the steerage is covered with a wretched crew of Irish people. This second night has passed more comfortably than the last, because I have become accustomed to the scene, and do not start up, thinking we are in danger, if I hear men spring across the cabin at midnight, calling hastily to each other. Remember, my dear Sarah, I write so freely my letters should only meet the partial eyes of my own dear family and Harriet Otis. I meant my handwriting should have been copperplate on this journey, but I believe you must all excuse it.

My best love to my dear mother and every one of our two families. Tell sister Margaret, tell Harriet, instead of a journal she shall have a flower from every famous spot I visit; and though I

could not see Rome, I have passed by Carthage. My love to Elizabeth. This is a glorious day; bright sunshine, still water. Going at the rate of six miles an hour. The American shore close in view covered with woods, the Canadian so distant that all we see appears an ocean between us. Almost within sight of the town of Niagara. With kindest love to my dear brother, my own dear Sarah, farewell.

The whipping has done no good.

ANNE M. CARY TO HER SISTER HARRIET.

STEAMBOAT FRANCONIA, LAKE ONTARIO, *July* 16, 1818.

Now, my dear Harriet, if I had you on board this boat with me, what a delightful hour we would have! But we are too far asunder for even fancy to bring us together; therefore I will improve this hour's leisure in recalling the last two days for those "that I love dear." My letter to Sarah closed just as we came within sight of Fort George on one side and Fort Niagara on the other. We passed between the shores for a mile or two, with little to diversify the constant scenery of woods, except a few houses together, or here and there a solitary hamlet. One pretty little cottage Lucius called me hastily on deck to see, which was on the top of the bank, very tastily built, and the trees so placed as to contrast their light foliage with the thick shades of the wood around. We landed at Lewiston at ten o'clock. It was very warm, but to know we were within reach of the falls gave strength enough to climb a high sandy hill to dinner. We came to an inn; rested and refreshed ourselves for an hour, dined with a man whose face for irregularity I should like to sketch for you, and at three set off in an open wagon for the falls. The road winds through a wood to a very abrupt descent on the river side. We alight, are detained some time for a ferry-boat; watch the rapid current of the river, which obliges the boatmen to keep up a great way by the shore, and then let the stream carry them to the opposite port. We cross over to Queenstown. Lucius welcomes me to Canada, and goes into town to procure a conveyance onward. He returns. An open wagon lined with furs, and two horses, is our equipage. As we ascend the hill two artillerymen leap down a bank, and inform us we cannot proceed till we have obtained a permit. Mr.

Jennison goes into an office, does what is necessary to convince them we are not smugglers, and we proceed. Queenstown is itself an inconsiderable place, but is famous for its heights, on which an unfortunate attack was made by the Americans on General Brock stationed there. He was killed, the Americans defeated ; and the guide showed us the exact spot where the defeated soldiers precipitated themselves from the top of the high hill we were passing over. They were destroyed in their fall, and remnants of their clothes are still hanging on the trees. All the country in this vicinity has been the seat of war. But we do not make any inquiries. I am listening for the first sound of the falls. The road passes through very pretty woods, a back road ; we see nothing else. We ride five miles ; the wagon makes such a noise we beg the driver to stop ; we hear the falls ; two miles more and we reach the tavern, alight, leave our trunks, take direction of the path, and set off on foot. We walk half a mile through a field, down a hill, pass a gate, climb a fence, and reach *the falls!* The sun was setting ; no rainbow. It was less grand, but more beautiful, than I expected. The break which the Island of Trees makes in the middle diminishes its grandeur. We stood at the same spot without speaking or moving till Mr. J. proposed a search for Table Rock. We found a path where boards were laid, followed it till we came to the spot, — the bushes quite wet, the spray falling over us. Here it was grand, — the water dashing down the rapids and falling over the precipice immediately beside us. The paintings I have seen present but one side, but the water falls down three. We stayed till near nine. The mist appeared to have enveloped the moon, and our feet being entirely wet, I proposed returning, though I thought I should have passed half the night there, as our time was shortened from two days to the middle of the next. The next morning Lucius and I rose early and followed the rapids above the falls. This scene was even more interesting than the other, — the hurry, the tumult of the waters, the accounts we received from two or three inhabitants of the sad fate of boatmen who had unwarily passed a certain point of land above, where the rapids commence, and within which death was certain. Last year three men were so drawn in by the current that resistance was in vain. One sprang upon a cake of ice and was saved ; but the others, driven along, were supposed to have died before reach-

ing the falls, at the foot of which they were found the next day with the canoe dashed to pieces. Another young man, the narrator told us, he had seen set off in high spirits in a small canoe to carry some rum to laborers at a distance. He was a fine swimmer and relied upon his strength, but he was seen struggling with the current shortly after trying to swim to shore, but never reached it, nor had his body ever been found.

We returned reluctantly after strolling two hours. I could not bear to quit it till we had reached the head of the rapids, but was obliged to do so. We breakfasted, rested twenty minutes, and prepared to sally forth again. With the addition of Mr. Jennison we retraced our former walk to the falls. They presented a different view, — there was a peculiar haziness in the air, the sound was increased, the fall appeared more rapid, and two thirds of it entirely lost in the obscurity below. From Table Rock it now appeared exactly as I had heard it often described, — magnificent, wild, sublime! Mrs. Minot's description, I doubt not, my dear Harriet, has left nothing for me to say of the grandeur of this scene. We left Table Rock; walking on the banks, which are covered with trees and many pretty flowers and shrubs (the air very fragrant with something, but what we could not discover), and gazing through every opening at the scene beyond, till we reached the ladder. It is quite secure. We descended, and set out on a pilgrimage to the rock. It is necessary to go down, I think, to have an idea of the great height of the fall, to see the large rocks which seem to be separating like slate and ready to fall on your head. But certainly it is a vain waste of strength to attempt reaching the cavern. I went, and truly sorry was I for having so wasted the time that I longed to enjoy alone by myself on the bank; but I had an idea that the sublimity of that spot exceeded any other, and this expectation kept me up over the most fatiguing passage of stones and rocks you can imagine.

I had prepared myself for a wetting by putting on my black pelisse; so, after stopping a few minutes to rest, I followed the gentlemen. I proceeded a few paces, when such a torrent of rain descended and gust of wind blew, that I lost my breath entirely, and turned with all possible speed. Lucius encouraged me, and twice more I made the attempt, but in vain. They who succeeded say nothing could be seen, for Mr. Jennison declares the drops

were as big as thumbs, and it was impossible to keep the eyes open. This I mention for your benefit, dear Harriet, when you visit the falls, that you may profit by my experience and tell my friend George the same. We returned at one, tired enough, and to meet the steamboat were obliged to quit the place immediately after dinner. But I am grateful for this hasty view of the falls, for the picture seems now so indelibly impressed on my imagination that I can recall the scene at any moment. I tried to get a view of the whirlpool two miles below, but the stage could not stop for us. L. and I have the comfort of thinking we improved every moment of our time. The ride from Niagara to Newark is very pretty, with high banks on the side of the river. The country too is more cultivated, — fine orchards of apple-trees and fields of grain. Newark is a small village in the midst of a very large plain. It was burnt you know by the Americans, for which the English retaliated on Buffalo, but is growing fast again. I hear a great deal of that iniquitous mode of warfare, and some sad tale is connected with almost every spot you pass. The hotel being full of strangers, we were very glad to take a pleasant walk on the bank beside the river after tea. Mr. Jennison, always ready with warlike anecdote and deeds of dreadful note, gave us all the particulars of Sir John Moore's death. I retired early to bed, but not to rest, — not for the heroine's reason, that my mind was too agitated for sleep, — but the house was too noisy to allow my heavy eyelids to close. L. made an engagement to rise early and walk round the town with me. I was true to mine, but he could not rouse himself. We breakfasted at six and came on board the steamboat with a very large party. I am surprised to find with how little embarrassment I get along, surrounded almost constantly by gentlemen. To-day at a very long table I was the only lady, and at these times I find the advantage of an acquaintance with Mr. Jennison. He is uniformly polite, and with him on one side and L. on the other, we keep up a little conversation that makes all easy. If Mr. J. could only drink enough of the waters of Lethe to forget what "we in England feel and act and think," he would be a very agreeable man. We reached York at two. It is a fine bay, some distance from the lake, but the boat always stops here for a couple of hours. As soon as she touched the wharf L. invited me to go on shore, and you would have been amused to

see with what ease we walked over this foreign land. We went a mile by the banks to a new brick house which is building for Sir Peregrine Maitland; walked over it; viewed his excellency's accommodations, and returned much pleased with our ramble. This afternoon we have taken in Mrs. Philpot and two children and friend, beside another person, who, if one may judge by the grief her friends expressed at parting, ought to rank high.

17*th*. — This day is drawing near a close, and we are approaching Kingston. The boat is gliding through the lake, the sun shines on the distant shore, and the moon will soon rise in all her splendor. All is beautiful round me, and my feelings would be in unison with the scene if it were not for parting with my dear Lucius; but he shall not know how hard it is, for I see he is full of solicitude about me. He has been the tenderest, best of friends. At the inn I would be told in the morning, "Ma'am, your father has been inquiring about your cough;" at the steamboat, "Ma'am, your husband is knocking at the door." But I trust Ann will give me a kind reception, and he will be prospered on his way. It has been a most interesting journey; and if my enjoyment was his object in bringing me here, he has succeeded entirely. I shall always think of it with gratitude and delight. I hasten to conclude my letter here, that I may pass the last hour of sunset with him on deck; having done a little needlework for him has occupied me hitherto. He takes my letter. My dear Harriet, my thoughts, I need not say, are often with you. Are you going to the Springs, I wonder? My best love to my dear mother; tell her we are quite well, and have been blessed every step of our way. I shall not be quite plump enough to return to Chelsea till I have rested a little while. My love to all my friends in and out of Chelsea.

ANNE M. CARY TO HER MOTHER, MRS. SAMUEL CARY.

KINGSTON, *July* 20, 1818.

I have been stationary two days, and did not write immediately to my beloved mother on my arrival, that I might give some account of the place and its inhabitants. I closed my letter to Harriet the last afternoon we were on board the steamboat. It had been a pleasant voyage; nothing could exceed the serenity of the

lake and the clearness of the atmosphere. It was the last day Lucius and I were to be together, and I prized every moment. I wished by some magic spell the vessel could have been conveyed back to the shore of Newark, that we might have lived over again the last two days; but it was gliding rapidly on, leaving to memory's eye the scenes of past enjoyment, as clear and almost as perfect as the wake of the vessel which marked our course through the waters. We left the tea-table very early to go on deck together. The bright splendor of the setting sun reflecting its rays through a long distance of the sea, and gradually, gradually sinking from our view; the mild radiance of the moon rising from the opposite horizon, and spreading her placid light over the watery scene; the near prospect of the small islands covered with woods that we were passing; and the clearness of the lake, reflecting no object but what the sky presented, undisturbed by any sound but the motion of the billows, which yielded to the pressure of the boat, — all presented such a scene of perfect beauty as is sometimes granted, perhaps to remind us of that better world where dwells the source of "Light and Life and Joy."

We were then pronounced to be twenty-five miles from Kingston; and as we should probably anchor late, Lucius thought we had better not think of going on shore that night. I stayed with him till ten, watching the beautiful display of sparks from the chimneys; and, early informed the next morning by the commotion on deck that we were in port, prepared for my entrance into the town. With a guide from the vessel we set off for the Rev. Mr. Stuart's; passed a street of ordinary buildings, and were shown to a low but neat house, with a little inclosure of flowers and shrubs before it. This was the end of my travels. My hostess soon descended, and gave me as affectionate a reception as I could desire. Mr. S., too, cordially welcomed me to Kingston. Lucius breakfasted with us; went out to engage a batteau to take him to Montreal, and returned in an hour, saying all was ready for his departure. Lucius recommended me to take my course home through Montreal, if possible; told me he had written to George to desire him not to come for a month, but if any opportunity offered I had better embrace it without waiting for him. No such opportunity is likely to occur, and I must still look to my dear George as my polar star homewards; only reminding him, when he once gets into this in-

teresting country, he will find the want of time as great an evil as the want of money elsewhere. Lucius bade me farewell, and had he invited me to go to Bermuda, I believe I should gladly have accompanied him. I was sorry Mr. Jennison remained behind, but I have not seen him since, and he is probably gone. They were to meet at Montreal after L.'s return from Quebec. Ann and I passed the rest of the day reviewing the past. She had not received my letter, and said she had tried not to allow herself to think I would come. She is quite well, and appears to be happily situated. I thought she had become very serious, indeed quite changed the first day, but she grows every day more lively. Mr. Stuart, on a nearer acquaintance, discovers himself to be an amiable and sensible man, an affectionate father and attentive husband; but at first I could not imagine where was the charm that had brought Ann back again from her native land. At five o'clock we walked out to buy a ribbon for my bonnet, which I could not procure; and there was something in the appearance of the town so gloomy that it required nothing but to call at the post-office and find no letter, as I did, to rain a mist over my spirits like the one collecting over the lake. But I soon dispersed it.

Yesterday morning at eleven we went to the small Episcopal church, where Mr. S. read those *delightful* prayers with great solemnity, and gave us a very good sermon on "The Rest that is to Come." There were prayers again at five; the church being occupied meanwhile by the officers, who have a chaplain of their own. I have seen or heard nothing which would interest me in the society here, except indeed the chaplain of the navy, who took tea here last evening, — a young man from the lakes of Cumberland, whose enthusiasm of character and extreme plainness of appearance form a striking contrast to the nonchalance and elegance of the polished Mr. Jennison. His mind seems remarkably divested of national prejudice, and truly a lover of Nature wherever her beauties are to be found. He has traveled through England on foot, and as soon as he has collected a sufficient sum intends proceeding through the United States, of which he has formed a high idea. Here I was called to take a pleasant ride with Ann in her chaise round the borders of the lake. It is the prettiest view of the town and surrounding scenery I have had, and we intend retracing it on foot this evening. Mr. Stuart's mother lives on the

margin of the lake in a romantic spot, and to her Ann seems very much attached. When any of the family see Mrs. Codman, will they give my regards, and say I found all her friends well?

And now, my mother "dearly beloved and longed for," when shall I see your handwriting again? Letters directed to Montreal with postage paid to the lines will come safely. If this letter reaches Chelsea in time, I wish George would bring some Boston papers with him, — anything, Mr. S. says, would be acceptable; and however Harriet may laugh, I wish he would put a twig of my willow in his trunk; there is not one in this town. My best love to every one of the family, and a kiss to each of the dear children, — which I give myself to every child I find near their age, who reminds me of them. I shall write to my dear Harriet Otis to-morrow; and as you mentioned once a week, my dear mother, for correspondence home after I was settled, I shall be punctual to the time. Lucius lamented we had not pressed Tom and Mary into the service, and made them join our party. I fancied I saw a resemblance between the former and a gentleman coming down the street last evening, just at the hour I suppose Tom entered the shrubbery. I have written so rapidly on my journey that I hardly know what my letters contain; but, with all their faults, I hope they convey the liveliest affection to the dearest of mothers from her child,

A. M. C.

I am sorry to find the post has gone without my letter, and another does not occur till Wednesday. Such delays often occur.

A very prepossessing lady of the name of Markland has just called upon me. I hope the scenes will grow brighter than they at first promised.

ANNE M. CARY TO HER SISTER.

KINGSTON, *July* 27, 1818.

MY DEAR SISTER, — It is three weeks yesterday since I left Chelsea. Can it be no longer since I received my dear mother's parting kiss, and every face beamed love and kindness on me?

I hope the same impediments do not retard my letters to my friends that detain theirs from me. I have written five home, but think it probable Sarah's may not have reached her, as it was left

at Lewiston in the hands of a stranger; but I shall continue to write punctually, though it would give a great zest to the employment could I hear from my correspondents how time is passing at the Retreat. Saturday evening, when I returned from old Mrs. Stuart's, where we had taken tea and watched the waves break against the shore, while the setting sun shed a softened radiance on the opposite island, and its departing beams fell on some little boats that were hastening home, I found a letter from Lucius, dated Montreal, saying as his objects of a commercial nature could be as well confined to that place he had relinquished the plan of visiting Quebec, and should return to New York direct. He adds: "I feel, too, less interest in the natural scenery of the country since I have you no longer with me to admire the beauties of it." Cordially can I reciprocate this feeling with this generous friend and brother, whose absence I feel in every pleasure I enjoy. I wrote him by Mr. Jennison on Tuesday, who called to take leave, complaining of my brother that he had gone off without letting him know where I was; but, finding a batteau at the wharf after breakfasting with us, L. went immediately off without returning to the hotel, where Mr. J. was expecting him. With Mr. Jennison came Mr. and Mrs. Whitney, the former an acquaintance of my brother's at New York, and regretting Lucius's speedy departure. He is a middle-aged gentleman, married a few months since to a young lady of seventeen. He has made a handsome fortune, and keeps his carriage, but could you see the house he lives in you would hardly believe him the occupier of both. Nothing surprised me more than the ordinary appearance of the houses when I first arrived. John Mickelly's would be thought a very good residence for a general, and Bassett's cot a little lengthened would be quite equal to Mr. Whitney's. But such remarks must not reach Boston, and perhaps the pleasure of surprise on entering these mansions and finding a handsome pianoforte with corresponding furniture, rather gives an interest to the lowly roof. Mr. Stuart's is one of the best in town, and the very neat appearance of the newly painted house and stable gives it a decided superiority over all the neighborhood. Certainly we have a great deal of pleasure within it, and my kind host and hostess are always devising something for my gratification. Ann and I ride together in the chaise or walk along the shore. Sometimes we go up in the meadow with Mr. Stuart, when he

superintends his haymakers, and I think the pleasantest day I have passed was last Friday, when directly after dinner we took our work, Mr. S. some Portland newspapers, and Ann some nice work she had been making, and set off for the meadow. Taking the shady side of the haystack, we found a rural seat; and while Mr. S. directed the workmen we worked and read and talked till near sunset, when, taking a French leave of him, we strolled into a neighboring wood and from there to our favorite walk home by the shore. Then comes Mr. Wilson, the navy chaplain, to tea and pass the evening, and talk of Oxford and literature and botany. He is just now interesting himself in procuring us a conveyance across the river to a neighboring fort where the prospect is said to be very fine.

I have received and returned a number of calls, and this week will perhaps produce some tea-parties, which would not be desirable except for the gratification of seeing all that offers itself to a traveler, for Ann's account of the society here is not very prepossessing. Mrs. Markland, a lady who lives near, I have been very much pleased with. . . .

The intimacy of the Carys and Otises was so close in the period during which all these letters were written, that among the Chelsea papers were many belonging to Miss Harriet Otis. This journal, kept for her mother and sister, was among them, and by the kindness of her grand-niece, Mrs. Samuel Eliot, I introduce it here.

JOURNAL WRITTEN BY MISS HARRIET OTIS DURING A VISIT TO SARATOGA.

July 28, 1819.

I promised to give you in an unbroken series, dearest mother and sister, the narrative of each day during my absence, and, little worth as is the promise to you, I derive too much pleasure in thus transmitting all the movements of my important self to you to relinquish it, so long as any novelty remains which is in the slightest degree worthy of your attention. It is surely the least return I can make to the kind friends who consented to what they believed would give me pleasure, and lent me every facility in their power for obtaining it, to relate to them every incident and describe every scene which interests me.

I brought you on journal-wise to the day week of my departure, I think, but that letter was concluded in such haste, and in the midst of bustle so overpowering to my unpracticed head, that I know not what it contains. Did I describe Saratoga?

After riding many miles through a country which deserves little other appellation than that of a pine barren, you descend suddenly upon the village, quite prettily built, consisting of about one hundred houses, chiefly white, in one street, the lodging-houses making quite a showy appearance from their length and high piazzas. Ours is two hundred feet in length, two stories, the pillars that support the piazza the whole height of the house. Entering the principal door, on the right hand is the dining-room; on the left, the drawing-room, forty feet in length at least, handsomely carpeted, the whole furniture quite genteel. At the head of this room are two doors, the left leading into what we call the music-room, small but prettily furnished, and containing a fine piano; the right, into the dancing and walking hall, — a noble room, ornamented with centre lights, and lamps all round it. So much for the building. The inhabitants are, as you may imagine, a motley group, in number varying from thirty to fifty. At the head of our table sits Mr. Pierpont, whose mild and dignified manners and pleasing conversation render him a general favorite. Mrs. Apthorp and son, Mr. and Mrs. J. Parker, C. F. and E. Smith, Theoph. Parsons between them, and the Thorndike party take their seats around the clerical centre as regularly as if their seats were ordained by lot. An innocent-looking Mrs. Hayes and husband sit below me, and as they are Bostonians of a most respectable and unpretending class of character apparently, we have adopted them into our clan. I assure you they contrast most favorably with some of the Southern pretenders to taste who flourish at the other end of the table.

The routine of the house is regular. At five o'clock the whole household is in motion; raps at the chamber doors, with "Ma'am, your bottle;" "Sir, your boots," resound from one end of our long entry (which is a perfect whispering gallery) to the other. Then everybody equips themselves, rather *en déshabillé*, either for the shower-bath, the warm bath, or the springs. It is a pretty sight to see the multitude of pilgrims that resort at this early hour to our spring, — the Congress, — which is so near us it seems to belong peculiarly to us. After drinking what seems to me immod-

erately, our inmates either walk the piazza if it is warm and fair, as if for dear life; or the hall if it is cold and foul, for an hour; then prepare for breakfast. At half past seven the first bell rings; at eight we all assemble round a plentiful and well-spread table; talk and walk a little; separate to our chambers; then act as fancy or business directs until it is time to dress for dinner. At half past one the company assemble in the drawing-room, form little parties round the different windows. The dinner-bell at two sets the different groups in motion, each husband keeping close to his wife, each daughter to her parent. Table good and the appetites yet better. I never saw so many people eat so much. Afternoon: walk, ride, play billiards. At seven drink tea, then walk the hall in parties; and, lastly, the Boston party get possession of the music-room and hear very pretty songs from E. Sumner and Mrs. J. Parker. (By the bye, the latter asks many affectionate questions about you, Mary.) So much for generals, and thus passed away the first two days, and often did S. and I exchange a look which said, Can we bear this four weeks?

Thursday. — The arrival of Mr. Henry Rutledge with his wife, son, and daughter, promised to give some new interest to the scene, — the seniors of the party and the daughter very polished people and exceedingly accessible; the latter so much so, that, were she not a sweet, innocent-looking girl of seventeen, one might be tempted to suspect her of seeking universal popularity; but I believe it is only the openness of youth, so happy in itself that everything looks *couleur de rose*, and willing to shed the beams of its complacency without discrimination on all around. The son, very young, the image of Horace Draper, only possessing a degree of timidity which never I think could have fallen to Horace's share, even in boyhood.

Our musical party received a great addition in this Miss Mary Rutledge, who sings and plays in style, and is the most unaffectedly obliging creature I ever saw. A few hours afterwards came one of the Mr. Wards, his wife, and two lovely little girls about eight or ten years old, a very lovely family group, — the lady one of the most prepossessing women in manners and countenance, and so attentive to her children, and they behaving so sweetly.

Friday morning. — Mrs. Thorndike proposed a reading party, and Mr. Pierpont was selected for our reader. He obligingly

consented, and at ten the Boston and Carolinian party met in the music room, and he read two cantos of "The Corsair" very finely. A ball was proposed for this evening, and many debates ensued whether it should be held at our house or the Pavilion. It was our turn, but they laid claim to it on account of General R.'s illness; but he had wonderfully revived, and by some secret machinery, the springs of which are not visible at this moment, the thing was arranged in our favor. On this the Pavilionites were in high resentment, and refused to come at our bidding. You may suppose we take no share in these jealousies, though the decision affected our movements. As it was in the house we could not well refuse to go; had it been elsewhere, indisposition of mind as well as body would have pleaded Mrs. T.'s excuses, and you know how little inclination I have for such things. As it was, the ladies, dressed in their best, took their tea, and then adjourned to the ball-room; fine music and brilliant lights for a company of forty persons. There was not much dancing, the night was so warm, but much parading the hall. Oh, I forgot to tell you, we had an arrival of dandies this day, far surpassing anything I have ever seen, except in print; and surely they had a right to astonish the natives, for they were young Englishmen, bloods and of high blood, — one of them son to the Earl of Dalhousie, and two others the sons of noblemen. The particulars of their name and rank eluded even my aristocratic curiosity, for they figured in our hemisphere only this night and then vanished, leaving us much in *the dark*. They took no other designation than plain Mr. ——; they paraded about together, making observations not very flattering to the vanity of the company, to judge from the mirth they occasioned among themselves. However, the company repaid them with interest.

Saturday. — Another reading-party proposed, agreed to, hour fixed, when Mr. Parsons steps to our chamber and begs Mrs. Thorndike to agree to set off immediately to Lake George, instead of waiting till Monday, as had been decided at breakfast.

No objection arising we prepared immediately, and set out in high spirits on a tour to Lake George, the Thorndike party and Mrs. J. Parker in one carriage, Mr. Pierpont and young Parsons, with C. F. and E. S., in another. The road dull enough to Glen's Falls. These we thought fine, glanced at for a moment, and passed on, supposing the hotel was near enough to allow us to pass

the whole period of culinary preparations in surveying them. I was grievously disappointed to find a long sandhill separated me from the object I so much wished to see. When the party in the other carriage arrived, speechless with delight, an hour after, I could endure it no longer, and, a delay occurring after dinner, I beat up volunteers.

Mr. Pierpont offered to accompany me; Sally, to my surprise, joined with great alacrity. When we reached the bridge, a winding and safe path led us beneath it to the bed of the river, and there, standing on the crags and cliffs, we surveyed a scene which I would that I could paint or describe; but, of all things, a waterfall is the most difficult to describe. There is a collection of cascades, *jets d'eau*, and water-spouts, meeting from every direction, and tumbling over each other with inconceivable grandeur and wildness; sometimes spouting up like fountains, sometimes throwing out a torrent of foam from the midst of the most beautiful evergreens that fringed the banks and rocks. I trembled at first for Sally among the rocks; but they were uncommonly safe, and she very prudent, and so full of delight that it made me perfectly happy, and I shall always remember Glen's Falls with unmixed pleasure.

We did not reach Lake George till after sunset; but light enough remained to show us a fairy scene from the hill which commands the lake. The lake is in reality thirty-six miles long, but the sheet of water which presents itself from this spot is an oval, perhaps twelve miles long; and so closely surrounded by lofty mountains overtopping each other, that the winding through them is not visible. On this glassy surface repose numerous little green islands. In a quiet corner on the left is the pretty village of Caldwell, a white church and court-house; on the right, commanding the lake, is Fort George, a picturesque ruin. At the entrance of the village, with piazzas overlooking the lake, is the hotel, on the very margin of it. One of the peculiar beauties of this lake is the margin, — no sand, or sedge, or shore, but these beautifully transparent waters come dancing up full and bold to the top of its woody banks.

When I receive a letter from home it gives me such a glow at my heart that I cannot help writing again. Thus, instead of going to bed, I have taken up my pen, although it is only to-day that I put the finishing stroke to an enormous epistle which will be

handed you by Mrs. Parker. I have been reading some lively letters to-day, in one of which letter-writing is described as a conversation carried on between two people, one of whom does not answer until the other has forgotten her own observation; the respondent all the time turning her back to the other. These letters form part of the memoirs of Mrs. Brunton, the author of "Discipline," a title, I am sure, to your respect and attention. But I must not sit up all night scribbling, and unfit myself for rising at a very early hour to bid farewell to Mr. and Mrs. P.

Friday evening. — The hottest of dogdays, and a *ball* at night. I have just escaped from the hall, where all the fashion and beauty of Saratoga has been in imminent danger of melting away. I do not think it displays either the good sense or good taste of the people, but a ball is got up thrice a week, and the thermometer at 100, if my feelings are a test. A grave-looking gentleman with very grizzled hair, accompanied by his wife and a tall son eight years old, appeared at dinner to-day, who was called Charles C. Pinckney. The name reminded S. and myself of one of the lads who used to be at brother's perpetually a few years since, but we both agreed in pronouncing on the impossibility of his having descended the vale of years quite so fast, even with the weight of matrimonial cares to accelerate his downward progress. But a sudden smile and turn of expression brought to my mind a face of which I thought I had lost all trace; and he presently after recognized us, and affirmed himself as the identical C. C. P. It was very mortifying to be obliged to acknowledge such an old contemporary, and I think my gray hairs have been on the increase ever since.

Saturday. — More remarkable for the heat than anything else. We contrived to languish through the day with the aid of "Waverley" and spring water; but the night exceeded anything I ever knew. In our ten-foot-square apartments, with one window, through which the beams of the sun poured intensely, and the thermometer at 93, you may conceive our sleep was not very sound or refreshing.

A concert this evening in the grand hall, attended by most of the family, not by us; and we were right glad of it when we learned the next morning that it was so bad that the audience only laughed when they ought to have cried.

Sunday morning. — Heat on the increase, the family, one by one, declaring against going to church. A Mrs. Jepson, who has seemed to take rather kindly to me, invited me to ride in her barouche; an offer I gladly accepted, as I really wished to go to church, and dreaded the deep sands and burning sun I must encounter. This lady seems to be quite a character; considerably odd, but sensible and accomplished. As far as I can judge on a short acquaintance, I should conjecture she had naturally a strong mind and strong passions, had been educated in fashionable life, and had since been converted, or in other words had embraced Calvinism strongly. She seems to be sincere and open, though a little ostentatious on every subject, temporal as well as spiritual, and told me, during one dinner, more particulars about the habits, tastes, and acquirements of her family than I could tell a stranger in forty dinners. She is a New-Yorker, settled in Albany. The church is a neat little building. At the upper end are two pews, fitted up like state pews for the accommodation of the residents at the two houses. Mr. Sereno Dwight preached, but in a manner that gave little satisfaction to either Calvinist or non-Calvinist. He is not at all admired, and appears to me to be an ordinary preacher. The clergyman of the village, Mr. Griswold, in the afternoon performed the part of preacher and chorister with great effect. He set the tune in a fine and powerful voice; read every two lines, as is customary in Presbyterian churches; and then delivered quite an eloquent sermon on God's care of his church in all ages. He performed all this duty in the midst of the most intense heat and the most violent thunder-shower I ever experienced; and in fact he did not look like one of our ethereal little pastors, but like a stout laborer in fields metaphorical and natural, and I dare say each claims his attention by turn; but I was quite pleased, and experienced the full value of the duties of public worship in a place like this. At home, in the solitude of my chamber, I could lift my heart to the Fountain of all good with more abstraction and devotion than in a church, perhaps; but here, where solitude was impossible, and a thousand distracting objects to make one forget the day entirely, it was an inexpressible relief to escape to the sanctuary of a church, where the most indifferent preaching would have possessed some power to awaken feelings and reflections suited to the day and to a Christian.

Monday. — A visit from Mrs. N. Appleton, who invited me to go to Lake George with her; an invitation I longed to accept, so far was I from being satiated with the beauties of that enchanting spot, but several proprieties concurred to induce me to decline it. This day's tide carried off the Izards, Rutledges, and J. P., and they are each in their way missed by us all. The Izards were a group I never looked at without delight. The Rutledges possessed accomplishments and an extreme affability which made them *just the thing* for such a place; and J. P. was an unassuming, pleasant beau, who has made himself agreeable, and might have been very useful. One of our belles pronounced him "a sweet creature; so naïf and unsophisticated." It was amusing to see how shy the B. party were of him, "a man not in our circle," and how he edged along in a quiet, gentlemanly way. He was supposed to have come with Welles, which was a disadvantage to him at first, but Alfred dashed up in his car, or curricle. "Alone, but not alone returned!" the end of his epic will say, I think. At least, not if our surmises prove just concerning a fascinating little widow of twenty, who buried her husband fifteen months since, and already talks about her second.

SARATOGA, *Friday, August 6th.*

The messenger who carried my letter to the office last night gave me your letter, dearest Mary, at his return. Tediously minute? No, indeed, they are not even minute enough. I always wish them four times as long. I am sorry to hear you have suffered the heat as much as ourselves. I thought it might be the peculiar air and soil of Saratoga, but never knew anything like it except in the other comet time. Our house is overflowing at this moment. I discovered among the crowd last evening, parading the drawing-room, Major Davenport, of Stamford. My heart warmed to his old congressional face, and I made myself known to him. He received me very kindly, but I think his mind is impaired, though his health appears to be perfectly good. His daughter, Mrs. Bowman, of New York, is a very genteel and sensible woman, and we have become much acquainted. I have often wished for you on my account; I now begin to wish for you on your own, dearest Mary. The concert last night was attended by about one hundred and fifty persons, — all the beauty and fashion of Saratoga. Mrs. F. sang "Bonny Doon," "Whither, my Love," "Roy's Wife," "Dulce Do-

mum" (most beautifully), and "Fragrant Chaplets," a charming song. She was not in such voice as usual, having a cold, and the weather, as usual, unfavorable. I had a great deal of conversation with her, and am delighted with her openness and unaffected grace of manner and expression. Mr. F. appears in a better light on further acquaintance. They seem to be exceedingly attached to each other.

Music was the order of this morning. We have a lady from New York who sings and plays finely, and Mrs. F., though not profuse in her songs, was yet obliging. A ball at the Pavilion closed the day. Our belles attended, and I was much urged to do likewise, but I felt no disposition to comply. B. Tilden, wife, and sister, and Mrs. Morse (F. Torrey) and brother arrived this evening. One of the most pleasing acquaintances I have made is Mrs. B. Winslow, who is here for her health. She is an extremely genteel, pleasing woman. She has been dreadfully sick, but is on the recovery, and has been advised to try the springs to complete her cure. We have a pleasant society just now, but I know not how long it will last.

Saturday.— Weather hotter than ever. Took quite a stylish ride with a New York beau, a friend of Mr. Thorndike's. He is a *beau-general;* therefore, dear Mary, you need not have any of those *particular* fears which troubled you before I left you. After dinner the piano was rolled into the drawing-room. Mr. Derby, Mrs. F., and the New York lady sang, and Mr. Tilden accompanied them with the softest clarionet I ever heard. Was not that fine? The alloy to my share of the pleasure I will not tell you till we talk over all these matters. We had a most sublime thunder-storm about tea-time, one clap and flash exceeding anything I ever experienced; but all sublimity was lost in the confusion of the drawing-room, to which the whole household had repaired, driven by the violence of the storm from the piazzas, and where the chatting of beaux and belles, the chattering of children, the thrumming of the piano, the ringing of the tea-bell, with the running to and fro of the servants in an opposite room, rattling plates and knives, all mixed in with the roar of the thunder-storm, composed a scene which made one envy Babel for quietness. The day closed in a way which I predetermined it should not with me. The famous Indian juggler Rama Samee was to exhibit in our hall, and Mr. T.

was so desirous S. and I should go, that I suffered myself to be prevailed upon, though I felt nothing but disgust at the idea; but I was astonished and even amused, and, as we had stipulated with our gentlemen, made our escape before the sword scene, which however he swallowed to the infinite satisfaction of those who remained. He is a most wonderful creature without doubt, and as graceful and as agile as can be imagined.

Sunday has come round again at Saratoga, but little does it seem like the Sabbath. It is no day of rest for anybody. I went to church with a large party to hear a celebrated New York preacher named Matthews. I did not like him much, though he was a good speaker, and said some good things on "redeeming the time," — hints not very likely to be taken at Saratoga. Our evening passed very pleasantly, with music and company from the Pavilion. Mrs. French, Mr. Derby, and Mr. Tilden formed our choir, and I assure you, to use Sam's expression, "I never heard 'Denmark' before." It was exquisitely sung. I was introduced to some very genteel and interesting people, the Misses Gouverneur and their brother, and a Dr. More, of New York, with whom I had pleasant conversation in the intervals of music. The public taste is much divided on the subject of the Misses G. The elder is extremely pale, with large, expressive blue eyes, and a most pensive cast of countenance; the other, who appears much younger, is a little, animated beauty, resembling E. Henry, only smaller and with more lively expression. I am drawn irresistibly to the elder, she looks so like "pensive nun, devout and pure;" but they both have great affability and sweetness of manner.

Monday morning. — The belles of Congress Hall raised their heads from their pillows at five o'clock, and lo! it was raining in torrents, — no possibility of going to the woods to gather evergreens for the ball to-night. After breakfast a cart is seen passing the windows loaded with greens, mounted and driven by Mr. Gerard, the most mercurial beau that ever enlivened a watering-place, strongly resembling Cecilia's friend Morris, only possessing more intellect. The cart was unloaded, and young and old, grave and gay, flocked into the ballroom. Now imagine a scene which I cannot do justice to: — the ladies with their aprons on, and scissors by their sides, twining wreaths of pine, oak, and hemlock; the gentlemen mounted on ladders, driving nails and hanging festoons; at

the head of the room, Bryant Tilden with his clarionet, piping away gloriously, assisted by the stentorian lungs of R. Derby and Major Winslow on his right and left, in quality of aids ; and, to complete the scene, Mr. Cambrelaing, a man of sense, volunteering the part of a giddy trifler, parading the room as overseer to the laborers, with a sunflower as large as a pewter plate stuck in his button-hole, and the whole tree on which it grew waving in his hand as a badge of authority. It was a scene for the pencil of Hogarth or the pen of Irving, and the merriest morning I ever passed. The result of our united efforts was so tasteful and pretty that I, who had determined not to be present, could not resist the desire of witnessing the effect by candlelight and the surprise of our neighbors and rivals at the Pavilion. I had a pleasant evening, and danced more than was beseeming such dreadful weather, — hot, I mean.

Tuesday. — A party projected for Ballston. It is a very pleasant road, winding through the woods, and Ballston itself quite an Eden compared with Saratoga. Our party was Mr. and Mrs. T., Mrs. Winslow and her husband, Mrs. Apthorp and son, E. Sumner, Mr. C. with the long name, whom you see above (who is denominated my beau because he sits by me at table), and myself. From the other house, Mrs. Appleton and the lovely Misses Gouverneur, with etceteras. We saw the company, — among others, P. P.'s Miss Read, and two Misses de Pau, — the daughters, tell mamma, of Sylvie de Grasse, — two bright-eyed, blooming damsels ; took our tea and returned, not in time for Mrs. F.'s concert.

August 10*th.*

I do not recollect on what day my journal stopped, but I think I have not recorded a morning walk with the Gouverneurs to the east, and an evening walk with the same party to the west, on Thursday. You see of what important subjects my journal consists. The morning walk was remarkable only for being the hottest walk, though the hour was sun-rising and the place the woods, that I ever took ; the evening walk, for being the most agreeable. Mrs. A. and Charlotte, Louisa Gouverneur and her brother, E. Sumner and Mr. Gerard, Maria G. and myself with Mr. Cambrelaing, and a dainty little Mr. Ash (who kept silently and pertinaciously by the side of the pretty Maria, whom he devours with his eyes), were the respective groups. We finished the evening together,

with the help of music and chat, and my admiration of the young ladies was increased. So was Mr. C.'s, for he seems completely touched, if indeed I may venture to pronounce anything decidedly of so singular a character. Strong sense, improved by knowledge of the world gained from books and traveling, embellished by eloquence and taste, seems to be the characteristic of his mind at this moment; the next, exuberant spirits, with a vein of singularity, transform him almost into a merry-andrew. His character stands very high as a merchant and as an excellent brother, for he has educated two young brothers at college and established them in business.

Friday passed without anything remarkable. The girls took leave of me in bed after the ball, and next morning the Apthorp party set off, to our great regret. The house looked so solitary that I thought we should not smile again while we stayed; but a visit to the Misses G., reading "The Corsair," and chatting with Mrs. Boorman, enabled us to get through the day.

Monday. — A violent rain, but we rejoiced at it, hoping it might insure us fine riding on our journey. Took leave of Mrs. Boorman, who set off for the lake, — an amiable, judicious woman, whom it would give me pleasure to meet again. On entering the drawing-room at noon, where we had gasped for a breath of air two days before, we were cheered by the sight of a fire, around which we hovered with real pleasure. How was this evening to be passed? What amusement to be devised for so many idlers who were driven indoors like so many flies by the first autumnal storm? The ball at the P. was given up for some reason, and I, *even* I, proposed a sociable hop.

It was generally agreed to, and it was agreed to invite the Misses Gouverneur and their gentlemen to join us. This plan set everything again in motion. We dressed, took our tea; then I had a sweet, affectionate letter from my precious Nancy. I felt more at kissing, for the last time, sweet little Eliza Seabrook this evening than I shall at parting with anybody else. If I ever see her again, it will probably be when her little innocent smile has given place to the lines of mature expression, and artless but intelligent infancy is exchanged for a something else, but surely nothing more engaging.

The ball was pleasant to me. I danced with some agreeable

partners, and had some interesting chats with Louisa Gouverneur, Mr. More, and Stephen Cambrelaing, — a gentle youth, the very reverse of his elder brother; mild and sentimental, a student of books, while the other has been studying men.

Rose at four, and how it did rain! We ate our breakfast, and then wandered about longing to be gone, and hearing everybody's wonder that we should think of going. At length the rain abated, and we escaped. At noon the clouds broke slowly and beautifully away, leaving us to enjoy an enchanting ride to Albany, which we reached at sunset.

Tuesday. — Left Albany at an early hour; dined at Lebanon; lodged at Pittsfield, a truly beautiful town, disgraced by most miserable inns.

Thursday. — The chaise horse very sick; detained two hours. Saw Mrs. McKay. She looked thin, but mild and friendly. We proceeded slowly to Worthington. Arrived late; had a perfectly neat and good dinner in the neatest of houses, and concluded that it was prudent to remain where we were certain of nice beds rather than try Chesterfield, six miles further.

Friday. — Arose at an early hour, and proceeded on through Chesterfield mountains. I enjoyed a most delightful walk up the principal hill, the road winding through woods of beautiful spruce and hemlock, which sheltered me from the heat of the sun, already intense. The river, which I had admired so much before, seemed even more impetuous and beautiful, and the hour and my solitariness threw a wild enchantment over every picturesque object, which delighted me beyond expression. From Chesterfield to Northampton the road descended through a beautiful country. Met Mrs. Dexter and Mary. Dined at Northampton, and reached Belchertown to lodge, quite overpowered with heat.

Saturday. — Dined at Brookfield; lodged at Worcester.

Sunday. — Arose very early, full of the delightful hope of reaching our homes at night. It was interesting, and to me a novelty, to ride through the different villages on the Sabbath, and view the groups who on foot or in various rústic vehicles were repairing to church, all looking so neat and respectable. At seven o'clock met, with joy and gratitude, the dear friends, who had all been spared from sickness and sorrow.

VIII

VARIOUS LETTERS

1819–1827

HENRY CARY TO HIS MOTHER, ON RECEIVING HER PORTRAIT, PAINTED BY STUART AT HER SON'S REQUEST.

NEW YORK, *May* 19, 1819.

MY dearest mother will no doubt have more than once felt a little surprised that I have not before this thanked her for the favor of her portrait; and indeed I can myself in no other way so satisfactorily account for this delay as by assuring her that it has enabled me so fully to realize her presence, and to exchange kind looks with her, as almost to make words unnecessary to my heart. It is indeed certain that the overflowings of pleasure which it produced, as soon as I could fully realize the resemblance, seem to me in some sort already to have been communicated to you. It is our chief pleasure, and it is like the completing of the happiness of my family circle, to have you looking down upon us in this way, an almost living witness of it.

And yet with all this, do you know, my dear mother, neither my wife nor myself was at first satisfied with it; even more, I was actually disappointed at the first opening of the case. The painting seemed to me to be a fine one, but it did not yield me the full gratification that I had expected; it did not present to my senses the exact image upon which my memory has so often reposed in happiness. The expression of countenance is different from that in which you were accustomed to rise up before me, and I could not help at first exclaiming to myself: "Why, this is not my mother!" But after it was hung up, I found your character and attitude so perfectly delineated that I felt the influence of your presence, and that Stuart had done all that his art admits of;

and I am now every day more and more convinced that you must have exactly resembled the portrait while you were listening to him, or reflecting upon some observation of his. Indeed, I remember the look, and to have seen you wear it after reading. The book is, therefore, very happily introduced. . . .

With best love to all at home, being with constant truth, my dearest mother,

Your most affectionate son,

H. CARY.

MARGARET CARY TO HER SISTER ANN.

CHAMBERS STREET, N. Y., *October* 30, 1820.

See how important it is, my dear Ann, to be correct in forming our habits! Because I wrote to you so often when I was here before, I feel as if it were a part of my visit to write to you. My reception from my friends was all that I could wish. Sophia says my coming was providential for her; and indeed she never more wanted the counsel of a friend. I think I shall bring both the dear girls home with me. They are very desirous of accompanying me, and my mother's kind invitation prevents any difficulty. I have little doubt they will go to their father in the spring, and a little time passed at Chelsea will be beneficial, for, as Henry says, my mother's example is like the dew of heaven, imperceptible and influential.

Thank the dear friend in Beacon Street who put a Katy-cake in my bag. It was shared, in good time, with four others, two of them sweet little girls of three and five, traveling with their mother. A Miss Allen found me out in the steamboat as your sister. She was rejoiced, she said, to meet me; but I 'm sure I did her very little good, only I promised to let Miss Betsy Frasier know, when I returned, that she was so far on her journey. So, if you have an opportunity, pray report her. Mrs. E. and her two daughters were with us all the way, though in different coaches. A gentleman once said of her, "She is a lady much governed by expediency." She is a fine manager indeed. The coach in which she rode to Providence was a large, rumbling vehicle, with many openings to admit the wind and rain; ours was very comfortable. The next morning the carriages were changed. Mrs. E.'s name having been put at the head of the list of travelers, she had taken

her choice. The landlord, a little conscious, I suppose, of the trick, proposed that all the ladies should ride together ; but that we would not consent to, and got on very well, congratulating ourselves (Mrs. Prescott, Mrs. Cleveland, and I, who all three sat both days on the back seat, and had a great deal of pleasant conversation) that we had a close carriage the day before, when it rained. At all times I believe the disposition to be happy and to make the best of circumstances outweighs the little advantages which policy can secure for itself. Everywhere Mrs. E. reached before us ; however, she was an entertaining companion, and I am indebted to her for a good deal of amusing conversation. There were more ladies on board the steamboat from New Haven than I have ever known, and I was likely to come off very shabbily for a bed, when the black woman who officiates there suddenly recollected me. "Why, Miss Cary, is it you?" Her memory awakened mine. When I went on with Mrs. Palfrey I had been left alone for an hour, and rather than give way to some unpleasant reflections, I had assisted Sarah in making her numerous beds by putting on the pillow-cases. I fared all the better for this recognition, but was obliged to be contented with a bed in the gentlemen's cabin, which they had partly given up to the ladies by having a green curtain drawn across it. You may imagine I laid as still as a mouse when I was once in my nest ; but in the morning, tired of lying with little sleep, and wishing to be dressed before broad daylight, I turned gently towards the floor ; but, instead of my feet resting on the bench by which I had climbed up the night before, and which I expected to meet, I suddenly descended at least five feet, and so alarmed the next neighbor, the head of whose bed was close to the foot of mine, that he called out, "Hollo!" as if he had been attacked. I got over this very well by keeping quite still for a minute, and had the pleasure of hearing the sound mentioned without being accounted for to all the neighborhood. . . .

With best love all round,

Believe me ever yours,

M. G. Cary.

WILLIAM H. GARDINER TO HIS BROTHER-IN-LAW, THOMAS G. CARY, WITH AN ACCOUNT OF THE SPEECHES OF WEBSTER AND ADAMS AT THE CONSTITUTIONAL CONVENTION.

BOSTON, *December* 21, 1820.

MY DEAR SIR, — We have heard of your wife's safe arrival by Artemas, who returned on Tuesday night. I have no news for her. Caroline is almost as well as ever, and Nancy much better. Much of the fashionable and literary world is to be at Plymouth this day, to-morrow being the two hundredth anniversary of the landing of our forefathers. Unfortunate wights as they were, to land at Plymouth, of all places on the face of the globe! Had they landed anywhere else, I don't know that I should not have helped celebrate myself. Colonel Perkins has gone down, and aunt Sam. Webster delivers the address. How he has been able to prepare one I cannot imagine, as he has been every day speaking or presiding in the convention. We had three days of very great debate. Better parliamentary speaking I never expect to hear. The motion was for abolishing the old basis of the Senate, and apportioning it among the several counties according to population, instead of property. At first the motion was not opposed, no one supposing that there was Democracy enough in that assembly to upset this fundamental principle in our Constitution, especially after the very flimsy speech in which it was brought before the House by Dearborn. It passed without debate by a majority of ninety. Upon the motion for a reconsideration the great debate arose, in which the whole strength of the House was engaged. Lincoln supported the Democratic side with great ability, but was completely taken to pieces and turned into ridicule by Story and Webster. Webster closed the debate on the third day with, I think, the greatest speech I ever heard, and the result was a majority of near ninety the other way. Besides these gentlemen, we had very able speeches from Mr. Adams, Mr. Prescott, Mr. Saltonstall, Mr. Lawrence, Mr. Dutton, etc. Mr. Adams, at the age of eighty-six, spoke for half an hour, — better certainly than any man except Webster.

With affectionate remembrances to Mary and Sally, I remain

Very truly your friend,

W. H. GARDINER.

GEORGE CARY TO HIS BROTHER THOMAS.

CHELSEA, *January* 3, 1821.

DEAR TOM, — We have been all shut up to-day by a driving snowstorm which promises most glorious sleighing; it has fallen certainly a foot of twelve inches on a level, and cleared off a beautiful moonlight evening. Now, as I have been at home all day and read a very long sermon, and thought about it and talked about it, my mind begins to turn towards my friends about the country.

Now, after a page of preface, it is time to say something; so I will even begin with the ladies that I met at a very pleasant party at Mrs. S. G. Perkins's last Friday evening, — a tea party. Your sister Caroline was there. She had on a very becoming high-crowned mob-cap; looked a little pale, but very interesting. The Misses Gardner were there, the Misses Cabot, and the Misses Pratt, etc. Miss Lyman was also there, and if I had a ready faculty of describing such beautiful things I could say pages to you; she very much surpasses Miss Hart in my eye. Mrs. Franklin Dexter was there, and woman never looked more lovely. She had on a turban of white muslin, and her forehead looked as white as the driven snow. We danced, while Miss —— played on the piano, and wound up, or as I should have said closed the evening, with a country dance, which Mr. F. C. Gray contrived to be in motion at both ends, the leaders to meet in the middle and then go back again.

Harriet's letter accompanying this, I believe, will give you Ann's movements; and if you could see the accounts and rascally calculations and averages of interest that lie before me, you would say, "Sufficient unto this man are his employments."

We are not very well at Chelsea just now. However, William will be with us before the week closes, and that will stimulate the old folks into tune again.

Give my love to everybody.

Yours truly,

G. B. CARY.

MARGARET CARY TO HER BROTHER T. G. CARY.

RETREAT, *July* 2, 1821.

Though I did not intend it, my dear Tom, I cannot write this date without commenting a little on the day. It is just thirty years since our family landed in Boston on just such a looking day as this. Pain and pleasure met our arrival, and the web of life has been of a mingled texture ever since. But I must not mount my hobby, lest it should interfere with the main object I have in view.

I thank you for the information of dear Mary's safe arrival with her party; it greeted me just after my return from Newburyport. Yes, my dear Tom, I have accomplished that grand undertaking. Last Tuesday morning my mother and I set out with the good wishes of all our friends, and some anxiety of theirs about the manner in which we should cross the floating bridge, and a little more uneasiness in my own mind on that subject than I chose to express. Charles, with Eliza Cabot and Ann, had been to the beach the day before by way of preparation. They were clearly in favor of the whipping system. Mr. Tuckerman and Sarah, who with all their children met us at their gate, recommended great mildness, carefully to avoid the whip, and give the horse time to see the nature of the object before him. I listened to all and availed myself of everybody's advice. As we approached the bridge there was no mortal on the road. I talked about indifferent subjects to my mother, and holding a steady rein was prepared for whatever might happen, and, to shorten my story, went through regular gradations of mild and violent methods to surmount this obstacle; but the worst of the story is that, at every bridge we came to afterwards, our Rosinante felt his tremors renewed, and misbehaved so much, not only on the journey, but during an expedition I made over the Merrimac to visit a friend, that we determined to return by the Newburyport turnpike, which we did in spite of high hills and steep descents, which appeared dreadful till we approached very near them. Now the result of this, some people would think, would be that my mother and I would remain quietly at home the rest of our lives, congratulating ourselves on hairbreadth escapes; *tout au contraire*, we intend to set out next Monday

morning in the same chaise, with the said horse, and travel on to you, that as your bridge is of so remarkably permanent a nature, and your opinion of Rosinante so exalted, you may just give us the meeting Wednesday evening, and convince us which is the only way to get safely across your river, for to the bridge and no farther will our dear mother and I adventure ourselves alone.

My mother desires her love to you, and thanks you for your letter, which she will answer in person. The expectation of seeing you and your dear Mary, and the precious little Pearl, will keep up her spirits, she says, during the journey, and that it is the greatest proof of affection she can give you. Ann and Harriet also desire a great deal of love, and with disinterested kindness do everything they can to promote our journey. You know, my dear Tom, that though to some people this undertaking might appear trifling, to my mother, who has been accustomed to have a *strong arm to lean upon*, it appears formidable. The jaunt to Newburyport is a preparatory step, and she seems all the better for it.

We found aunt Cary very much altered of late, debilitated by the heat, and suffering from a severe cold which has settled on her lungs. She could not raise her spirits while we were there, or converse with any of her usual pleasantry, but she was kind and placid, anticipating death and apparently well prepared for it. She inquired very kindly after you, and wanted to know if you did not intend to come to Newburyport again soon. For my part I had great difficulty not to yield to depression of spirits while I was there; all the furniture of the house so exactly in the same state it was in when I first visited there twenty-six years ago! It was a body without a soul. It is sixteen years since I was there last, and then uncle Cary, and Tom and Sam, and aunt Cary in her energy, and Molly Nelson, as busy as a bee, with the frequent guests, were all moving about. There was nothing in that house that excited any desire in my heart but the picture of my father. I was never tired of contemplating it; I did not know how to tear myself away. I know it is not a likeness of what we knew of him, but as the green bud gives promise of the celestial rosy red within, after seeking a likeness I caught a spirit in the eye which discoursed of after times; I traced in it a resemblance to one of his sons, and easily imagined it might be a faithful portrait of the ardent, noble youth who carried into a strange and dangerous

country those firm principles of religion and integrity which no hazard could appall and no temptation destroy.

I look forward with delight, my dear Tom, to seeing you under your own roof. In the meantime be assured of the love of

Your affectionate sister,

M. G. Cary.

We have found your letter giving directions where to stop at Bolton and Westminster, and intend, if possible, to pursue your course and reach Brattleboro' in two days.

FROM MARGARET CARY, WHILE ON A VISIT TO HER BROTHER TOM AT BRATTLEBORO', VERMONT.

Brattleboro', *July* 9, 1821.

Well, dearest Harriet, supposing Ann has received Tom's letter of Friday evening mentioning our safe arrival, I suppose that you would like to hear some of the particulars. The first thing we did Thursday morning was to lose our way. Taking a wrong turn for the Concord turnpike, we found ourselves in West Cambridge, a very pleasant part of the country; then at Lexington, through a part of Concord and Sudbury woods, which latter was delightful; we reached Bolton at half past twelve. There we ordered dinner, tea, etc., and laid down to take a nap, congratulating ourselves on having got on so well. After we had duly refreshed ourselves, our dear mother made acquaintance with the woman of the house, a Mrs. Hildreth, and you would have been diverted to see us all three descending the cellar stairs to examine an ice-house. You see we are travelers who investigate the country. At Lancaster we made an extensive circuit by mistake, the only pleasant part of which was coming to a large brick building with a handsome fence round it, gardens, trees, etc., all about it, giving the idea of a nobleman's seat. On inquiry, I found it was Mrs. Cleveland's, and we rode round to the door to see Margaret Prescott, who I knew was staying there.

Do tell George I often repeated his last words in the course of the afternoon: "Now, Margaret, make him go through, for he is able to do it." So at eight o'clock we arrived, all three very much tired, at Westminster. The horse went to a good stable; my mother and I examined a suite of apartments, and selected the

inner one, which had a light closet connected with it;" then seated ourselves to a comfortable dish of tea, with all the etceteras. We had not been long there when we were notified that a Mr. and Mrs. Perkins and two young ladies had arrived in a coach-and-four, and were to occupy the adjoining chambers to ours; therefore it was hoped we should retire soon. We took the hint very readily, only expressing our concern about quitting our chamber early enough in the morning, as we wished to ride eight miles to breakfast. We were informed that the party intended also to be stirring very soon. At four o'clock our dear mother, who is an excellent traveler, arose, and long before five we were impatient to be at liberty. At last I knocked at the door and found my hopes confirmed: that the two young ladies were next to us. After some difficulty we made our way through a door that led into the apartment of one of the family, and thus got clear, as we thought, of the Mr. and Mrs. P., who we supposed were Sam Perkins and lady, but at the step of the door stood Mr. P. He remained there while I was trudging about paying the bill, ordering the chaise, etc.; and he handed us into the chaise, making some general remarks to my mother. We breakfasted at seven o'clock at Templeton, and met there some interesting Quakers. In the course of the forenoon the carriage passed us while I was driving and my mother walking down a very steep hill. By some unknown cause we quitted the highway and dined at Warwick at a Mr. Fay's, who took excellent care of the horse. Between three and four we found ourselves involuntarily drawing near to the carriage; the horse was in such spirits we could not keep at a distance. The coach stopped, Mr. Perkins alighted, walked up to the chaise, and made many apologies for not having discovered who we were before. Mrs. Perkins had recognized us from the coach window. Would we allow him to take charge of the chaise, and take our seats with Mrs. P. in the carriage? With difficulty we declined his politeness and Mrs. P.'s entreaties that my mother at least would ride with her and let Elizabeth ride with me. But I am filling my paper and writing in haste too, which prevents me from selecting my observations. I must tell you in general that we had many alarms at the hills, many of which my dear mother tripped down, and many I walked up to spare the horse, and at eight o'clock we arrived at Brattleboro'.

My dear mother has got over her fatigue entirely; walked to meeting yesterday, heard Dr. Wells preach, and received visits from Mrs. Chapin and Mrs. Boott; has taken a fine ride with Tom, and all things are going well. We shall return this week, as first proposed, delighted with dear Mary and Tom and the darling little one, and highly gratified with the journey in every respect. The horse has behaved admirably, and not started once.

My mother's best love to all her dear children.

Ever yours,

M. G. CARY.

MARGARET CARY TO HER SISTERS ANN AND HARRIET, WRITTEN ON A JOURNEY WITH HER MOTHER TO NEW YORK, WHERE THEY WERE TO STAY WITH MR. AND MRS. HENRY CARY.

PROVIDENCE, *September* 19, 1821, 1-4 past 10 o'clock.

What would our dear girls give to know just how their beloved mother was at this time, and can I have the heart to go to rest without writing them a line? Oh, no; forbid it, Harriet Byron! forbid it, all the pattern women that ever existed! for never did one of them want pen and ink to express the joys and sorrows of their hearts! But hold! I must not fill my paper with exclamations.

Our dear mother looked so pale and sad while we were jolting over the pavements that I thought they were killing her, and wished more than once that we had not ventured from home; but I soon found out that the dear lady's heart was with her Nancy and Harriet. She brightened again when she got over this tender feeling, for you know it is not worth while, dears, to keep looking back when we are going forward. Then we stopped at Dedham to change horses. Immediately on alighting I proposed to my mother to go and call on Mrs. Wainwright. We set out, and Avery with us, but before we got half way she was very much fatigued and discouraged. Finally we reached the house, and our friend went back to bring the stage when it should be ready. As it happened, for want of a horse it was delayed half an hour, which time my mother passed with Mrs. W. and Eliza very pleasantly: and, after taking some lavender and sitting a little while, was quite rested. Before you get this you will have heard of the circumstance, for Mrs. W. promised you should. Well, we rode

and rode and rode, and a quarter before nine reached this place, my mother dreadfully fatigued. We came up to the chamber, and she seated herself in a chair and laid her head on the bedside, and said she should not be able to stir downstairs again. So the horrors came over me again. What cruel children, to drag their mother from her quiet home! But I mustered about and got the baggage up, and we heard that supper was ready, and then the dear lady thought she could try to go down ; and the savory steak and the exhilarating tea and the excellent toast and a little bit of chicken, my dears, gave fresh vigor to the system ; and then we came upstairs, and had the bed warmed, and talked of the dear girls and of being on the road to New York ; and the dear lady is now sweetly sleeping, and I, wishing you a good-night, am going to do the same.

New London, 10 *o'clock*. — Rose this morning at six o'clock, after a good night's rest, but the breakfast was not to be ready till eight. Began "Paradise Regained" to my mother, which beguiled the time, though it was unfortunate to have to wait so long, for the coldness of the morning and fatigue of yesterday made every comfort doubly necessary. Our young men are very attentive and kind. Avery wished us to be accommodated in the best manner, and ordered that our party should have a room to ourselves ; so we missed the public breakfast, and had to wait till that was over before we got ours ; and it was after nine before we got into the carriage.

Everything is excellent on the road as to beds and provisions. Our dear mother bears up finely. She is not at all afraid of steep hills, or driving fast down them. It was a little exertion of her courage this evening, just at dusk, to drive down a steep hill into the team-boat to cross the ferry, but Mrs. Ferrard was so much alarmed that we only thought of comforting her, and that you know has a good effect on all the rest. Well, we were all day riding, and got here at eight. The house is full of company ; two stages full arrived after ours and one before. Our party has been a very kindly disposed one. Our dear mother is in bed and asleep. I dread the weather for to-morrow, for if we are confined to a cabin full of ladies and children, some of the latter with whooping-cough, there is great danger of her being sick ; but still I hope for the best, and at any rate am glad the riding is over.

September 21st. — Ah, where is that? A blank, my dears. It was passed on board the steamboat. A very great swell of the sea produced the natural consequences. Our dear mother was very sick; indeed, it will take her some days to get quite over it, and if there had been a back door I believe we should have made our escape and run home. However, it is past; and the night! it, too, passed away, and at eight o'clock we landed. Henry had been waiting an hour and a half, then went home to breakfast. William was in attendance, and conveyed us with our baggage to a coach. The kindest reception we have received from all the dear family, and they are all perfectly well. Our mother soon after breakfast put on a loose gown and laid down and had a fine sleep, after receiving a visit from Mrs. March in her chamber. I have unpacked, and my mother is at the moment dressing herself, looking much refreshed.

Margaret is rather thin, but looks well. Sophia and Elizabeth are both finely. Little Hal is as much improved as possible, and is a fine child. Henry and William are in fine spirits, and look admirably. Give my best love to all at both houses. Tell George it would have done his heart good to see the pretty ladies on board, particularly a lovely Jewess.

Believe me ever yours most affectionately,

M. G. CARY.

MRS. CARY TO HER DAUGHTER ANN.

NEW YORK, *October* 10, 1821.

We passed a very pleasant evening at Mrs. Hurd's, without any party save ourselves, our kind entertainers, and one lady, a Miss Davenport, who was an agreeable auxiliary on the occasion; and we stayed until half past nine. This morning was fixed for our dear M. to go on board the steamboat at six o'clock; but, alas! we all overslept ourselves, and when she got there the boat had been gone twenty minutes. You may suppose the disappointment; but at eleven o'clock, another boat being in readiness, she and William set off, expecting to reach Trenton by six in the evening, and, by riding until nine or so to-night, reposing until two or three, to reach Philadelphia at seven or eight to-morrow morning. The night is fine, and I anticipate much gratification for her. Her

church, you know, is all-important to her. She is to stay till Tuesday, when I shall expect her. I have passed the day very pleasantly. In the morning Mrs. C., myself, little Hal, the nurse, and man Joseph, took a ride of a few miles about the suburbs in the wagon. The horse is very gentle. We returned at two o'clock. Little Hal had slept the whole way. To-day is the little fellow's birthday, and he is certainly a very promising child. We dine at three every day, unless there is company. At twelve I take a slice of dry toasted bread, with a glass of old wine, and I am very well sustained until the dinner hour.

This afternoon we walked beyond Grace Church, and on our return visited Park Place, where are the colleges and the professors' houses, and came home. I am quite astonished to be able to walk so much without fatigue, but it must be allowed that Broadway is a delightful place to walk in. The street is elegant, the sidewalks so wide and easy to the feet, flagged with broad stones. The variety you see, — young and old, fair and not fair, the gayety of the scene, and altogether.

Sunday, after dinner. — I cannot go out this afternoon from real weariness; and is it not then allowable to give you an hour at my pen? Mrs. March passed last evening here. Little Thomas, who is a fine boy ten years old, had promised to be more industrious at school if he might be permitted to go to the theatre; Mr. M. took him accordingly. He seems a very fond, also a very judicious, father. Retired at ten. Missed my dear Margaret very much; but Elizabeth Henry, supplying her place, read to me, and the night passed off. The morning sun was always beautiful to me. This morning it was unusually so, and I determined to go to Grace Church, where I was most highly gratified. M. P.[1] and I partook of the communion together, a delightfully solemn and not to be forgotten by me service, more impressive than ours, as the bread and wine, as you know, are administered by the priest at the altar, all kneeling in a peculiarly striking manner. It seemed to me I never was in so holy a place; the very air, said I to myself, breathes sanctity. I believe you have never communed in an Episcopal church; I never did in this country. Think of the difference in Grenada, — the priest, the clerk, and myself,

[1] Mrs. Henry Cary is spoken of as Margaret Pyne, in distinction from her sister-in-law.

no one other being present; a temporary, ordinary building; no music! But I will not take up your time to draw a comparison. I trust the devotion of the heart was not wanting, and He who regardeth not externals was present to my mind. . . .

The Kemble family are just returned from the country, and sent me word they intend coming to see us. Ah, how painful as well as pleasurable associations will possess my mind at the sight o your dear father's friend; they resided together, were merchants together, visited the same circle during ten years at the island of St. Kitts, when they were between twenty-five and thirty years of age! Fifty years ago!

Adieu. Yours,
S. Cary

MARGARET G. CARY TO HER SISTER HARRIET.

Chambers Street, *September* 29, 1821.

. . . . . .

Our dear mother looks extremely well. Her muslins are very nicely done up, and she has at last got a piece of delicately white ribband. As I am writing to a painter, I may utter an expression that came into my mind yesterday as I was looking at her: "Her head is in chaste keeping." Everybody looks at her with love and admiration.

We had a delightful visit from Mr. Brevoort the other evening. He had been twice before. I never knew him so agreeable. He expressed his surprise, on coming in, at seeing me. So you see he did not expect that mamma would bring her daughter with her. I am very well satisfied to be in the shade. . . . She walked to Mrs. Brevoort's, which is certainly three quarters of a mile. They were going to have a dinner party of gentlemen. Henry was to have been one, but the arrival of Mr. Hopkinson the evening before, who with two sons was to dine with us, obliged him to decline. Mrs. Brevoort was quite indisposed, lying down, and excused herself from seeing us. Mr. Brevoort received us, and, after we had admired the elegant parlor in which we were first received, and the dining-room where the cloth was laying, and in which was a fine picture of Mr. Irving and a painting of Washington taken immediately after the war, he took us into his library, an elegant little oval room upstairs, away from the street, and lighted from

above. The table, a desk, was in the centre of the room, immediately under the skylight, and the books all round. I could have sat down there for a couple of hours very pleasantly. My mother was shown a number of fine engravings and beautifully bound books. Mr. B. did the honors of his house very handsomely, and we left him to receive his dinner party. We went then to Mr. Wainwright's, whose establishment is truly elegant. His house, a fine, large one, well furnished, is in a pleasant street at the back of his church, the finest within of any in the city, and the most fashionable congregation. A little garden connects the two buildings, through which he goes into the vestry. The salary, no doubt, is good, and there is probably not a family in the city who would not be happy to entertain Mr. Wainwright. What a situation for a young man plainly brought up, with little expectations, and devoting himself to a religious life! It would turn the heads of many men, but he seems truly amiable and good. His pretty little wife received us very kindly; showed her infant, which is a fine child; told us her little daughter was asleep, and Mr. W. in his study very much engaged. My mother, however, intended to see Mr. W., regretted his being engaged, but must interrupt him for a little while. He appeared, conversed with my mother, urged her making a long visit while she was here, and expressed his hopes that his mother would arrive before we went away. The sermon was none the worse for the interruption, for my mother walked to Grace Church yesterday, sat in Mr. Brevoort's pew with Henry and Margaret, and was highly gratified with the services. . . .

ELIZABETH BLOIS HENRY TO HARRIET CARY.

NEW YORK, *January* 23, 1822.

MY DEAR HARRIET, — I gladly take advantage of the departure of Colonel Perkins, and of a few leisure moments, to answer your most kind letter.

Mary and I often talk of you, and wish you could be with us. We have some very pleasant little times up in her room, which I know you would enjoy very much. Your paintings stand on her mantel-piece, which constantly remind us of you, and inspire me with a great desire to resume my drawing. Indeed, having a companion in the pursuit, I have made two or three attempts, and suc-

ceeded, to the astonishment of Mary and myself; but, unfortunately, my works cannot descend with glory to posterity, as I invariably ruin them by shading. I can only regret that such fine sketches should be lost in a thunder cloud of crayon which my awkward hand throws over them.

I mentioned in my letter to Miss Cary that we were all going to a famous ball at Miss D.'s house. It is all over, and I suppose you will wish to hear what kind of a party it was, as you have sometimes told me that through the loopholes of Retreat you had no objection to peep at the *beau monde*, which I assure you is much pleasanter than being wedged in it as I was the other evening. There were three large rooms, and as full as possible, two very handsome parlors below, and one large dancing-room.

After making our bows to the Lady D., who might be a burlesque upon all the ladies of that name who were ever read of or thought of, we marched upstairs, and just got inside the door. There was now neither ingress nor egress to be thought of. There we stood, trying to breathe, and lamenting our beautiful dresses, which were not perceptible. It was the first party I had been to; therefore it afforded great diversion to see all these people crowded together, looking at another crowd in the middle of the room, who were making an attempt to dance, at imminent risk of trimmings of head-dresses, — I might say, of heads themselves. By degrees the crowd dispersed, and, as we stayed till three o'clock, we had several very pleasant dances. Miss D. had borrowed Mrs. Cary's harp, and, to Mrs. C.'s great dismay, insisted on her playing. She was very much frightened, but got through wonderfully well, and was very much admired. Both Mrs. C.'s looked very well. Mary was dressed very plain, but excited much admiration, and was spoken of as the handsome Mrs. Cary. She has grown thinner, and looks most sweetly. She is going this evening with us to a small party at our friend Miss F.'s, but Mr. Cary, not being able to go, must leave Mrs. Cary at home. I am really ashamed to send so much of my paper covered with an account of a ball, but as you are so much interested in your two sisters you will wish to hear of the *éclat* attending their appearance even at a ball. Give my best love to Mrs. Cary, Miss Cary, and Ann.

Yours affectionately,

E. B. H.

MRS. CARY TO HER SON THOMAS.

August 4, 1822.

My dear T., — I was much gratified by your kind favor of 21st ultimo. Last Wednesday, M. and G. passed a long afternoon at Nahant, and in the evening of that day or the next morning the former wrote you circumstantially about your dear wife and little daughter. There they heard of Mr. James Perkins's illness, in consequence, as I learned, of leaving off his flannels. The illness was short, and yesterday afternoon he was buried. You, no doubt, have had the particulars. I scarcely have known these many years any one so sincerely lamented. A worthy and excellent man and great loss to the community, not to mention the affliction of all the family, among whom I understood, I think from you, subsisted the most perfect harmony. His late munificence in giving the Athenæum has gained him lasting credit. G. was at the funeral, and, although a handsome one, not very long. Mrs. Otis and Sophia passed an hour here yesterday ; had heard that Mr. and Mrs. H. Cary were here to attend the funeral. Mr. O. was one of the pall-holders. The ladies of the family rode, and prayers were read in church ; but G. could not tell whether those from Nahant were there. How truly descriptive of death are those words, " In an hour when thou thinkest not of it, the Son of Man cometh," applicable to each one of us ! Mr. P. left his town-house in perfect health, and was brought back in three or four days a corpse ! I feel for the survivor, and thereby my own grief is renewed. Time can never blot out the remembrance of former days, and all my consolation is that the Almighty has sustained me and will permit a reunion in another life. I have had a great deal of satisfaction in perusing a manuscript lent me by Mary Ann, which she found among my sister Cary's papers, written by your grandmother Cary ; some composed by herself, a sort of diary, and others extracts from different pious authors ; mentioning the birth of your father, her eldest son, in the year 1742, and of her two other sons. I had formerly seen some manuscripts of hers in a different handwriting ; but lately I have come to the conclusion that this last manuscript must have been copied by your father when he was very young, the hand is so extremely like his, and particularly the figures. You know he wrote a very handsome hand, and he always told me that his mother

had wrote a great deal which was in his brother T.'s possession. George observed yesterday that he thought I must be mistaken, for the letter *C* invariably resembled the letter *l*. Have patience, my dear T., while I mention a circumstance that confirms my opinion. My brother Ellis said laughingly to my dear departed one day, "Your *C*'s resemble *l*'s, which, in writing your name, looks like *lazy*, which I am sure makes no part of your composition." I have no occasion to say how valuable this manuscript is, nor any longer at a loss at the excellence and sublimity of his sentiments, his sincere piety, and ardent love of poetry, particularly of sacred poetry, the Psalms, and hymns of different authors, and his reverence for the Scriptures.

August 5th. — Mr. Tuckerman and Margaret rode into town this afternoon, the former to call on Mrs. Schuyler, where she received a letter for Mary from yourself. On their return, in going to the parsonage, they most fortunately overtook Mr. S. Cabot on his way to Nahant. We stopped to inquire how the dear little Mary and her mother were. He replied, "They are quite well," and Margaret gave him the letter, which, to Mary's great joy, I doubt not, ere this she has received. He was dressed in a full suit of black, and I should say looked very serious; but I think he never looks otherwise, although it is accompanied by a very agreeable smile.

All well. Adieu, my dear T.

Yours most affectionately,

S. C.

MARGARET CARY TO HER SISTER HARRIET, WHO WAS STAYING IN NEW YORK AT HER BROTHER HENRY'S HOUSE.

RETREAT, *January* 11, 1823.

MY DEAREST HARRIET, — I received your letter last evening, and a most welcome one it was. We had been talking a great deal of you, and longing to hear, when a charming letter came from Margaret to my mother, in which she spoke of you with her wonted kindness and affection, but we wanted more particular information from your own hand. Thank you for the peep into your mind which this has given me. I thought you would keep Christmas at Belleville, and am rejoiced that you had so happy an opportunity of taking the sacrament. So many circumstances combine to promote your happiness at New York that I think you will always

refer to this winter among your pleasantest. I often enumerate your sources of enjoyment, as we did you know together, before you went on, and that reconciles me to your absence for the present. But I must not fill up my paper with commonplace observations while you are expecting to receive intelligence of our movements here.

In the first place, Tom is doing finely. He passed last Sunday with us, and this week has been making calls on several of his friends in Boston. Mary rides every fine day, and the sleighing is excellent with us. The little girls are quite well. Nancy P. is making preparations to go on with them, and within the next fortnight I suppose they will set out. What a precious group they will be! and how many hearts will hover round them, vainly wishing to promote their comfort! But I doubt not they will be conducted in safety. I must give you some details of this week, that you may know what we are about. Monday morning, after Tom had left us, I sat down diligently to my greatcoat, which had been cut out and basted by Miss Loren. Yes, I have had innumerable disappointments on that subject, and not till this very afternoon completed the job. That day and the next were passed by us very quietly in working and reading "The Court of James I." Wednesday we dined at the parsonage. They are all quite well there at present. Edward returned to Norwich yesterday, having behaved very well through the vacation. Abby has gone to her uncle Edward's for the winter, to learn French, etc., and is likely to pass her time more gayly than she had anticipated, for she has already been to two balls. Thursday, which you know is an important day with us, after discussing for some time the ways and means of going to town and returning again, we borrowed Mr. Tuckerman's chaise-sleigh, and Ann and I set off with Newman to drive. Ann went to Pearl Street and shopping, while I passed part of the morning at work in Pleasant Street. She then called for me, and we left our cards at Mrs. Quincy's; called on the bride, Mrs. Sage, at her mother's; and made a very pleasant little visit at Mrs. Sawyer's, who looked quite well, and had had a letter from Mrs. Lee the day before, which seemed to please the dear old lady very much. There Ann and I parted. She went to Mrs. Otis's to dine, Mrs. Dutton's to tea and lecture. I hastened home, where I arrived at two o'clock. Now, how had our dear mother passed the morning? Not alone,

as I had supposed, but receiving visitors, who made our little parlor a more worldly scene than any Ann and I had been introduced to. I wish I could give you her own words, for you know with what spirit she describes these things: "The room was in complete order, the hearth clean and a good fire; Mary Ann, who has a whitlow on her finger, seated with her books. I went upstairs to dress myself, when I thought I would just go down and iron the strings of the flannels, and bring them up to dry in my chamber. I skipped downstairs, and had just got an iron in my hand when Mrs. Quincy's sleigh appeared." Mrs. Q., Mrs. Morton, and little Nancy were in it. My mother was soon downstairs, after having given directions about cake, and they had a good deal of pleasant conversation, when little Nancy observed that Mrs. Sullivan was coming. "Not Mrs. Sullivan, I believe, my dear," for my mother had seen one of the little Thorndykes through the window, and judged that it was Mrs. Otis; and so it proved, with Mrs. George Lyman. Mrs. Quincy and Mrs. Otis would not have met, I fancy, if they could have avoided it. However, all passed off well, Mrs. Quincy getting away as soon as she could, and Mrs. Otis paying her a thousand attentions. I found my mother in fine spirits, satisfied with her retirement from the *world*, and amusing herself with this transient view of it, only regretting our absence, and I was indeed sorry to miss my share of the visits; but you know how often it happens so. Friday passed as usual, with the additions of Mr. and Mrs. H. Tuckerman to tea, and here is Saturday evening! My mother and Ann just gone upstairs, George still with his book. The weather very cold. Tom has sent word he shall not venture to Chelsea again at present.

I am just going to cover the plants, and then good-night.

Your most affectionate sister,

M. G. Cary.

MARGARET G. CARY TO HER BROTHER THOMAS G. CARY.

Retreat, *March* 3, 1824.

My dear Tom, — I had a very pleasant day lately, and feel desirous of enjoying it over again with you. Mr. and Mrs. Dewey have come to Boston to make preparations for going to housekeeping. They passed last week at Mrs. Codman's, who gave all her Chelsea friends an invitation to fix on a day and pass it with them.

The weather was damp and my mother could not go. Mr. and Mrs. Tuckerman, Ann, Charles, and myself were there; the rest of the company were the Rev. Dr. Codman, Mrs. Lee, Miss C. Farnham, and last, not least, Dr. Channing. It was the first time I had seen the latter since his return from Europe. Kind inquiries passed between us, and then I was contented to sit quietly among the circle of listeners, while he entertained us with accounts of individuals whom he had met with in his tour. His manner is more easy and pleasant than it was before his travels. His health appears to be good. Mrs. Codman says he thinks it is best now to exert himself to the utmost, and not, from fear of hurting himself, to avoid any opportunity of doing good, and that he is now as superior to what he was before he went to Europe as he then was to every other. He conversed for at least two hours after dinner while we all sat round the table. He described himself as being one Sunday afternoon at Grasmere, a retired and beautiful place, not yet publicly resorted to, two and a half miles from the residence of Wordsworth, which you know is on one of the lakes of Cumberland. He tried in vain to get a chaise, or any other comfortable mode of conveyance, but was at last accommodated with a little open cart. He found Wordsworth — who, by the bye, has always been a favorite poet of Mr. C.'s — in his garden, surrounded by a party of friends, whom he immediately left and conducted his guest into his study. There they passed two hours in close conversation, principally on national poetry; and when Mr. C. rose to take leave, Mr. W. declared his intention of accompanying him, and, for the sake of continuing their intercourse, seated themselves in the cart. What a pleasant occurrence for a journalist! Southey, who lives in that neighborhood, was also visited with great pleasure, and described as a man of great modesty and piety. Wordsworth, it seems, has meddled with politics lately, and obtained a sinecure under government, which has much changed the tone of his feelings. In London was Coleridge, a man full of abstract speculations, very talkative, and formed on the model of the German mystics; now engaged in writing a treatise on the Divine Logos.

Mrs. Fry had her share of attention and admiration. Mr. and Mrs. Channing went to Newgate to see and converse with her. She did not appear, as Mr. C. had expected, thin and emaciated,

as if the spirit had absorbed the body, like Saint Theresa and many other saints which are described in painting, but a tall, large, fine figure, great dignity and sweetness, extremely mild in her deportment and manner of exhorting the prisoners. After reading a chapter in making an application of the subject, she did not enforce those passages which might be supposed to be particularly applicable to them as sinners, but addressed them in terms of encouragement and consolation, which, she observed to her visitors afterwards, she had always found to be the most effectual way. Her voice is the most delightful imaginable. Her husband does not sympathize with her conduct, but allows her the free use of his purse for her benevolent purposes. He is a man of plain, unassuming manners, and is called a wet Quaker. . . .

My mother, Harriet, and Charles unite with me in best love to you all. George and Helen passed Sunday and Monday here. G—— gave up his post of town treasurer, and Charles was chosen to fill his place. You have my best wishes, my dear Tom, for your success in business.

I remain yours affectionately,

M. G. CARY.

MRS. HENRY CARY TO HER SISTER-IN-LAW HARRIET CARY.

September 8, 1824.

MY DEAR HARRIET, —

. . . . . .

I am very sorry I should have missed the public rejoicings at Chelsea, especially the early turn-out from the Retreat. It would have gratified me very much to have made one of the party, not so much for the sake of seeing La Fayette as of saying that I accompanied my dear mother on so memorable an occasion. I confess I think it one of the highest compliments that has been paid to the "friend of Washington."

10 *o'clock*. — I am but just returned from the theatre, whither I went to have a peep at this great man. I had not the least idea of going when I left you last. The afternoon was wet and gloomy, and as Mr. C. came home earlier than usual, tea was proportionably in advance. Just as we had seated ourselves, my mother and Martha came in, expressing so strong a desire to see La Fayette's reception at the theatre that we persuaded my husband to go,

against his will. All was bustle immediately, for it was near seven, and our only chance of seats depended on our being in season. Hal, who had promised himself a pleasant evening with so many friends, was very much disappointed at this sudden breaking up of so agreeable a party; but as he struggled well against his feelings, and I, too, felt desirous that he should have some strong association with the general, we agreed to take him with us. This delighted him extremely; he jumped and laughed and talked all along the street of the friend of General Washington. We got into the house without much difficulty, and were tolerably well placed by the box-keeper. The theatre was brilliantly lighted, and very handsomely decorated with flags and laurel wreaths, and scrolls containing compliments to the nation's guest. One box was more highly ornamented than the rest, and furnished with chairs for the reception of the illustrious head; the next box to his was filled with those persons who are best acquainted with him, or in whom he feels the strongest interest. The most distinguished was Mrs. Lewis, granddaughter of Mrs. Washington, or, as the marquis calls her, Nelly Custis. Mrs. Colden was there also, and her husband, who does much honor to the great man. Mrs. Pringle had a seat in this box and looked very handsomely; and there was a Mrs. Featherstonhaugh, a very extraordinary woman, about whom I should like to talk to you a little, if it were possible to turn from this engrosser of all thoughts and words. I shall only say, then, that she is a particular friend of his, and has left her retirement at Duanesburgh for the first time in thirteen years, in accordance with his desire to see her. The house was excessively crowded and the heat intense, but all was borne in patience; the performers were in good spirits. The play was "Laugh when You Can," a full-dress comedy, so that our suspense was tolerably well beguiled.

Towards the end of the first act there was a buzz heard in the lobby, and, several officers appearing in the box next to the honored one, a shout began to rise among the people, but soon died away into faint murmurs when it was discovered that the officer was only General Mapes (the tailor) with his aides. It was not long, however, before a shout in the street announced the arrival of the true hero. The box keeper threw open the door of his box, and the great man appeared before the delighted eyes of

the audience. Every one rose at his entrance, the people cheered, and the music struck up "Welcome, La Fayette." All was enthusiasm and excitement for a few moments, during which time the general bowed repeatedly in the front of his box; after which he took his chair very modestly, and the audience reseating themselves, the performance was permitted to go on. The general seemed to enjoy the play, and the people enjoyed his pleasure, for it was no joke unless he laughed. We sat out the play, but the heat was so great and Hal became so restless that we were glad to find a friend who would remain with my mother and Martha while we returned home with our charge. He is now in bed and his father also, for they both appeared to think the night far advanced when we got home, though it was not more than half past nine. As I have been writing long enough for my eyes' good, I think I shall follow their example, and, bidding my dear H. good-night, seek acquaintance with my nightcap and pillow.

Ever most truly yours,
M. P. CARY.

MRS. CARY TO HER SON LUCIUS.

November 22, 1824.

I received your kind letter of April 20th. You have a right notion of our deceased friend Marryat. His character was prominent, and his loss sensibly felt in public and in private life, and for one who aimed at riches, and really loved them sufficiently to take any pains to acquire them, he was very charitable. When he first went out to the West Indies, which was early in life, his love of gain and high price for his goods induced the ladies of our quarter to call him a Jew; however I, who knew him intimately, could not join them, and thought his desire of accumulation rather praiseworthy in a young person who had his fortune to make in a climate he wished soon to take leave of. He united with his love of wealth great generosity and benevolence; and when my friend, Mrs. Seymour, lost her husband, and was a destitute, afflicted widow with two sons, he was the first to propose to the gentlemen of Grenville Bay to set afoot a subscription to enable her to come to America, and headed it himself with the largest sum. I have had an account of his death from Mrs. Marryat, the suddenness of which has appeared in the English newspapers, and you have

doubtless seen them, and the high encomiums that have been bestowed upon him, but she has related some particulars which could have been only known to herself: "He had given a great fête a few weeks before his death, where were assembled four hundred people, and he never was better, and during the Christmas holiday he was remarkably lively and well. The morning of his death he came upstairs to me and said, 'I advise you not to breakfast below' [she had been much indisposed], 'and then you will be able to meet me this evening, and we will take all the children to the play.' I consented, and after breakfast he came up to my chamber again and said, 'Well, Charlotte, God bless you! we shall meet at five.' But oh, my dear Mrs. Cary, we were never to meet again in this world!" She is a sincere mourner, and has written a very long letter, accompanied with an elegant mourning ring containing his hair, which is silver-white. This I value highly, although it is rather too small for me, and your sisters occasionally wear it, Margaret particularly, who was well acquainted with Mr. M——.

I enjoy great health. Can you tell me as much of yourself? Heaven grant it to you!

Yours ever, most affectionately,

S. CARY.

MARGARET CARY TO HER SISTER ANN.

CHAMBERS STREET, *May* 24, 1825.

MY DEAR ANN, . . . I have seen Mrs. Perkins and Mrs. Cabot every day, sometimes twice. Friday there was a boat-race in the morning. The two ladies and Tom called for me, and we rode to Castle Garden, where, including the Battery, several thousand persons were assembled. The weather was fine and the scene uncommonly beautiful. Two elegant light-boats, with three men in each, skimmed over the water, and one of them obtained the prize only by a few yards' distance. Then the multitude of vessels of all descriptions that spread themselves abroad gave increased animation to the scene. There was also a ship in full sail, which went off immediately afterward to London. Altogether it was a morning to be remembered through life. They set me down at Chambers Street, and at two Margaret and I went to make calls. We met Eliza Cabot as we were on the way to see her. She was

going to Mary's to dine. Margaret invited her to dine on Monday with Mrs. Perkins; but she declined the invitation, as she was going to Philadelphia. She seemed kindly to wish to tell me all she could of my friends at home, and after describing her day at Chelsea, walk to the grove, etc., finished with declaring my mother was "as gay as a girl." I went after dinner to Hudson Square, but they had all gone to Hoboken. Hal was with me, always delighted to be with his cousins, and they very fond of him. I took my work and sat in the nursery till the children had completely gratified their inclination for noise and play, and ate their supper on a little deal-board table, just like the one you may remember in old times. The sweet little Tom, who in general is the loudest of all, was a little reduced by indisposition and seemed to take comfort in being a little aloof from the rest, was most affectionate. I got home just before dark, and, having taken my tea with H. and M., William made his appearance to invite me to join Tom's party at Castle Garden, which the ladies were curious to visit of an evening, when it is lighted with gas. He sent for a carriage, and I was soon in a delightful scene. The moon and the lights bore a good accordance together, and were just light enough to make everything visible without dazzling the sight. We were soon joined by Mr. and Mrs. T. G. C., Mrs. P., and Mrs. C., and passed half an hour walking with the peaceful multitude, who were not inclined to interrupt the harmony of the scene by any noise or tumult. Every one spoke in a low voice, and seemed satisfied with the indulgence of tranquil feelings. The water was close round the wall of the garden on which we walked, and calm almost as a lake; reflected the multitude of stars which beamed in the firmament. On our way to the garden I proposed to William to call on Miss Cabot and invite her to accompany us. He immediately consented. We found her dressed for a party; but she was pleased with the attention, and would have accompanied us if she had been disengaged. Saturday the three ladies in Hudson Square were so much fatigued that, excepting a little shopping, they did not go out. In the evening accompanied H. and M. to Mr. G.'s introductory lecture. The good man kept us three hours; but Henry and I think of attending the course, for the subject is delightful and the machinery very fine. Yesterday was the grand day of the dinner-party. Mr. and Mrs. Franks, English people whom you may have

heard of from the Jackson and Lowell circle, Dr. Stevens and his sweet wife, married within four weeks, Mr. Cambrelaing and Smyth, dined with the four from the square, and a few additional visitors came in the evening. The day went off extremely well in all respects, but I was glad at twelve o'clock to find myself undressed and alone in my chamber. I had the amusement to see William waltz with Mrs. Franks, Mr. F. and Ann Morris, and Henry and E. Hutchinson. I confess it was not so objectionable in reality as it had been in my imagination; but if it does not endanger the hearts I think it must the heads of those who attempt it.

Good-by, dear Ann! Give my love to each one of the dear circle. Tell Mr. Tuckerman I think of him sometimes when I am reading Verplanck, with some of whose sentiments I think he would be pleased, which I keep in my chamber with Swedenborg to recur to when I would counteract the influence of the world; and believe me, Your affectionate sister,

M. G. CARY.

The three following letters were the last written by Lucius Cary to his mother. He had been making her a visit, and she died just as he had arrived at the West Indies in August:

HUNTER, AT SEA, *July* 13, 1825.

MY DEAR MOTHER, — I send this by George, who, like a good fellow, has come part of the way with me.

We have a fine day and shall do well, no doubt of it. My visit has gratified me extremely, and I go away a new man. I saw Nancy off this morning. About the 10th September you may expect to hear from me.

Good-by, my dear mother. I am,

Yours most affectionately and truly,

L. CARY.

LUCIUS CARY TO HIS MOTHER.

KINGSTON, *August* 5, 1825.

MY DEAR MOTHER, — I have the pleasure to inform you of my arrival here on the first instant, the day I had planned for. Meeting with head winds, I did not stop either at Turks Island or Cuba, but came direct. I was miserably sick, and paid dearly for indulg-

ing in good things on shore. But occasional excess, they say, is a benefit. So says Galen.

I left Boston with feelings to which I have been of late a stranger, and my visit was just long enough to allow me to extricate myself. Now, having renewed my personal acquaintance with you all, and added thereto one entire new sister besides Sarah's little group, I can go on in a more connected intercourse with you than heretofore. We shall now be divested of that unquiet feeling which is so apt to be generated by the long separation of friends. I leave you surrounded by so many sons and daughters, so encircled with ties, that you really need the enjoyment of a distant correspondent, — a pleasure peculiar in itself, and therefore adding to your general happiness. You see I can find new arguments for my absence without adverting to those which already exist.

I can get through the books I brought, but found amusement enough in conning over the scene I had just passed. Many items I found I had omitted in our communications together; others would have been better, perhaps, if differently executed; but, on the whole, I could congratulate myself upon having brightened the tints of the picture, and above all upon having fulfilled a duty.

I found everything here much as I left it. My own business had gone on extremely well, and I returned at the proper moment. Our bishop had made his report to the ministers, which, being published, was found to contain matter highly flattering to the good feeling and opinions of the community. The only thing he complained of was the small number of places of worship; so immediately we set to work to raise subscriptions of money to build them, and a very large sum is already volunteered and is daily added to. Our new Horticultural Society, too, having had their first dinner, — which, you know, is a material step, — have begun in earnest to do something, and improvements in agriculture are the grand topic of the day.

My physician congratulated me upon my good looks, and I have no doubt I shall soon derive all the benefit I expected from my voyage. In a day or two I shall expect the pleasure of a letter from you, and am pleased to think you will get this before the time I promised it.

Give my best love to your own tea-table, to Sarah's, and to Helen's, and believe me always, my best mother,

Your most affectionate son, L. C.

LUCIUS CARY TO HIS MOTHER.

KINGSTON, *August* 29, 1825.

MY DEAR MOTHER, — I have just received a letter from the house in New York, about a month old, which says nothing against your being all well. Since my return I have found my health very materially better, and, what I did not count upon, I feel a health of mind, an invigoration and elasticity of mental feeling, which is delightful. When we enumerate the enjoyments we possess and the deficits we complain of, how little stress is laid upon health, that prime article which is sold every day but can be bought nowhere!

I am anxiously expecting to hear from you of Nancy's trip to the eastward. It appears to me that you have so many objects of interest about you that you are never in want of what is called news. . . .

I have been hard at work since my return, and am thinking of a trip to the east and to Cuba, a short voyage which may take up a fortnight. We are going on very well here. The bishop has begun to go his rounds through the country. His first report has been severely handled by our opponents in England, and we hope the consequence will be that we shall have him on our side.

Adieu, my dear mother.

I am always your affectionate

L. C.

LUCIUS CARY TO HIS BROTHER THOMAS.

KINGSTON, *October* 8, 1825.

MY DEAR TOM, — I have received your letter of 3d ultimo, and had, a few days before, got one from William.

The news they gave me of my mother's death was most painful; but now that I can see with how many consoling circumstances that event was attended, I can bear the loss, particularly when I consider how supreme her happiness must now be.

I observe the contents of the will. You do not mention the reasons which prevent yourself and me from acting, but I have no doubt Charles will conduct everything in proper form. The ar-

rangements you mention of leasing the farm, and of appropriating some of our legacies and revenue from it to the improvements which are necessary, I agree to most cordially; and inclose a letter to Charles, with authority for that purpose, which please seal and send him.

One thing I think should be immediately attended to, and that is to inclose the family tomb with a handsome and durable iron railing, as well as to have the aperture built up in the usual mode.

In building a new barn, also, and any buildings, fences, etc., some care should be taken as to the position and shape.

Remember me very kindly to William, and thank him for the kind and considerate letter he wrote me last.

Yours sincerely,

LUCIUS CARY.

ANNE M. CARY TO HER BROTHER LUCIUS, WITH AN ACCOUNT OF HER MOTHER'S LAST ILLNESS.

CHELSEA, *September* 28, 1825.

MY DEAREST LUCIUS, — Before this you have heard of our irreparable loss; but I hope a conviction of the goodness and mercy of God, as displayed in the departure of our beloved mother, will support you as it has us. Indeed, I feel as if it were only necessary to recall the remembrance of her entire submission, her grateful spirit in the midst of her sufferings, to bear with firmness now every trial that remains. Never was a more beautiful termination to a life devoted to duty and the constant exercise of the best affections. "I am ready to go," she said to Mr. Tuckerman a few days before her death; "but if further trial is necessary for me, I am willing to stay." In this state she continued, except that her desire to depart grew more ardent. The wish to live for her children, which she strongly expressed at first, seemed to fade, not that they became less dear, but the desire of being with God in heaven took possession of her heart.

With what satisfaction, my dear brother, must you think of your visit, and how plainly see the hand of Providence in guiding you hither! It was to her a source of unalloyed pleasure. Even your sailing at the time you had appointed was to her a cause for grat-

itude, as it could leave you nothing to regret. "Dear, *dear* Lucius," she would often say; "that I should have seen him so lately! And that little note by the pilot, too!" Indeed, your recollections must be very sweet. We trace the hand of Providence in every circumstance connected with this great event, and look to you as the medium through which we have received many of its blessings. I had long wished to purchase for my dear mother a Testament of very large print, as that of her own was too small, and she used a very ordinary one in consequence. This was the first wish I was enabled to gratify from your very generous present. She was very much pleased with it, and read very little in any other book the few remaining weeks of her precious life. During her sickness Harriet recollected having heard of some convenience for a patient in the form of a spout by which liquid could be taken without raising the head from the pillow. Feeling rich, she sent immediately to Boston and obtained a beautiful little silver tube, which was a great comfort to our sweet mother for several days; and she called it her "little jewel."

She had often said this summer she did not know how she should meet any exigency which would demand more money, — for instance, the expense of a funeral. You may believe, dear Lucius, we thought with gratitude of you when we could each go to our own purses and pay the necessary bills for our mourning dresses, which were very expensive, as the time was short and we could not attend to them ourselves. Dear Helen was everything to us on that occasion, and Henry's wife was an excellent friend and sister. How that beautiful miniature must console and gratify you! It resembled her more even in her sickness than in health, for the disease had given an unusual clearness to her complexion and youthfulness to her whole countenance, and the serenity of her brow could not be surpassed by any painting. I believe she was much gratified by the affection which prompted you to have it taken, but never expressed a wish to see it. I will not trust myself to say how we feel her loss. We turn from that to the contemplation of her eternal happiness, and see the goodness of God in gratifying her ardent wish to be removed before the infirmities of age came on.

We scarcely pass a day without seeing some friends who come to express their love for the departed and their sympathy for us.

What the connection with departed friends may be must always remain a mystery, but I feel as if she was nearer to each one of us. The days pass on quietly. We are blessed in being able to continue the family together, and, by living economically, we shall live independently. Sister M. and Charles take the direction of affairs.

We have made no alteration but to part with the chambermaid, and put Mrs. Pratt's little daughter in her place.

We were truly grateful to hear of your safe arrival and short passage, as the account of the hurricanes had made us very anxious.

Adieu, my dear brother. Accept our united love, and believe me, Your most affectionate sister,

A. M. C.

RECOLLECTIONS OF THE LAST SCENES OF MY DEAR MOTHER'S LIFE, BY ANNE M. CARY.

On Monday, the 6th of August, Harriet and Mary Otis walked out and passed the day with us. In the afternoon, Mrs. Otis and Mrs. Hall came for them. My dear mother was in charming spirits and promised to go in town the next day and see Dr. Reynolds. We all parted, affectionate, cheerful, and happy.

Tuesday, my mother and sister M. went to town. Sarah and Mr. Tuckerman came to tea. A splendid sunsetting. Harriet and I waited impatiently to see the chaise, as clouds were gathering over the light sky. At last they came. George was driving. We ran to welcome our blessed mother and know the result of Dr. R.'s visit. "Not so loud, if you please," in her sweetest tone of voice, were the first words that informed us her hearing was restored. Seated on the sofa, looking uncommonly animated and lovely, she gave us all the particulars of the day, which had passed to her entire satisfaction. She dwelt with peculiar pleasure on the cordial reception her friends had given her, on all the agreeable conversations that passed between sister Marget and Harriet Otis, and with what sweetness the latter would often rise from her seat to repeat to her the interesting occurrences of her journey. A happy, happy evening!

Wednesday we rode to the parsonage together. All the family

assembled round my dear mother in the hall, while she gave an account of Dr. R.'s operation on her ears. Dr. R. had said he would insure her for twenty years, and how fondly did we dwell on this prediction! When we returned home, she read to Harriet and myself some passages in "Paradise Lost," then sat in a chair in the entry conversing with us, while we were working in the west chamber. After dinner she regretted having declined Sarah's invitation to dine with Mrs. Parkman, as by cultivating the social affections we smoothed the path of life for ourselves and others.

ANNE M. CARY TO HER BROTHER THOMAS G. CARY.

CHELSEA, *September* 13, 1825.

I remember, my dear Tom, in former times thinking your letters always arrived at the most desirable moment. So it seemed to me last evening, when, humbled and oppressed with a sense of my own want of firmness, the soothing expression of affection conveyed by your letter strengthened and in some degree reconciled me to myself. Returning from the parsonage at a late hour, and unexpectedly finding a circle of visitors in the parlor, my spirits entirely sank, and I sat the only weak one, while my dear sisters were perfectly calm and self-possessed. Ah, my dear brother! if the rapture of meeting again is to bear any proportion in degree to these internal conflicts even when the will is resigned, well may we class it among those joys which cannot be conceived. There are some moments when we seem utterly left to our own strength; no doubt that we may more fondly cling to the Arm that never fails. But do not think it is often thus with me; my heart is too deeply impressed with the mercies of God in our late separation, and the idea of our precious mother's happiness is too tenderly cherished, to allow of much vain sorrow. We often sit and talk of her, and try to imagine what she is now, till every selfish regret is lost in the conviction of her blessed exchange.

We were happy indeed to hear of Lucius's safe arrival, mingled as the feeling was by receiving at the same time a letter addressed to our dear mother, — just such an one as would have delighted her, — so affectionate and so cheerful, expressing a strong hope to hear from her in a day or two, and that the wish would be gratified.

14*th*. — And I, too, must write at intervals, but from occupations

very different from yours, my dear brother. Witness yesterday afternoon: I was interrupted to receive Mrs. Rouse and her daughter, the foster-mother of brother Sam, who has been received here with the utmost kindness, and every Thanksgiving received a barrel of cider and other things. We gave the interesting details to the tender-hearted woman, which confirmed the feeling of veneration and love which seemed to have possessed her heart ever since that precious child was placed under her care. She dwelt with a fond minuteness on her earliest recollections of the departed saint, and we did what little we could to supply the absence of that kindness which had always been extended toward her. We had just sent her to the bridge in the chaise, when Mr. and Mrs. Reed drove up. A very kind visit from them was succeeded by one from Mrs. Lee and E. Cabot. They left us soon after tea, and we three continued on the sofa, as we often do when visitors have gone, dwelling for hours on our dear subject and elevating and cheering each other.

Everything goes on well in our domestic concerns. Sister M. is the faithful steward, always vigilant and pleased with her new duties. Those anxieties for the future have all passed away, and when we come from the garden laden with fine fruit we feel in what a pleasant place our lot is cast. Dear little Mary and Lizzie would like to help their aunts pick up peaches from those trees their dear mother enjoyed so much three years ago. We hear Mr. Greene is to make a payment, which will be very acceptable. Charles is much more cheerful since his mind has been occupied with his new duties. He went to the judge on Monday, and when he returned in the evening seemed to have been much gratified with his day, particularly by the assistance he had received from Mr. Aylwin, who was here the day before and kindly offered it, as he was acquainted with probate business. Harriet occupies herself all the time, and is again interested in the care of her flowers, — that sweet and innocent employment which approaches in some degree to the endearments of children in beguiling the thoughts. The only domestic care for which I am responsible, teaching Mary Warren, is a very agreeable one, and any little plan of economy thus far has only served to amuse and occupy us. Charles reads to us in the evening. Our friends seem pleased and interested in our all continuing together, and above all, the pleasure with which the dear absent members of the family seem still to

think of Chelsea is gratifying to us in the highest degree. Thus you see, my dear brother, "we too are kindly dealt by," and your soothing and delightful anticipations of the future for us are likely to be fulfilled.

Harriet desires her love to Mary and yourself, and intends writing the former very soon. Give my love to that dear sister. I know full well how tender is her sympathy and long to embrace her. I am very glad to hear little M. is advancing so fast in her education, and hope it will not be many years before she is one of the correspondents to Chelsea. Kiss each of the dear children for me. Sister M. wrote you by the gay and happy party from Chestnut Street. I wish the letter may not be forgotten. She has just set off to walk to the parsonage, as it is a beautiful morning, and the dust laid by a shower last evening. I hope you are not weary of my long letter.

Your most affectionate sister,

A. M. C.

ANNE M. CARY TO MISS HARRIET OTIS.

November 28, 29, 1825.

I thank you, my dearest Harriet, for your kind note of last evening, which came in while I was thinking the beauty of this day would certainly tempt you to Chelsea. But I am willing to wait another week if it is best for you it should be so.

Your Thanksgiving Day seems to have been a tranquil and a happy one, dear H., and so, I may say, in a degree was ours, though I had a childish dread of it before it arrived, as if every day was not now to us an anniversary of fond recollection, of departed tenderness and love. Yet Thursday came with such a conviction to each one of our little circle of the goodness of God, and the thought that my precious mother had now no further call on her sympathy and could only see "light arise out of darkness" brought such peace to my heart that I would not exchange it for the gayest I had ever known. But what recent cause for deep and heartfelt thanksgiving we had, we knew not till the next day. As you do not appear to have heard it, listen to the following tale: —

On Friday morning of the 19th, at five o'clock, William was

roused from sleep by the cry of fire. He sprang from his bed and found the staircase in flames. His first thought was to call his friend Mr. Williams in the adjoining chamber; the second, to waken the females in the upper story. He then stepped from his window on to a sign of the elegant perfumery store below. It was a large rose with an iron stem; the rose-leaf gave way, and only served to break his fall into the street. He called to a watchman for a ladder; learned it was two streets off; they ran together, bareheaded and barefooted, the coldest night of this season. He took it on his back, placed it at his window. The females were assembled in blankets, Mr. W. preparing a bedcord for their descent. In five minutes from the first alarm, every one was in the street unhurt. The flames worked after them, and in half an hour not a post was left standing. Mr. N. saved his watch and some clothes. William, of all the comforts and elegances he had collected in his bachelor establishment, and they were not a few, has nothing but the ample night-shirt with which he sprang from his bed. A wardrobe newly stocked, some valuable books, his papers, and, what he most laments, all his mother's letters. I wish you had seen his account of it, — it was so characteristic, so resolute, so cheerful, and so regardless of himself. Most of the particulars I have given of him are from a letter of Tom's. I need not tell you, my dear H., with what mingled feelings we received his letters. I can hardly now compose myself when I think of it. To have been so near losing him, and so providentially preserved!

Tuesday. — What beautiful weather, and how glad I should be of your visit now if it were not for a heavy cold, which makes me a very good-for-nothing companion! I will be brighter to receive you next week. I have some beautiful poetry of E. Cabot's; I have kept it two or three weeks to show you, but I fear I cannot keep it longer. Sisters M. and H. are well, and riding this fine afternoon, or I would add love.

Your affectionate

A. M. C.

HENRY CARY TO T. G. CARY.

NEW YORK, *September* 28, 1826.

DEAR TOM, — The inclosed has just reached me. I send it forward immediately, in order that you may prepare the family for its melancholy contents.

Yours most affectionately,

HENRY CARY.

JOSEPH BEETE TO MESSRS. J. MARRYAT AND SON.

CLIFTON, ENGLAND, *August* 27, 1826.
14 Mall Building.

GENTLEMEN, — It has become my painful duty to inform you of the death of our mutual friend Mr. Lucius Cary, which event took place last evening soon after nine o'clock. Mr. Cary arrived here on Friday, the 19th inst., from Cheltenham, and on the Sunday following I saw him for the first time since he left Demerara, which was, I believe, in November, 1814. He spent the Sunday with me, and the next morning we went to Bristol together, where he delivered your letter of introduction to Messrs. Ariel. As I had some business to attend to we separated, and agreed to meet at the reading-room of the Bristol Institution, at the bottom of Park Street, and return to Clifton together, where he was to dine with me again.

On calling at the institution, however, I found he had gone on without me; and, on reaching home, I found the inclosed note from him, saying that he was taken very ill in Bristol, and had gone home and got medical advice. The medical man, whom I saw the same day, thought him in a very bad way. Our poor friend himself, however, was of a different opinion, and calculated on being able to return to Cheltenham, where he said he had derived great benefit. He continued much in the same state during Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday; on which latter day, however, he agreed to defer his departure till Saturday, instead of going on Friday as he intended. I wished him very much to call in a physician, but could not persuade him to do so, as he seemed confident of being able to proceed to Cheltenham on the Saturday, and that when there his health would improve. I was with him from eleven to twelve o'clock on Friday morning, when he com-

plained of having had a bad night, and was suffering from headache; and I, in consequence, again urged him to call in a physician, but to no effect; and he persisted in sending to take his place in the Cheltenham coach for the next morning. While at dinner, I received a message from the mistress of the boarding-house he was staying at that he was much worse, and requesting my immediate attendance.

When I went I found him speechless and insensible, and in this state he remained till his death. As soon as I saw him, after getting the message just mentioned, I sent for the medical man who had been in attendance upon him, and for Dr. Carrick; and they saw him again twice on Saturday, doing everything in their power, but without entertaining, at any time, much hope of saving him. A Dr. Beattie, who happened to be boarding in the house, was also very attentive to him.

I have taken temporary possession of his effects. The cash about him amounts to £14 15s. The other things I have not yet looked over, but was rather surprised at not finding a watch, and suppose he must have had one, and have left it in London. I took his money from his pocket, and locked his portmanteau, etc., on Friday afternoon, at the request of the lady of the house. An undertaker is to be here this morning, to whom I shall give directions to make the necessary preparations, and I imagine one of your gentlemen, or some one on your behalf, will attend, and give such further directions as may be necessary; or, if this should be inconvenient, I shall readily attend to your instructions.

From a conversation I had with my late friend, I understood he had a moderate competence, and I rather understood he had funds in your hands. Since writing the above, I have seen the undertaker and have ordered him to prepare a lead coffin, in which the body will be placed this evening. The boarding-house being full, and the bedroom he had a very small one, the landlady had a bed put up for him in her own sitting-room, and, as this is attended with inconvenience, they are desirous that the funeral should take place on Wednesday. If, however, one of your firm should be coming down, and it should be inconvenient for you to come here on Tuesday, the funeral may be deferred till the following day. I shall be obliged to you, at any rate, to let me have an answer by Monday's post, mentioning if you are coming, and, if

you are not, whether I am authorized to draw on you for the expense, and what you wish to have done with his clothes, etc.

I am, gentlemen, your most obedient servant,

Jos. Beete.

MARGARET G. CARY TO HER SISTER HARRIET CARY.

Retreat, *January* 9, 1827.

Thank you, dear Harriet, for your two letters. You said our "correspondence was entangled," so I stopped, that we might come to rights. The set of paints was a very kind gift to you, and I am pleased to think I can imagine your occupation for so large a part of the day. I should like to drop in upon you sometimes from the ceiling, with my thimble and needle, to perform some little office about your wardrobe or toilette; but all goes on well, I dare say. I am glad you find your cloak comfortable. Helen hopes it has a gray fur lining; you know she is always at the top notch. I passed last Sunday night and most of Monday with her and George. They were both well, G. having just got over some very bad headaches. The babe grows finely, and I think looks more like his father than little G. The latter has got over his jealousy, and is a fine prattling child, and is the darling of his aunt Aylwin, who is looking finely this winter. Monday afternoon Ann went in, in the little sleigh, to pass the week with Sarah and meet a mantua-maker, and I came out.

Sarah showed me your beautiful little book, with which she was so much pleased that I did not venture to ask her to let me bring it home that I might try to copy it, which I was tempted to do. I wish I could hand you a beautiful rose which is just not quite expanded, and has this moment met my eye as I looked at the rain on the window, which is likely to carry off our fine sleighing, — a very important object just now, as the ice-house is to be filled. I hope you will return before the roads break up. I think one can be very comfortable in a sleigh, and it is on the whole less dangerous than any other mode of traveling. I should have called on Sally Perkins Monday morning, but had made great exertions Sunday, and did not like to expose myself again so soon, but she would only have confirmed what all your friends say of you: that you are looking well and happy. I think, dear Harriet,

this winter is likely to be a period that you will look back upon with great pleasure, which is certainly a test of present enjoyment. Your pictures will be invaluable to us from a double motive; for the partiality of affection will make up any deficiencies of the artist, and we shall be lenient critics, you know. So don't despond if you cannot equal the touches of the old artists. I believe I know the picture you are now painting. Henry says it is his Guido. Is not that the beautiful Magdalene with her eyes and hands upraised? How delightful to contemplate such expression! It enables one to believe that such devotion is not only accepted but acceptable. Is this a distinction without a difference? Perhaps so. The beginning and end must be in the only Source of all perfection. Whatever bears His image is genuine; all besides is false. Do not talk of changing the outward forms of religion, dear Harriet. All are good, if they contain the living principle. It is the nature that must be renewed, the heart changed, the man gradually regenerated. You say to me, "Is your corner-stone laid yet?" My chief corner-stone is, you know, the Lord Jesus Christ, the same yesterday, to-day, and forever; and though you have been through a fiery ordeal lately, I am not inclined to number you among those who "build with hay and stubble," and to whom Peter addressed himself in Acts, chap. iv., verses 11, 12. Am I wrong? Have you seen a bird rise into the air and poise itself for a moment or two on its wing, as if deliberating which way to go? There are some days in one's life when we would willingly stop the flight of time and meditate on the present. It has been so with me to-day. I rather take shame to myself, for it is nearly allied to indolence; but, though it is afternoon, I have done little besides speculate and stitch a pair of wristbands. Society, I believe, like the atmosphere, should press all round and urge on our good resolves. There are so many things, I say repeatedly to myself, that I may do to-day if I will, and either may be deferred till to-morrow, that even this letter had almost failed to make its appearance. "This from you, sister M.?" Yes, dear Harriet; but take it as a confession, and let me hurry on. Have you heard of the sudden death of Harry Otis? Last Wednesday Mr. Dwight met him in the street, and said, "You must go with me to Springfield." He refused at first, but said he would go home and talk with his wife and put up his clothes. Mrs. O. wished to go too, but on the whole they

concluded that she had better not. Friday evening their business was done at eight. Mr. O. had been a good deal in the cold. He took some hot coffee, and then Mr. D. left him for a few minutes smoking a cigar. When Mr. D. returned he was lifeless. Every one speaks of him with regard. It is said that in the settlement of Mr. Boardman's concerns he showed great liberality, and gave up several little sums and balances that might have occasioned difficulty. He has always been a most affectionate son. His poor mother, who has been truly heart-stricken in the death of her children, not having been near the deathbed of either, says she shall miss him dreadfully, for he took tea with her five or six times a week, and was always as attentive as possible. Yet she is resigned, and perfectly sensible that Providence directs everything. Ann was going to see old Mrs. Otis Monday, when I left her. Such an event must awaken her sympathy most painfully. The poor wife, I heard, was almost distracted. She expects soon to be confined.

Adieu, dear Harriet. Remember me most affectionately to all our dear brothers and sisters.

Your affectionate sister,

M. G. Cary.

FROM ANNE M. CARY TO HER SISTER HARRIET CARY.

Beacon Street, *December* 9, 1826.

. . . . . .

What high gratification you must all be enjoying just now in the preaching of Dr. Channing; the weather, too, so beautiful and the occasion so interesting! A great many thoughts have been with your circle, I assure you, by the well-wishers to the cause this way, and a thousand fears are expressed about the good doctor; but I dare say he has the best of care.

I have had a very pleasant visit from E. Cabot, and I believe it has been equally so to her, though I feared the solitude might be a little irksome, particularly as sister M. was absent four days (called away suddenly to attend the funeral of another Miss Dunn), and you, my able coadjutor, were not at hand to enliven or impress any subject; but our friends seemed moved by one spirit to make up for past omissions and improve the fine weather, and what with

Mrs. Sullivan and Eliza to pass one day, Mrs. Dutton to walk out and dine another, Mrs. Quincy and daughter to drink tea and pass one evening, and good little Mr. L. to speculate upon the proceeding, we did not want variety, and walked in together the morning of your Thanksgiving Day. It was so pleasant that E. would try her strength, which has proved equal to the occasion. I have made a very gratifying little visit here (the scene of so many past pleasures), and am going out this morning with the promise of dear Sarah for my companion, but the skies threaten a little and I shall not urge her. These little visits to Boston do me a great deal of good, and while the weather continues pleasant I mean to repeat them weekly, and not stay longer, though I am most kindly urged to do it, until the weather is more unpleasant for frequent walking. Sarah and her family are all well and doing well. Helen's little George has been quite indisposed this week with cold and a good deal of fever, but is now much better. The little poppet grows fast.

A great many messages of love and kind remembrances are sent to you, dear Harriet, from all your friends here. Mrs. Otis and Mary particularly offer theirs, and Eliza Cabot. Helen has, or is going to write to you. Sarah thinks you might write to her, but begs her best love to you. Mrs. Dutton proves one of the most agreeable narrators that have ever returned from Europe, and is very much improved by her travels, both in appearance and style of conversation, and has enjoyed a great deal.

Breakfast is just ready, so adieu, my dear, dear Harriet. One observation is the result of my little wandering from the Retreat: that is, how much there is to enjoy everywhere if the heart is only in a right state to meet the blessings that offer. You make the same original remark, I dare say. I passed a very pleasant half hour with Mrs. Perkins last week, who seemed very well, as were all her family, except Nancy's occasional headaches.

Give my true love to all the dear family you are with.

Yours most affectionately,

A. M. C.

ANNE M. CARY TO HER SISTER HARRIET CARY.

CHELSEA, *January* 20, 1827.

How have I let a whole week slip by without writing to my dearest Harriet, when I intended it should be my first act on my

return home from Boston? but the languor of a heavy cold must plead for me, and now, with the comfort of a nice little fire in my solitary chamber, I will make amends for the past and give her the last hour of Sunday evening.

Sarah had Mrs. Salisbury to pass the last week with her, which seemed to give her much pleasure. Mr. Tuckerman is fully engaged in a variety of benevolent projects, and seems to meet with all the cordial and affectionate coöperation with his zealous efforts that he has always wished, but never found in this lukewarm town. He has been deeply interested in the pirates, and brought one of them from a state of wonderful apathy to deep remorse. There is a great excitement for improvement of every kind in Boston, and the clergy have introduced Sunday evening lectures. Mr. T. was prevailed on to preach at Mr. Ware's, and I was glad of the opportunity to enter that church, but almost wished myself away again when such a crowd of tender recollections pressed upon my mind of all our precious mother's early friends, and the scenes of her early life; and just before us sat a sweet young creature, full of grace and animation, looking as if she too was the cherished object of some fond circle, and might bear some resemblance to the beloved subject of my thoughts. The soft tones of an uncommonly sweet organ did not diminish the effects of the scene. The church was crowded to the pulpit stairs, and Mr. T. delivered a very good sermon. I was really glad to hear him again, though his fatigue after it proved his weakness. . . .

I called on Mrs. H. G. Otis the other morning, and passed Saturday evening with her. Certainly in her days of greatest prosperity she never possessed half the charm she does at present. There is something so touching and subdued in her whole manner, so unrepining, that she is one of the most interesting examples of resignation I ever saw. Mrs. Ritchie is a very tender and devoted daughter. Mr. Otis was proposed as member of the church yesterday. So does affliction unlink the chains which prosperity and the world twine round the heart. What happiness this would have given to dear Harriet in her lifetime! Mrs. O. inquired with her usual interest after you. Her son Allyne is in the store of Mr. Howe in New York. Sarah desires me to give her best love to you, dear H.; so does Mary and Mrs. Otis. And now let me turn to the subject which has been most in my thoughts, though for the

last: I hope the depression in which your last letter was written has passed away before this. Would I had the power to remove every feeling of the kind from your mind, for surely you have often raised mine when it was sunk very low! Heaven, dear H., has given you the power of exciting the tenderest interest in the heart of your friend; therefore do not magnify to yourself the evil which separates you from the world *only*, and that only by the keen susceptibility of your feelings. You say how much you will miss our dear mother's welcome on your return, and even to shrink from it. I can say nothing to diminish this, for too, too deeply have I felt the loss of that ardent welcome which made the return to home once so joyous; but you will come to a home which is a meet retreat from every mortification and little trial which are thickly scattered in the world, and to three friends who, you must allow, have made some sacrifice in parting from you the whole winter, and to whom you will bring such a stock of happy excitement. At any rate, dear H., let us bear all the lesser trials of feeling, as well as the real calamities of life, with a firm, enduring spirit, and show ourselves true and loyal followers of our dear Saviour by the cheerfulness with which we follow in his path. Recall, too, those beautiful expressions of gratitude in our sweet mother's letters for the blessings which were left her; and as she resolved to live for her children, so let us try to live for each other. But all this and many other arguments for contentment have suggested themselves to your mind, I doubt not. I will just reply to one question and have done: You ask if I am happy. I believe I may safely say I am. Not exactly from the same sources I once was, for I am willing to relinquish all the excitement from the world I then thought necessary, but I have more within. I was sorry for the letter I wrote to M. the moment after it was sent, but must do myself the justice to say, if it betrayed a restlessness or discontent of feeling, I did not convey what I intended or what I felt. I look forward to a happy spring, my dear Harriet, and to you as one of its greatest pleasures. Give my love to all your dear circle.

Your most affectionate

A. M. C.

APPENDIX

PAPERS CONCERNING THE COAT OF ARMS AND PEDIGREE OF JAMES CARY, OF CHARLESTOWN

BELLINGHAM NOTE. NOTE 1.

SALE OF WINNISIMMET. NOTE 2.

COPY FROM GRANTS IN THE COLLEGE OF ARMS, PAGE 321.[1]

TO his Grace Henry, Duke of Norfolk, Earl Marshal of England, the humble petition of John Cary, of the city of Bristol, Richard his brother, and their kinsman John Cary, of the city of London, merchants, —

Sheweth that the Carys of Bristol, having time out of mind borne the armes and crest of the Carys of Devonshire (viz., argent on a bend sable, three roses of the first, with a swan argent for their crest), from whom by the constant tradition in their family they are lineally descended, and having the honour to be known unto the present noble lord, Robert Cary, Lord Hunsdon, and to be owned and acknowledged by his lordship as his kinsman, they humbly pray that your Grace will please to issue your warrant to the King of Armes of the province for assigning such distinctions to the said armes as may be proper for your petitioners and their descendants to bear and use according to the law and practise of armes, and they shall ever pray, etc.

(Signed,) JOHN CARY,
RICHARD CARY,
JOHN CARY.

Upon request made to me by Mr. John Cary, of the city of Bristol, and his kinsman of the city of London, merchants, that I

[1] Copied for Edward M. Cary, Boston, Mass.

would certify what relation they have to my family, these are to certify to all whom it may concern that I, Edward Cary, of Torr Abbey, in the county of Devon, Esq. (heir male and principal branch of the family of Carys of Devonshire), do hereby declare that I have heard and do believe that the Carys of Bristol sprung, some generations past, from a younger branch of the Carys of Devonshire.

And I do hereby acknowledge them to be my kinsmen, and consent and desire that they may be permitted to use and bear the paternal coat of armour of my family, with such due and proper differences and distinctions as his Grace the Earl Marshal and the Kings of Armes concerned shall think fit. In witness whereof I have hereunto put my hand and seal of armes this eighteenth day of June, 1699.

(Signed,) EDWARD CARY.

John Hesket, of the city of Exon, gent., maketh oath that the certificate hereunto annexed was by this deponent (the 19th day of August instant) produced unto Edward Cary, of Torr Abbey, in the county of Devon, Esq., who then acknowledged the said certificate (and the name Edward Cary thereunto subscribed) to be his proper handwriting, and that the said Edward Cary did in this deponent's presence affix his seal of armes thereunto.

(Signed,) JOHN HESKET.

Whereas John Cary, of the city of Bristol, in the county of Somerset, Richard, his brother, and John Cary, of London, merchants, have by petition represented unto me that that branch of the Carys seated at Bristol aforesaid, having time out of mind borne and used the armes of the ancient family of the Carys of Devonshire, — scilt-argent on a bend sable, three roses of ye first, with a silver swan for the crest, — as descended from a collateral branch of the said family, they therefore humbly pray that they may be permitted still to continue to bear the same, with such due and proper differences as are usual in like cases, and forasmuch as the Right Honorable Robert Cary, Lord Hunsdon, has personally owned that he does believe the petitioners are descended of a collateral branch of the said family, and has requested me to allow and confirm the same; and that the petitioners have pro-

duced unto me an attested certificate, under the hand and seal of armes of Edward Cary, of Torr Abbey, in the county of Devon, Esquire, the principal male branch of the Carys, setting forth that he does believe the Carys of Bristol to be a collateral branch of his family sprung forth some generations past, and does therefore consent and desire they may be permitted to bear and use the paternal armes of the Carys with due and proper differences, —

I, Henry, Duke of Norfolk, hereditary Earl Marshal of England, having duly considered the premises, do hereby order and appoint Garter and Clarenceux, Kings of Arms, to exemplify and confirm the aforesaid armes and crest, with such fitting differences and distinctions as are proper for collateral branches, unto the petitioners and their descendants, according to the law and practice of armes; requiring that the said allowance and their petition, together with these presents, and also the certificate of the said Edward Cary, of Torr Abbey, be entered by the register in the College of Armes; and for so doing this shall be sufficient warrant. Given under my hand and seal of my office of Earl Marshal this 30th day of August, 1699, in the eleventh year of the reign of our sovereign lord William the Third, by the grace of God King of England, Scotland, France, and Ireland, Defender of the Faith, etc.

(Signed,) NORFOLK, E. M.

To Sir Thomas St. George, Knight Garter, Principal King of Armes, and Sir Henry St. George, Knight Clarenceux, King of Armes.

(The armes therefor granted were, to John Cary, of Bristol, and Richard, his brother, argent on a bend sable, three roses silver, in a canton or an anchor of the second; and for their crest, on a wreath argent and sable, a swan proper charged on the breast with an anchor sable;

And to John Cary, of London, their kinsman, the said armes, with the variation of the bend to engrailed and the anchor in the sinister chief, and the swan charged on the breast with a red rose.)

ANCESTRY OF JAMES CARY, OF CHARLESTOWN, MASS., AND MILES CARY, OF VIRGINIA.

1509–1547. — During the reign of Henry VIII., King of England.

Hon. William Cary was Sheriff of Bristol, England, 1532, and Mayor of Bristol, 1546.

Descended from the ancient family of Carys, of Devonshire and Adam de Cary, "Lord of Castle Cary," Somerset County, living in 1198.

Acknowledged by his kinsman to be lineally descended from the Carys of Devonshire, and having the right to bear the family coat of armor, a petition to that effect being on record in the College at Arms, signed by Edward Cary, of Torr Abbey, County Devon, heir male, and principal branch of Carys of Devonshire; also by Right Honorable Robert Cary, Lord Hunsdon. Signed 1699, in the eleventh year of the reign of William III., King of England. Petition granted by Henry, Duke of Norfolk, Marshal of England.

First generation. — William Cary made his will April 2, 1571, and was buried in St. Nicholas Parish, of Bristol, March 28, 1572.

Second generation. — Richard Cary, merchant, made his will June 11, 1570, and was buried at St. Nicholas Parish, in Bristol, England, June 17, 1570; will was proved in London, November 3, 1570. He had three sons, only one of whom left male descendants, namely: —

Third generation. — William Cary, baptized in Parish St. Nicholas, Bristol, October 3, 1550. He was sheriff of city of Bristol, 1599. He was mayor of city of Bristol, 1611. Buried at St. Nicholas, March 1, 1632. He married twice. By first wife, Alice Goodale, married January 14, $15\frac{7}{7}\frac{2}{3}$; they had seven sons and three daughters. By second wife, Mary Lewellen, $16\frac{2}{2}\frac{4}{5}$; they had one son, and one daughter.

In year 1700, a pedigree was entered in College of Arms, England, by Richard Cary, and again in 1715 by the same Richard Cary (great-grandson of above William Cary), a director in the

Bank of England. In both of these pedigrees appears the name of "James Cary," seventh son of William and Alice Goodale, "of New England."

NOTE 1. EXTRACT FROM NOTE TO SEWALL'S LETTER-BOOK.

Dr. Samuel Bellingham, a widower with one daughter, named Elizabeth, in April, 1695, married in London a widow named Elizabeth Savage, whose maiden name may have been Watts, as she was related to that family. They entered into an antenuptial agreement, by which the New England estates were conveyed to trustees in trust for the use of Samuel Bellingham and his wife for their natural lives, and after his death to the use and trust of his wife, and to such uses as she, in writing, might appoint; and in case of no such writing, then the estates might go to *her* heirs. Her husband, so far as is known, never returned to New England, but died abroad not far from the year 1700. But his wife came over in 1696 or 1697 to look after the property. Sewall, in Diary, ii. 479, under date of May 11, 1698, records: "Updike arrived . . . at Marblehead, and brings news of the Joseph Gally being cast away on the coast of Ireland, and all the persons on her lost, Madam Bellingham one; sailed from hence the 8th of November."

Before sailing for England on her fatal voyage, Madam Bellingham made her will, dated November, 1697, by which she gave the New England estates to her husband for life, with specific bequests to other persons. Her husband was living in 1700, but probably died not long after. Upon the decease of these two persons, a question arose as to the validity of her will. If good, her bequests took effect; otherwise the Bellingham estates went to *her* heirs, to the exclusion of Elizabeth Bellingham, the only child of the doctor. The case was heard before Sir Nathan Wright, Lord Keeper, at Trinity Term, 1701. He held that, Madam Bellingham being a married woman, her will was invalid; and so, having died without appointment in writing of her estates, they passed to her heirs-at-law; and secondly, that though the property was settled to her use, yet by Stat. 27 Hen. VIII. the use drew to it the title, so that she held in fee, which descended to the Watts family, or her heirs-at-law.

NOTE 2.

"Sam Maverick and Amias his wife, and John Blackleach and his wife, granted and sold to Richard Bellingham and his heirs a messuage called Winnisimmet, with appurtenances. Also his interest in the ferry.

"This was by deed of sale dated February 27, 1634."

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